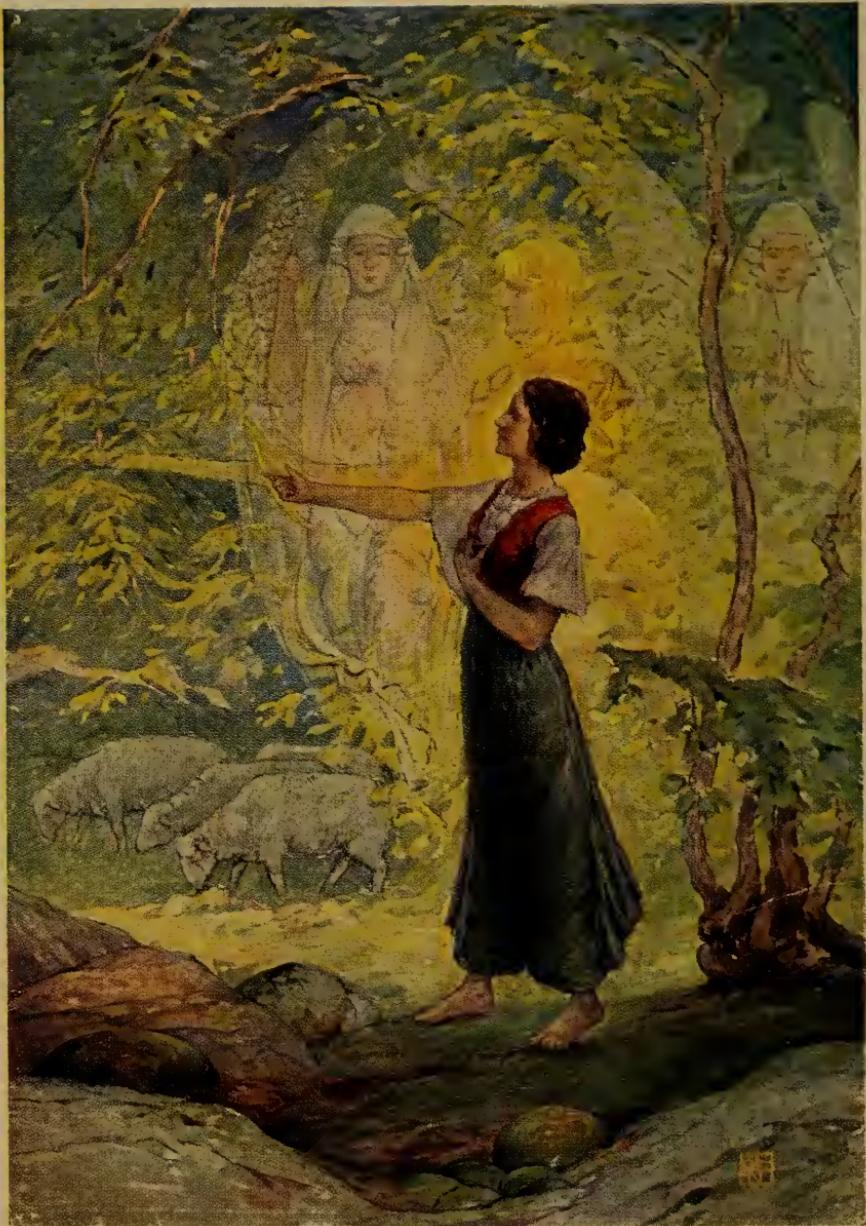


JEANNE D'ARC



JEANNE THE MAID

JEANNE D'ARC

The Maid of France

BY

MARY ROGERS BANGS

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*"The miracle of this girl's life is best honored
by the simple truth."* — SAINTE-BEUVE.



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TO
L. F. B.

NOTE

Grateful acknowledgment is due the Hon. Francis C. Lowell for his courtesy in allowing the use of three maps from his *Joan of Arc*.

CONTENTS

<i>I. Domrémy</i>	3
<i>II. The Vision</i>	21
<i>III. Vaucouleurs</i>	34
<i>IV. France</i>	46
<i>V. Chinon</i>	57
<i>VI. Poitiers</i>	68
<i>VII. Tours</i>	78
<i>VIII. Blois</i>	87
<i>IX. Orléans</i>	99
<i>X. St. Loup and the Augustins</i>	108
<i>XI. The Eighth of May</i>	119
<i>XII. Loches and Selles</i>	132
<i>XIII. Jargeau to Patay</i>	146
<i>XIV. Gien</i>	161
<i>XV. Champagne</i>	170
<i>XVI. Reims</i>	182
<i>XVII. Ile de France</i>	192
<i>XVIII. Paris</i>	204

CONTENTS

<i>XIX. The Truce</i>	217
<i>XX. Compiègne</i>	237
<i>XXI. Captivity</i>	252
<i>XXII. Rouen</i>	266
<i>XXIII. The Public Hearings</i>	276
<i>XXIV. The Private Hearings</i>	297
<i>XXV. The Articles</i>	315
<i>XXVI. Recantation</i>	329
<i>XXVII. Victory</i>	343

JEANNE D'ARC

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I

DOMREMY

JEANNE D'ARC was born at Domremy, in the valley of the Meuse, on January 6, 1412. At that season clouds lean sullenly against the Vosges hills, or drive through the valleys paying their toll of snow and sleet, rivers are rimed with frost, and uplands show their vesture of mean white soil through the stubble where harvests have been gathered; but in spring the country lays aside its austerity, and wakes to a gentle and benignant beauty. Domremy was in the ancient *villenie* of Vaucouleurs, "the valley of colors," a name prettily worn when hill and meadow smile back at the summer sun. Blue-bells, white plumes of *reine des prés*, homely butter-and-eggs, flowers rosy-pink and yellow and blue, delicately embroider the vivid green of the valley; fairy webs of Queen Anne's lace are spread in the meadows; reeds whisper by the river, feathery poplars and willows dip to its waters. With the autumn rains, brooks rush down from the hills and the Meuse over-

flows in shallow lagoons ; but in summer it withdraws among grassy islands, and lies like an interlacing chain of silver flung down in the bright meadows. Gray red-roofed villages straggle along the highroad, at the foot of wooded hills that join hands to shut out the world ; in the upland meadows squares of cultivated fields and vineyards stretch up to the forests ; while by the river the most famous hay in France is cut, and there is pasturage for great herds of cattle, the chief wealth of the valley.

The picture has changed but little in five hundred years. Domremy still counts its forty or fifty houses, and in the parish church dedicated to Remi, the patron saint, Jeanne was baptized at the old stone font in the chapel of St. John. It was a custom of the country to turn names into some caressing diminutive — Jacquot, Pierrelot, Guillemette, Zabillet — and she was christened Jeannette, or Jehannette, in the old spelling. Jeannette Thiesselin, wife of a clerk in the market town of Neufchâteau, made the responses, and there were four other godmothers and four godfathers, for Jacques d'Arc was a village magnate. At one time he was *doyen*, a kind of sergeant, who collected taxes, commanded the watch, inspected wine and provisions ; and more than once, as an honest man, he had stood for the town on a bond or in a case at law. Early in the century he had come to Domremy from Ceffonds in Cham-

pagne, and Isabeau Romée, his wife, was born at Vouthon, a village across the hills to the west in the duchy of Bar. Among her people were a carpenter and a tiler, a brother and a nephew were in the church. There must have been a tradition of piety in the family, for the surname *Romée* was given to those who had made some famous pilgrimage, perhaps as far as Rome; and Isabeau was a devout and energetic woman, with the will for holy journeyings, even if she herself had never taken the staff and shells. Five children were born to Jacques and Isabeau: Jacquemin and Jean, Catherine, who died soon after her early marriage, Jeanne, and Pierre.

The stone and plaster cottage of Jacques d'Arc was separated from the church only by the graveyard, and his little plot of ground which was both garden and orchard. It was more splendid than many of its neighbors, for it had three or four rooms, and the cattle were not stabled under the roof. Near the entrance the inevitable great manure-heap was buttressed up for spring farming, and wood was stacked ready for fireplace and oven. In the living-room, to the left of the doorway, the low ceiling is crossed by oak dark with age, and by the great fireplace in the corner the lantern might be hung on a projecting beam, when daylight had faded from the one window. Here the father and mother had their cupboard bed, a few stools and benches stood about, the table was perhaps

only a board laid on trestles, copper and pewter shone on the dresser, a single chest held the housewife's treasures,—a piece of cloth for family garments, some kerchiefs, buttons and pins, sheets for the feather-beds. The children slept in two little rooms at the back, Jeanne's on the side toward the church, where the eaves sloped low. In spring the blossoming orchard made her a bower ; in bleak winter, or when the garden hummed with life, the church bells which she loved so much filled the room with overflowing melody, and from her tiny window she might, perhaps, see the sacred light on the altar.

Jacques d'Arc was a rich man, as riches went in Domremy, with his cottage, and his bit of farmland on the hills which gave him right in the common pastureage by the river, where the village herd was tended by each household in turn. He had cattle and pigs and sheep ; in the garden, beehives were stored with meadow honey ; geese and ducks paddled about in the Brook of the Three Fountains, which flowed by the door, or were led by the children down to the sedgy river. There was work for all in the household, and as Jeannette grew to girlhood, she took the sheep up toward the great forest, or helped her brothers with the cattle in the meadows ; in spring she followed the plough, and in days when the valley glowed in its bright autumn dress, she took her sickle with the others to the harvest fields. When she grew older,

she helped her mother in the house ; and after cooking and scouring were done, their fingers must have been busy with spinning and sewing for that family of seven. Yet there was time for her to sing and dance with the other children, and run races in the meadows ; she loved to gather flowers for the altars or burn a candle there when she could ; and as the Angelus rang out over the fields, she snatched her moment for prayer. She was a healthy, happy, lovable little girl, and through the mist of centuries her image shines clear, illumined by her own words and the testimony of her neighbors, which, as if by a miracle, have come down to us, until we know the story of that childhood as well as if it had been written from day to day to show forth the strength of simplicity and holiness. Isabeau Romée taught her all her little store of learning : the Creed and *Ave* and *Pater Noster*, spinning and sewing and household craft ; while wood and meadow, forest flowers and rushes by the river, bells summoning the soul to think of God, and the beloved saints from their altars, all had a message for that responsive heart. She herself has said : "I learned well to believe, and have been brought up well and duly to do what a good child ought to do."

The Hundred Years' War was now dragging on to its last quarter. France had lost the flower of her chivalry at Agincourt, the battle of Verneuil had

broken her spirit, while impetus given the fortunes of England by the wisdom and bravery of Henry V had not yet been dissipated by those who ruled for his infant son. In 1420 Isabeau of Bavaria, wife of the mad Charles VI, made the king a party to the Treaty of Troyes, which set aside her son Charles, whom she hated, and betrayed the country to England by marrying his sister, Madame Catherine, to Henry and assuring the succession to their children. In 1422 Charles VI and Henry died within two months of each other, but neither Charles the Dauphin nor his nephew, the infant son of Henry and Catherine, had been crowned king. What patriotism there was looked to Charles as the rightful heir, and waited for his due crowning at Reims, where kings of France had taken oath for a thousand years. If he won this race for a crown, France would still be France; if the Regent Bedford succeeded in setting Henry upon the throne, it would become but a great province of England. And always the weakness and vacillation of Charles, and the long standing feud of the princely houses of Orléans and Burgundy, fought England's battles better than her armies could. Philip the Bold of Burgundy and Louis of Orléans, uncle and brother of the mad King Charles, had been estranged by the drift of their ambitions. The brilliant, volatile Louis was loyal to France, though he might squander her war-chest on his pleasures; while

Philip, politic, able, miserly, must lean ever a little to England by reason of the trade affiliations of his great provinces of the Low Countries,—Flanders and Hainault, Brabant and Holland. Philip died in 1404, and Jean *sans Peur* took up his father's quarrel with a bitter relish, for he and his cousin Louis were natural enemies by temperament and inheritance. He tried to cut even Paris from beneath Louis's feet,—his best weapon that he asked the burghers for no money, while Louis, with no other bankers, must squeeze them dry. In an evil day for France, he made false overtures of friendship to Louis. They heard mass and took the Sacrament together; but in three days Louis was assassinated in the streets of Paris, and Jean had fled, only to return with armed companies and confess his crime. Then the Comte d'Armagnac, a terrible Gascon, who had come up from the south and married his daughter to the young Charles d'Orléans, captured at Agincourt, took up the royal quarrel and fought so fiercely that he gave his name to the whole nationalist party, with which the dauphin was identified; while Isabeau swung the mad king over to Burgundy, the better to intrigue with England against her son. In 1419 there was another fateful reconciliation, at the Bridge of Montereau, when at the moment of meeting Jean *sans Peur* paid the price of his treachery, and was cut down by an old servant of Louis before

the eyes of the dauphin,—many believed at his instigation. Philip the Good of Burgundy made haste to avenge his father by seizing Paris and killing Armagnac and his followers, while the dauphin fled for his life to the provinces south of the Loire. Then came Isabeau's Treaty of Troyes, the death of the two kings, and now practically all France north of the Loire was in the hands of England and Burgundy.

The country was also harassed and torn by incessant fighting among the lesser nobles, who sometimes combined against the common enemy, then drifted apart to wreak a personal spite; while in all this turmoil and bloodshed, the soldiers of fortune, Gascon or Breton, Spaniard or Italian, found their profit, and rode up and down the kingdom with their companies, fighting for the man who could pay them, or getting what they could from the wretched people. The country was so broken into warring districts that France had become but the shadow of a great name. "The King of France sleeps; I count the others as nothing," was the taunt of the Sultan of Egypt, when the King of Cyprus threatened him with the vengeance of Christendom; and he swept the king and twenty thousand Christians into captivity. While at home, Alain Chartier, the dauphin's poet-secretary, had said that "all France was as the sea, where every one hath as much sovereignty as he hath strength."

The *villenie* of Vaucouleurs peered out from the old province of Champagne as if to keep watch upon the Meuse ; and cutting in two the duchy of Bar, spread out in the valley from Domremy to the stout walled town of Vaucouleurs itself, some thirteen miles to the north. This tiny district, of which the King of France was direct feudal lord, was indeed like an island in a hostile sea. Across the Meuse was Lorraine, whose duke hated France ; once, when his town of Neufchâteau appealed to the king, he had ridden through the streets trailing the royal pennon at his horse's tail. Bar, to the south and west, wavered in its allegiance ; and Champagne was overrun with hostile bands, fighting for Burgundy or England, or the dauphin, or against one another, as occasion offered. North were the Low Countries, great provinces of Burgundy ; and beyond Bar and Champagne was Burgundy itself, fighting out its blood feud with the royal house of France, an ally of England or not as best served its own interest. Vaucouleurs lay in the very jaws of an enemy which at any moment might swallow it up ; but it was a poor morsel for Burgundy's hungry throat now when all France might be carved to his taste ; and with poverty for their sufficient protection, the peasants tilled their fields, made their wine, and tended their cattle in comparative peace. The district was so isolated by leagues of hostile country, that men spoke of "going into

France" as if it were an alien place; yet the valley was a hotbed of loyalty, and even the children had their quarrel for the liege lord. Boys from the twin villages of Domremy and Greux went to school across the river at Maxey, which was Burgundian, and the rival camps had many a fight for the honor of duke and dauphin, when victory did not perch always on the banners of France. "I saw the Domremy children, who had fought with those of Maxey," said Jeanne, "coming back many times wounded and bleeding."

Above the villages a forest surged over the tops of the hills, which had been a mighty hunting-ground in the dim past when barbarians had held their own against the power of Rome. King's Forest then, the peasants called it now the *Bois Chesnu*, or Ancient Wood, and told stories by the winter fire of wolves and wild boars, or whispered and nodded about "ladies called fairies," who danced in the forest on moonlight nights. On Thursdays, especially, they might be seen. At the edge of the wood, a half league above Domremy by way of a lonely road, was a great beech, which the villagers called the "*beau May*," the tree of "*les dames*," the "fairies' tree." "In spring it is as lovely as a lily," said an old man; "its leaves and branches sweep the ground." All the beauty of the ample valley lay at its feet: bright fields of grain, clustering cottages, the meadows and wandering river, and beyond, more hills with villages

nestling in their arms and belfries pointing to heaven. Below, the road marched southward between its plumpy poplars, past the gray old château of Bourlemont sitting on the knee of a wooded hill, to Neufchâteau and the cross-roads where the Oak of the Partisans bore grisly fruit of border quarrels. But the "fair May" stepped from the forest like a gracious woman bent on giving pleasure, and offered a pretty posy of fairy lore to those who loved her. Yet some said it was quite thirty years since a fairy had been seen at Domremy; and to drive away "*les dames*" the *curé* stopped here and read the Gospel of St. John each year on the Eve of the Ascension, when a procession with the Cross at its head is made through the fields, and now "for their sins, they come no more." Poor legendary ladies! they were banished from their playground; but the children lived on the edge of a fairy ring that might be peopled at any moment, and old stories lingered for those who had ears to hear. Jeannette Thiesselin, who had answered for Jeanne at the font, had heard read in a romance that Pierre Granier, lord of Bourlemont, had made tryst with "a lady called Féé" under the boughs of the fairies' tree; and Jeannette, the mayor's wife, told Jeanne, as a godmother might, that she herself had seen "*les dames*." "Whether it be true or not, I do not know," said Jeanne. "As for me, I never saw them that I know of."

On *Laetare* Sunday, which falls in mid-Lent, the villagers went up into the hills to drink from certain springs whose waters on that day might cure fevers and other ills. They called the day Fountain Sunday ; and at Domremy, where it was said "they never lie, seldom die," they drank from the Fountain of the Thornbush, which lay at the bottom of a steep little path not far from the fairies' tree. A few years before, Pierre of Bourlemont and his wife Beatrix, who was "from France," had "made their fountains" with the villagers ; but they had died when Jeanne was in the cradle, and the heir, a niece, had married and lived at Nancy in Lorraine. Pierre and Beatrix often used to go up to the fairies' tree with the children, and on Fountain Sunday joined in the little feast of eggs and wine, nuts, and a special kind of small cake, which was eaten there before they drank of the Fountain of the Thornbush. Then, as the afternoon shadows crept up the valley, and the wooded hill of Bourlemont showed as brightly blue as the sea or the sky above, gentry and sober-clad peasants footed it gayly around the "fair May" and sang roundels and catches under its branches. The villagers still "made their fountains" as in the old times ; and in summer days many little feasts were had under the fairies' tree, when garlands were woven for the branches and a "man of the May" was made with leaves and boughs.

Jeanne came with the other children, "carrying her cake," said one, although, as she remembered, she "sang there more than danced." But sometimes she slipped away and bore her garland to the altar of Our Lady of Domremy. "Often when we were all at play, Jeannette would retire alone to talk with God," said Jean Waterin, who often followed with her at her father's plough, and went with her when the children set out for the meadows and pastures. And he and the others laughed at her for her piety. But we must believe that even as a child the spell of her personality fell on those about her. She was good, she was gay, she was tender-hearted and keen-witted; and she had an irresistible power of drawing hearts to her in a sort of loving wonder of obedience. Thirty years later, the peasants had only gentle memories of the child with whom they played and worked and said their prayers. Simonin Mousnier, who grew up with her, remembered that she liked to visit the sick. "I know it of a surety; for in my childhood I fell ill, and it was she who nursed me." Sometimes of an evening, she took her distaff over to the cottage of neighbor Jacquier for an hour's talk with his little daughter, and she was "gossip" of Isabellette, who said "she was never seen idling in the roads, but was more often in church at prayer." Menette lived next door, and ran in and out day or night to spin and sew with Jeannette; sometimes

they polished the copper and pewter together and looked after the baking in the great oven, or perhaps they helped their mothers beat out the family wash down by the river. With Menette, too, she made her first Communion at the parish church; but even Menette sometimes told her she was "too pious." Gentle Hauviette was three years younger, and she was best loved of all. "Many's the time," says Hauviette, "I went to her father's and slept with her out of fondness for her," which goes to show that the ways of little girls have not changed much in five hundred years.

On the hill path beyond Greux, the Oratory of Our Lady of Bermont was buried deep in the forest, with a single outlook toward the river, and nearby was the Well of St. Thibault, where Greux made its fountains. In the chapel is an image of the Virgin, carved in oak and painted; in her right hand is a sceptre, and she bears the Infant Jesus, Who holds a bird. On a Saturday, which is sacred to the Virgin, Jeanne often made a little pilgrimage to this shrine. Perhaps her sister Catherine or the other children came with her, and they brought precious candles bought with their tiny savings to burn on the altar, and gathered flowers as they came which should make the holy place as fragrant as the forest at its door. Jeanne was sometimes saying her prayers to Our Lady of Bermont when her mother thought she

was at work in the fields ; and always she loved to go to mass, and hear the church bells ring through the valley. "When I forgot to ring for service, Jeanne scolded me," — the bell-ringer tells with some relish of his scolding. "She said I had done wrong. Then she promised me some of the wool of her flock if I would ring more diligently." Now and later, she knew how to win her way. The sexton was also a cloth-merchant, and it was like her to coax him with her useful gift after she had brought him to book for his negligence.

On the festival of St. Remi, when the *cure* would tell again of the mystic crowning of French kings, Jeanne must have thrilled to the story until it seemed to her that God Himself was Suzerain of France ; as she afterwards said, kings were but "lieutenants of their Lord the King of Heaven," and the crown "no goldsmith on earth could fashion." Nearly a thousand years before, Remi, a wise and powerful bishop of Reims, had dared write to the pagan boy Clovis when he became king : "Amuse yourself with the young, but take counsel with the old ; and if you wish to reign, prove yourself worthy." In a later year, when Clovis and three thousand of his warriors were baptized at Reims, and France came to its birth as a Christian nation, St. Remi, at the head of that great multitude, led the king through the streets in their gala dress. "Is it the kingdom of heaven thou promisest me ?" asked Clovis. "No, but

it is the beginning of the road which leads there," answered the bishop. And on the threshold of the baptistery, "Bow thy head," he said. "Adore that which thou hast burned, burn that which thou hast adored." The priest with holy oil could not reach the altar for the press in the church, and at the moment of baptism, it was said, a dove descended from heaven bearing the chrism in a flask, the *sainte ampoule*. As centuries went on and French kings were consecrated at Reims and anointed with oil from the *sainte ampoule*, the story grew into association with the coronation of Clovis, who had founded the nation; the people came to look upon the anointing of their kings as an emblem of sacred national life, and no man could be king by divine right until he had taken the oath at Reims and been consecrated with the holy oil.

Through Domremy and Greux ran an old Roman road, a part of the highway which linked Burgundy and her provinces; and as Jeanne sat in the doorway spinning with her mother, she could see creaking wains carrying wine to Flanders and returning to Dijon laden with the cloths of Ypres and Ghent. All the life of this great thoroughfare passed up and down before their cottage door: mendicant friars stopped to beg alms and tell of the countries beyond the valley, fugitives from the wars recounted their stories by the evening fire; or some wayfarer quoted

again the saying which was going about, that France, lost by a woman—the people hated well Isabeau of Bavaria and her Treaty of Troyes—should by a maid from the *Bois Chesnu* be saved. It mattered not that this legend had sprung from Brittany, where the seer Merlin had prophesied that “a marvelous Maid will come from an Ancient Wood for the healing of nations;” for in a late year, one Marie d’Avignon had caught up the saying and recounted to Charles VI a vision of an angel bearing arms and armor. “They are for a Maid,” she was told, “who shall save France, ruined by a woman;” and thus the popular hope and hatred were voiced in the presence of their majesties of France. The prophecy travelled far in these troubled times, and people wondered whence the Maid should come. In the valley of the Meuse, “the Ancient Wood” could mean only the *Bois Chesnu*, and back the word came that France should be saved by a Maid from the Marches of Lorraine. The old road always had its tales for the villagers; and little Jeanne heard of war and misery, of the dauphin, their rightful lord, driven from his city of Paris, of the queen’s treachery, and of the foreshadowed Maid.

Now when the soldiers of France march down that road, they stop as they pass the cottage door, and present arms; but in those days, when news came through the valley of approaching war bands, it was the part of wisdom for man and beast to fly to cover,

for the soldiery of Lorraine, with the Bretons, were accounted the greatest plunderers in the world. In 1420, Jacques d'Arc and one Biget headed a syndicate of the villagers who leased, for protection in border foray, the Castle of the Island, a "strong house" of the Bourlemonts on a little island opposite the church. It had a great court and a garden well fortified by wall and moat, where in quiet times the children might play at war; but at any hint of danger, the whole town fled there, driving their pigs and cattle before them, and Jeanne took a hand with the others, to help "drive the beasts from and to the Castle named the Island for fear of the men-at-arms." But when she was about thirteen years old, a band of marauders suddenly descended upon Domremy and drove all the cattle, its chief wealth, fifty miles away to Doulevant and Dommartin-le-Franc; whereupon the hereditary lady of Bourlemont made such a cry to her powerful relative, the Comte de Vaudemont, that he sent an expedition hotfoot after the pillagers, and the cattle were rescued and restored to their joyful owners. This niece of Pierre and Beatrice had the qualities of her race, who could be loyal and just to their poor neighbors, as well as dance with them at the fairies' tree. One lord of the manor had directed in his will that if the villagers could show that a certain levy of two dozen goslings had been unjustly exacted, his heirs should make restitution.

II

THE VISION

IN these surroundings Jeanne grew to girlhood, tall and beautiful, sound in body and mind. She was merry and straightforward and affectionate, busy about her own small affairs and helpful to others. But her childish heart held more than laughter and fairy-lore, or dutiful obedience to parents and church: she had learned something of misfortune and war, she had thrilled at the call of noble deeds, and grieved over the sorrows of that country whose Lord was the King of Heaven. As womanhood dawned, all these influences deepened; and her love, her loyalty, her sympathy with all wrong and suffering, were fused into a great passion, "the pity there was for the realm of France." "I had," she said, "a great will and desire that my king should have his kingdom." In this ready garden was dropped the seed of the great vision which, in its growth and blossoming, should absorb all her life. She herself tells the story of the day when heaven opened the gate that should nevermore be closed to her.

"I was thirteen when I had a Voice from God for

my help and guidance. The first time I heard this Voice I was a young child, and I was much afraid. It was mid-day in the summer, in my father's garden. I heard this Voice to the right, toward the church. It seemed to come to me from lips I should reverence. I believe it was sent to me from God."

In the light that shone about her, she saw the image of a great angel, surrounded by many smaller ones, and it seemed to her that he must be St. Michael, captain of the heavenly hosts; afterwards "he had taught me so well," she said, "and it was so clear to me, that I believed firmly it was he." It is written in an old book that "the true office of St. Michael is to make great revelations to men below, by giving them holy counsels." His first gentle admonition to the little peasant girl was to be a good child and obey her mother and go often to church. "St. Catherine and St. Margaret will come to thee," said the Voice, "follow their counsel. They have been chosen to guide thee and counsel thee in all thou hast to do. Believe what they shall tell thee. It is the order of our Lord." The Voice came to her again and again; she heard it in the forest, in the fields, when the bells were ringing for prayer, when she knelt with her neighbors in the parish church. "He told me of the great misery there was in the kingdom of France," she said. "Above all, he told me to be a good child and God would help me,— to

go to the help of the King of France, among other things."

The piety and devotion of the girl deepened into a fervid wonder of faith. She locked the divine secret in her heart, showing forth only more tenderness and obedience, and the added gravity of one who shall bear great tidings. In after years, the only miracle her neighbors could remember was her unfailing goodness. She was a good girl, "so good that all the village of Domremy loved her;" "God-fearing, and without her like in the village." "Often she confessed her sins, and every day when I celebrated mass, she was there," said the *curé*; but not even in confession did she reveal the secret of her heavenly visitors. "A good girl," said another, "virtuous, chaste, and pious, speaking in all simplicity, according to the precept of the Gospel: 'Yes, no; it is, it is not.' To affirm strongly, contenting herself with saying, 'Without fail.'" Hauviette, her intimate, paints her as she stood in the village life: "She was a good girl, simple and gentle. She loved to frequent the church and sacred places. She used to spin and work like other girls. She would blush when they told her she was too devout and went too much to church." The *curé* said she would have given him money, if she could, to say masses. But she gave what she had: flowers for the altars, candles for the saints, loving service to all about her; and because

she could give no alms, "she would even sleep on the hearth that the poor might lie in her bed." She was an apt pupil in the school of her saints, and learned well to be a good child before she must con the great lesson heaven had in store for her.

Even legend could add nothing to the story, but hit the gold of truth, as legend will: she was so gentle, birds ate from her hand; she was so brave, not the smallest animal was lost when she guarded the flock. In those after years, she herself said: "The poor folk came to me readily, because I never did them any unkindness;" and until the end of life she faced hungrier wolves than those of the *Bois Chesnu*. A pretty prelude was written to the story of the mid-day revelation in her father's garden. The children were running races in the meadow for a posy prize, and Jeanne skimmed the ground so lightly, they cried: "O Jeanne, you seem to fly!" As she flung herself down, panting, a boy's voice said in her ear: "Go home; your mother wants you." But her mother had not sent for her, and when she went into the garden, there came the great light and the Voice from heaven. It was said that "the night she was born, the poor people of the place were seized with a mysterious joy. All ignorant of the birth of the young girl, they ran from house to house, asking what new thing had come to pass. For some it is a cause of new lightness. What more? The cocks, as heralds

of this new gladness, broke out into song of what was not known to them ; they beat their wings, and for two hours they were heard to herald the good fortune of this new birth."

For nearly four long years, she put aside the gayety of girlhood, and lived her simple, devout, tender life, helping her mother, loving her friends, obeying her father, while she wrestled with the growing conviction that it was she who must save France. She often saw St. Catherine and St. Margaret, "their faces adorned with beautiful crowns, rich and precious." She kissed the ground where they had been ; she wept, and wished they would have taken her with them. To her the church was the threshold of heaven, and the voices of her inspiration took the form of its familiar saints, her "Brothers of Paradise," she called them, who, after that first tender admonition in the garden, visited her ceaselessly for her comfort and guidance ; and through them the Voice of God summoned the genius of the girl to fulfill her destiny. The Voice came stronger and stronger. "You must go, you must go! Jeanne the Maid, daughter of God, you must go!" "How can that be, since I am only a poor country girl, who can neither ride nor lead in war?" was her answer ; and her native good judgment and clear sight rebelled against the incredible message until her entire nature was alight. She had the imagination to picture splendid deeds, and earned

the faith that power should be given her to accomplish them; yet she was to do some of her greatest work by what seemed an inspired common sense, flanked by unyielding tenacity of purpose. But now the mere thought of leaving her father and mother, her friends, the valley she loved so dearly, made her courage stagger. "Rather than have come to France save by the will of God," she afterwards said, "I would have been torn asunder by four horses." Yet while reason and affection held her to familiar ways, the call of her genius ever urged her on to what must be; and when the time came for the flower of her faith to blossom, nothing could hold her back.

In the spring of 1428, the fortunes of France had gone from bad to worse. The poor weak dauphin, called derisively by the English "the little King of Bourges," where he had fled from Paris, was holding his court in one château or another of middle France, and wondering whether it might not be better to give up the fight; while Bedford ruled at Paris, and was planning to have the young Henry VI crowned King of France as soon as might be. At Vaucouleurs, the citadel of that loyal tract along the Meuse, a doughty captain of the king, Robert de Baudricourt, had held out for many years against his personal enemies and those of his master. He was brave as a lion, coarse, rough, domineering; and he could burn and pillage with the best of those swashbuckling brigands who

bore the name of soldiers of fortune. He had all their reckless courage and cruelty, and in addition as pretty a turn for making money as any modern long-head. With an eye to comfort at home, he had married a rich widow of the neighborhood, and scarcely was she dead than he filled her place with another as handsomely endowed. Naturally he stole all he could from his enemies, and when he could get possession of their persons drove a bargain in topping ransoms ; he feared neither God nor man, but trusted to the strong right arm and crafty brain of Robert de Baudricourt ; and his good storehouse of Vaucouleurs he proposed to hold against all the power of England and Burgundy. But his case, too, was desperate. His enemies were closing in about him, determined to wipe out him, and with him, that little wedge of loyal France ; while at Domremy, only a few miles away, the villagers must have trembled at the peril of their strong town and their own danger.

The time had come: the peasant girl was to be summoned to her incredible destiny. "Go into France," urged the Voice, ever more insistently. "Go to Robert de Baudricourt, Captain of Vaucouleurs; he will furnish you with an escort to accompany you." In her four years of conflict she had judged the nature of her messengers, and now her unerring vision showed her the stupendous height before her. Three things, at least, she knew must

be done by her for the saving of the country : she must go to Vaucouleurs ; she must go to the dauphin under proper escort ; she must lead him to his due crowning at Reims, where he should be consecrated king with the sacred oil St. Remi had received from heaven.

The first question was how to approach Baudricourt ; everyone in the valley knew what manner of man he was. Then, too, Jacques d'Arc had appeared before him to plead a case for Domremy, and had tales to tell of rough play in the castle of the king and short shrift for those who balked his captain. There was no hope of help at home. Once her father had dreamed that he saw her going away in the company of men-at-arms. "If that should ever be," he said to his sons, "drown her ; and if you will not, I will." A man not to be disputed in his own household was Jacques d'Arc. Yet to Baudricourt and the dauphin she must go ; and she hit upon a goodnatured cousin, Durand Laxart, whom she sometimes called uncle, to take the first step with her. He lived with his young wife at Burey-le-Petit, a village three miles short of Vaucouleurs ; and she risked nothing by telling of her mission at home, but set out for the Laxarts' home as if for a friendly visit. That she was "subtle with a woman's subtlety" was said of her with some truth ; and her path once descried, she was never to be persuaded to easier footing by peasant

or prince: "It is the will of God," was her sufficient answer to all withholding.

In May, then, she started on her nine-mile walk to Burey-le-Petit, by way of the hill path beyond Greux. As she entered the forest, fragrant with the perfumed breath of spring, she must have realized that with the beauty of that cradling valley, she put behind her all the sacred isolation of her life with God. The world must now share the secret of destiny which had been hers alone, and as she passed the oratory of Bermont, we may be sure that she knelt at the altar and was heartened again by the brave Voice: "*Fille Dè, va, va, va! Je serai à ton aide, va!*" "Daughter of God, go, go! I will be thy aid."

After a few days at Burey-le-Petit, she told Durand Laxart that she wished to go into France, to the dauphin, that he might be crowned. "I myself must go to Robert de Baudricourt, that he may have me conducted to the place where the dauphin is," was her astounding proposal. "Was it not foretold formerly that France should be desolated by a woman and should be restored by a Maid?" she added in cunning argument, and Durand yielded and took her to Vaucouleurs. It is not hard to imagine the reception she had from Baudricourt. Bertrand de Poulengy, a squire who had been at Domremy a dozen years before and had sat under the fairies' tree, tells us of the interview. The peasant girl, in her worn red homespun,

tall, beautiful, pale with emotion, went straight to Robert de Baudricourt as he sat among his men-at-arms.

"I have come to you in behalf of my Lord," she said, "in order that you shall bid the dauphin stand firm and not risk battle with his enemies, for my Lord Himself shall give him succor before mid-Lent." And she added: "The kingdom does not belong to the dauphin but to my Lord, Who wishes the dauphin to be made king and to hold the kingdom in command. In spite of his enemies, he must reign, and I shall lead him to his consecration."

Here Baudricourt recovered himself sufficiently to ask :

"Who is your lord?"

"He is the King of Heaven."

To be confronted in his own castle hall by a visionary girl who calmly informed him that it was she who should straighten out the troubles of distracted France was a stroke too much for the Captain of Vaucouleurs. The stone walls rang with his laughter, and turning to Laxart, who had been standing by pricking with discomfiture, —

"The girl is foolish. Box her ears and take her home to her father," said the Sire de Baudricourt.

This ended the visit to Vaucouleurs, and Jeanne returned to Domremy.

The village must have buzzed with gossip of her

expedition. "She is bewitched. She has been to the fairies' tree; we have seen her hanging garlands there. '*Les dames*' gave her the notion of this mission." But Jeanne laughed at that when her brother told her the story. "She says she will restore France and the royal line!" And they knew not whether to laugh or weep. Yet a young man took this time to press his suit for her hand, and Jacques and Isabeau were only too glad to favor him. He declared she had promised to marry him, and was persistent enough to summon her before the judge at Toul when she denied him. "Then," she said, "I swore to speak the truth. I had promised nothing to this man;" and she won her case. To St. Catherine and St. Margaret she had promised her maidenhood so long as God should have work for her to do, and she had not yet started on her "sacred charge." She was quite unshaken by that rebuff of Baudricourt. "There is a girl between Coussey and Vaucouleurs who within the year will have the King of France consecrated," she told a youth on the Eve of St. John. Gérardin d'Épinal had married her "gossip" Isabellette, and she had been godmother for their son Nicolas. "*Compère*," said she one day to Gérardin, "if you were not Burgundian, I would tell you something," and he thought she had some marriage in her head.

In July, the valley was especially menaced by the

Burgundians, and the people of Domrémy, with all their goods and cattle, fled to Neufchâteau, six miles farther up the river, a city of Lorraine, but French in its sympathies. Here for some days the d'Arcs lodged at an inn kept by a worthy widow called La Rousse; and Jeanne, who never was idle wherever she might be, helped in the care of their cattle and in the work of the house. When the villagers returned to their homes, they found that the marauders had done their best to destroy the town. The stone cottages were dismantled, even the church was in ruins, and they must go to Greux to hear mass. There was a veritable reign of terror in all the region about; and to add to the consternation, news must have come in the autumn that the English were besieging Orléans, that strong independent old city which was called the key of the Loire. Should this fall, except by miracle, France could not be saved.

Again her Voices urged the girl forward. "Go into France, daughter of God, go. Raise the siege which is being made before the city of Orléans." And Jeanne determined to go once more to Vaucouleurs. There was a newborn baby in the Laxart household, and she saw that Durand might ask her from her father as nurse. Goodhearted, simple Durand was ever as wax in her hands, and Jacques d'Arc probably thought she would be as safe at Burey-le-Petit as anywhere. Certainly no one could suppose

that she would seek out Baudricourt a second time, or imagine that she should go to France by way of Vaucouleurs.

On the winter day when Durand came creaking over the white frozen roads in his clumsy cart to fetch her, she knew that she must go with no emotion of farewell to those she loved ; Jacques and Isabeau must suspect nothing beyond the visit at Burey-le-Petit. "Goodbye, Menette. God guard you," she said to the little neighbor who was now betrothed. But she had no courage for Hauviette. "I did not know of Jeanne's departure. I wept much," said Hauviette many years after. "I loved her dearly for her goodness, and because she was my friend." "Farewell, Guillemette. I go to Vaucouleurs," she dared to cry as they passed a cottage at Greux.

Jeanne's tender, loyal heart must have been wrung by the thought that this was goodbye forever to her home, but her purpose never wavered. "I go to Vaucouleurs," was her last word. She was deliberately disobeying her parents, but there was no other way. "God commanded it," she said, "and had I had a hundred fathers, a hundred mothers, had I been daughter to a king, I should have gone none the less."

III

VAUCOULEURS

J EANNE left her home early in January, 1429, when she was barely seventeen years old. She had promised her kinsman service, and that she gave with the simplicity and vigor that often deceived those about her. "In all she did, save where her mission lay," they said again and again, "she was a very simple girl." And now, glowing as she was with the fire of her high resolve, she nursed the mother and child at Burey-le-Petit as devotedly as if she had no thought beyond the life of that humble household. Yet often, as she hushed the baby on her breast, her dark eyes must have looked beyond the tiny head at Michael marshalling the hosts of France.

Her work finished, she was free to obey the Voice that never ceased to urge her forward. "I must go," she said again to Durand Laxart. "I must seek Robert de Baudricourt in order that he may send me to the place where the dauphin is." And Durand, won now for any bidding, took her to Vaucouleurs and placed her under the roof of his friends Henri le Royer, a wheelwright, and his wife Catherine.

Hills hug the river more closely here than at

Domremy, and Vaucouleurs sits with its feet in the meadows and the narrow streets closely packed within its walls making up toward the castle, which is itself overtopped by the crest of a hill. It was a hard place to hold against an enemy; probably the craft of Robert de Baudricourt had ever been its best defence, and he had now, by some device, postponed attack upon the town. But there was heavy news from Orléans.

In reality, the English had undertaken the siege with insufficient men and supplies. "And all thing then prospered for you, till the tyme of the Siege of Orléans, taken in hand, God knoweth by what advis," wrote Bedford to the English Parliament in 1433. But they made a brave show, and after a spirited attack, when the Tourelles, the strong fort which guarded the bridgehead on the south bank of the Loire, was captured, they were gradually surrounding the town with a circle of fortifications, by which they hoped in time to starve it into surrender. The citizens had destroyed their beautiful suburbs, which had as many inhabitants as the city itself, lest shelter should be afforded the enemy; the city was protected by high and thick walls crowned by thirty great towers, and by the river at its feet. It was well provisioned and supplied with all the materials of war; the people were brave and loyal, and one or another of the French captains and their companies

had slipped by the forts to aid them. But France had no great leader, and these English were known as very devils; it was said they had tails, and they denied God ceaselessly with their "Goddam," wherefore all good Frenchmen called them *Godons*. And now, such was their prestige, with such dismay had their dreadful *hurrah* inspired French hearts, that no concerted attack was made upon them. The forces of England varied; men had been withdrawn for garrison duty elsewhere and were replaced slowly, as opportunity served. At the taking of the Tourelles their commander, Salisbury, had been killed. As he climbed one of the towers of the fort, a captain said to him: "My lord, behold your good city. Here you see it well." But a chance shot from the walls blew off half his head, and after his death, the English force broke up, leaving only five hundred men to guard their forts. In December, however, their great captain, Talbot, had arrived with reinforcements; and on February 12, in the "battle of the herrings," an ill-planned attack at Rouvray upon a convoy bearing Lenten fare to the English army under the command of Sir John Fastolf, the French were defeated, and England lost some blood, and the fish for her good churchmen from carts hastily drawn up for a rampart. The English went on building their great bastilles, high earthworks topped with palisades; the French kept up their futile skirmishing, and their famous

gunner, Maître Jean the Lorrainer, picked off his Englishmen day by day. A humorous person was Maître Jean, who put himself to some inconvenience to divert the enemy. "In order to mock them," says the chronicle, "sometimes he let himself fall to the ground, feigning to be dead or wounded, and thus was carried into the city. But incontinently he returned to the fight, and so bore himself that the English knew him for a live man to their great harm and discomfort." The siege, conducted in the polite and leisurely manner of the time, had its pleasant interludes. English knights challenged Frenchmen to single combat, or the pages of besieged and besiegers were turned loose on an island in the river to pummel one another for the glory of England or France and the amusement of the armies. On Christmas Day there was a truce, and French minstrels made music for the enemy; and Dunois, then known as the Bastard of Orléans, lieutenant-general of the dauphin, sent Suffolk a present of a furred cloak in return for a plate of figs and dates. Weeks passed by, the French not daring to attack the English, the English not strong enough to take the city and relying upon the growing cordon of their fortifications, while the remnant of Charles's adherents watched with anxious eyes the fortunes of the siege which should decide the fate of France.

Again and again Jeanne sought out Baudricourt.

"Sir captain, do you not know that God has many times made known to me that I must go to the gentle dauphin, who ought to be, and is, true King of France? And that he will give me men-at-arms, and that I shall raise the siege of Orléans, and lead him to be consecrated at Reims?"

And Robert did not laugh now, although he gave no promise of help. The girl's persistence and dignity must have made their impression upon the rough soldier; but her mystical faith in her mission puzzled him, and it occurred to him that she might be possessed by some spirit,—whether good or evil, he determined to find out. One day while Catherine le Royer and Jeanne were quietly sewing, Baudricourt appeared in the doorway, accompanied by the parish priest. Putting on his stole and advancing toward Jeanne, the *curé* pronounced the solemn exorcism: "If thou art a thing of evil, begone; if a thing of good, approach." And for answer, Jeanne fell on her knees before him; but she afterwards said to Catherine: "The act was ill done. He had heard me in confession, and knew what manner of girl I was." This settled the question of evil spirits; but still Baudricourt delayed, perhaps to send news to the dauphin of this maiden from the Marches of Lorraine.

One day a young knight, Jean de Nouillompont, commonly called Jean de Metz, who remembered her first visit, saw Jeanne and called out:

“Well, my dear, what are you doing here? How about the king being driven from his kingdom, and all of us being English?”

But the girl’s heart was too full for light words.

“I am come to this royal town,” she responded, “to ask Robert de Baudricourt to send me to the dauphin. But Robert does not heed me or my words. Nevertheless, by mid-Lent I must come before the dauphin, though I wear my legs to the knee to do it. For no one in the world, kings, nor dukes, nor the daughter of the King of Scotland, nor any other, can save the kingdom of France. There is no succor to be expected but from me.”

She had heard of the betrothal of the child who was to be Louis XI to little Margaret of Scotland, and the promised dowry of an army. But she put no faith in such help. It was she, and she alone, who must save France: that was the vision that kept her soul alight. And then the brave heart added:

“In truth I would rather be spinning with my poor mother, since this is not my station. But I must go and this I must do, because my Lord wills that I should do it.”

And Jean de Metz asked, as had Baudricourt,—

“Who is this lord?”

“He is God.”

Then the bluff soldier with a knightly heart placed

his hands in hers in the old feudal fashion, and pledged his faith to her.

“I, Jean, swear to you, Maid, my hands in your hands, that I, God helping me, will lead you to the king, and I ask when you will go.”

“Now,” said she, “better than tomorrow; better tomorrow than later.”

Bertrand de Poulengy, who witnessed her first visit to the castle, made her a like promise, and these two were unfailing in their loyalty.

Burning with impatience to be gone, stabbed with homesickness for those she had left forever, the days hung heavy on Jeanne’s spirit; but, as usual, she did the work under her hand, and that work no one could do better. Now she helped Catherine le Royer in humble household ways: “A good, simple, gentle, well-conducted girl,” said Catherine. And she went often to pray in the chapel of the castle, where a little choir boy, as he testified twenty-seven years later, used to see her kneeling before the Virgin, sometimes bowed to the ground, again with her face raised to heaven. She took the Sacrament often, weeping, it was said, floods of tears; and indeed the eager, high-strung spirit must have been strained to the breaking-point as the call of her mission sounded ever clearer in her ears, and she was powerless to obey. Once she started on foot. Laxart said: “When the Maid saw that Robert de Baudricourt

would not have her led to the place where the dauphin was, she took clothes from me, and said she must be going; and I went with her as far as St. Nicolas." But this was not the appointed way, she knew, and she returned to Vaucouleurs.

And she was to make another journey, with no more result, to Nancy, where the old Duke of Lorraine was ill of the disease which was to be his death. He may have been persuaded to send for her by his son-in-law, René of Anjou, afterwards the "good King René" of minstrel and troubadour, who was now Duke of Bar and brother-in-law of the dauphin. He had been allied more than once with Baudricourt against their common enemies; he wished to keep his allegiance to France, and may have caught at any means to swing Lorraine into line. It may be that Jeanne herself and her friends, despairing of Baudricourt, hoped for some chance that she might be sent to the dauphin; or perhaps the old duke had heard of her only as a witch, who might cure his illness. At any rate, she set out under safe-conduct from him, clad now for travelling in men's clothes lent to her by Jean de Metz. Metz, Laxart, and another peasant, Jacques Alain, accompanied her, Metz turning back at Toul. But the duke found no help for his sickness, and Jeanne found none for France. Afterwards she said that he asked her about a cure for his disease, concerning which, she said, she knew

nothing; but she told him of her journey, and asked him to lend her his son, with men, to lead her into France, and she would pray for his better health. Another story is that Jeanne told him he must mend his ways and become reconciled to his wife before he should hope for good fortune. But he received her honorably, gave her a few francs, some say a black horse, also, and sent her away. She visited a famous shrine at St. Nicolas-du-Port, not far from Nancy, and returned to Vaucouleurs. This journey was her first experience of travelling, her first taste of courts; but her splendid young body was proof against fatigue, and she was too simple-hearted, too wrapped up in the vision of her great work, to be abashed by princes. She always had the best manners in the world because she never thought of herself; and to her a man, were he peasant or noble, was but a man,—all save the king. He was a sacred being set apart.

Meantime the fame of her goodness and a growing belief in her mission had been working for her at Vaucouleurs. "I should have been well pleased to have had a daughter as good as she," proffered the Lord of Ourches, who often saw her there and heard her say that she wished to be taken to the dauphin. "It is necessary that I should go to the noble dauphin," she had told them again and again. "My Lord the King of Heaven wills that I should go. I

go in the name of the King of Heaven. Even if I drag myself thither on my knees, must I go."

Probably, too, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulenzy had not been idle, and the people had determined to fit her out for her journey. Their gifts bought her a page's simple suit: a close-fitting vest, trunk and hose of black, with a short dark gray cloak and a black cap. She had cut her dark hair short, saucer-fashion, as the men then wore it; and the only token of the old life she carried was a gold ring her father and mother had given her, inscribed with the words: "*Jesus, Maria.*" A stout horse was bought for sixteen francs, and Metz and Poulenzy made themselves sureties for the expenses of the journey. All the modest outlay was later made good from the king's treasury; but the most credulous imagination could not have guessed the destiny which lay before this girl, who seemed as other girls save for the compelling power of her will.

Baudricourt's consent must now be obtained, and she went to him again and cried out:

"In God's name, you are too slow in sending me; for this day the gentle dauphin has had near Orléans a great loss, and he will suffer greater, if you do not send me soon to him."

Baudricourt afterwards took this to be a vision of the defeat at Rouvray; but reluctant or indifferent to the last, he gave her no help, although he did not

oppose her going. In any case, Jeanne's sense of impending doom for France had deepened, and perhaps her impatience to be gone was aggravated by the conviction that she was equal to her mission: in these years of struggle against destiny that sure fore-knowledge had come to fortify her spirit.

Then, when the way seemed clear, she sent a letter to her parents, bidding them farewell, and asking their pardon for her disobedience. She herself has said that her father was beside himself when he knew that she had gone to Vaucouleurs, but no word has come to us of how they had borne these first weeks after she left home; and we can imagine that they had begun to believe in her mission, or had given her up as mad and beyond all hope. In any case, we know of no attempt to force her return to Domremy, only that in the end they forgave her for going.

On the evening of February 23, the people assembled at the Gate of France, as it is still called, to see her go. A month before she had been known to a few as a goodhearted, visionary peasant lass, and now the city was at its gate to bid her Godspeed. Yet it seemed incredible that this slender, quiet girl, in her page's suit, could be the Maid marked out by prophecy, and perhaps hers was the only heart that held no doubt or fear.

"How can you hope to make such a journey and escape the enemy?" they asked.

“I fear them not,” rang the answer. “I have a sure road. If the enemy are on my road, I have God with me, Who knows how to prepare the way to the lord dauphin. I was born to do this.” Then she mounted her horse, called her men about her, and prepared to set forth.

Her escort was made up of six men, well armed and equipped: the faithful Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy, their two servants, Colet de Vienne, a king’s messenger who chanced to be at Vaucouleurs, and Richard l’Archer. Even Robert de Baudricourt came down from the castle, and made his men take an oath to guard her well and safely, and gave her a sword and a letter to the dauphin; but as the little cavalcade swung out into the night, and women wept to see them go, he called out, with a last qualm of doubt:

“Off with you, then, whatever comes of it!”

IV

FRANCE

IT was a long and dangerous road to Chinon, where the dauphin was holding his court: more than three hundred miles as the bird flies, through a country overrun with bands of the enemy and marauding men-at-arms. No wonder Metz and Poulengy could not conceal their uneasiness; Jeanne alone was unconcerned, and rode forward with her face steadfast to the future. Their first stop was at the Benedictine monastery of St. Urbain, whose abbot was a relative of Baudricourt; and no doubt Jeanne heard mass there in the morning before she mounted to take the road to France. Thence the way lay through a land ravaged and deserted, across rivers swollen by winter rains, over hills covered with forests, down into the valley of the Loire.

The whole country was so devastated by war and pillaged by adventurers that it is a wonder where the crops came from to feed those hungry locusts of fighting men, and that any laborers were left to till the soil. All men-at-arms were hated alike by the common people. France could not pay the fierce soldiers of fortune who drew sword for the dauphin,

and so they wrung their wage from the wretched peasantry. They stole what they could, they destroyed what was left; they tortured, and ravaged and killed. It was said that "the lean and bare laborers in the country did terrify even thieves themselves. The least fences and hamlets were fortified by these robbers — English, Burgundians, and French — each one striving to do his worst. All men of war were well agreed to spoil the husbandman and the merchant. Even the cattle, accustomed to the larumbell, the sign of the enemy's approach, would run home of themselves, without any guide."

In 1405, a great doctor of the University of Paris, Jean Gerson, who in his old age was to say wise things of the Maid, dared preach a sermon before the king and his court on the sufferings of the people. He prayed that the troops might be paid to keep them from plundering the peasant, whose wretched condition he described in biting words. "How can the king," he cried, "call himself the king of the free (*Francorum rex*)?" The common people are pillaged both by the nobles and the soldiery. "You, prince, you have not done these evils, it is true, but you have permitted them. Children, men, beasts, all are dying of hunger. God, of His grace, calls upon you for the remedy, most noble and excellent lords, for the political and civil well-being of the king: *Vivat Rex!*" But the lords had given no succor,

and the country had fallen ever deeper into the abyss of its wretchedness.

The dark side of this fifteenth century was very black indeed, with its dreadful lust and cruelty, and misery and discomfort inconceivable to us. Yet somehow life went on, and when the moment's danger passed, men lived with added zest, perhaps, and loved and married and suffered the joys and sorrows common to every age. Even pleasure had its place. It is said the people were devoted to sports. Hockey and football were favorite games ; and it was not only in palaces that there was dancing and singing, for many of the lovely old songs of the common people have come down to us. In a few of the monasteries was learning and a wonderful mystic piety ; and in one Thomas à Kempis was finishing his *Imitation of Christ*. In this quiet house of the Brothers of the Common Life, whose ideal was nothing in excess and whose rule was simplicity, charity, and love of God, he passed lovely days ; and while all Europe seethed with war and flaunted its splendor and wretchedness, he read his "little book in a little nook," meditated, and wrote, and tended the garden. Even then, when human welfare seemed at lowest ebb, fires were kindling which were to light the new birth of learning and of love toward God and man. And now the Maid rode forth to save France, strong in the possession of genius for doing well the thing that must be done,

unswerving loyalty to her vision, and beautiful obedience to her Lord the King of Heaven.

The little company, for greater safety, often rode by night, averaging their thirty miles in the twenty-four hours. This was a tremendous test for the girl of seventeen, unused to "riding or leading men in war," but her strength and courage never flagged. They avoided the more frequented roads when they could, forded brimming rivers they dared not cross by bridge, and deadened the clatter of hoofs on frozen ground by muffling the horses' feet in cloth. They must rest in the open ; and Jeanne, wrapped in her cloak, slept with her face to the stars, with Metz and Poulengy, who had sworn to guard her well, on either side. The wonder and veneration of her companions deepened as the days went on, yet sometimes they must doubt.

"Will you really do all you say?" asked Metz more than once.

"Have no fear," came the unwavering response. "What I am commanded to do, I will do. My Brothers of Paradise have told me how to act. It is now four or five years since they and my Lord told me that I must go and fight in order to regain the kingdom of France."

There was a story that some of the men at first thought her mad, and intended to throw her into a ditch ; and one day they feigned an attack of the enemy, while those with her pretended panic.

"Fly not, in God's name," she cried. "They will do us no harm."

But as time passed, she won them to heartwhole service, and the rough soldiers were as gentle with her as if they had learned their lesson from her Brothers of Paradise. It was her own unfailing and entire obedience to the highest she knew that was the secret of her sway. The common people, especially, were always eager for her bidding: "they were moved to do everything according to her good pleasure . . . nor could they resist her wishes," was the story of today and of all the triumphant days to come.

"Her words burned in me," said Poulengy, "for I saw indeed she was a messenger of God. She was as good as if she had been a saint."

"I think she must have been sent from God; she never swore," said Jean de Metz, who once had paid a fine for his mighty oaths. And her ardent faith inspired him to like faith in her.

Yet as Chinon loomed larger than Vaucouleurs, they felt some disquietude about their reception.

"We have nothing to fear," was the unfaltering answer. "Once arrived, the noble dauphin will give us good countenance."

After four or five days of hard riding, they came to Auxerre on the Yonne, a city of Burgundy. Perhaps they drew near the town as the church bells,

which Jeanne loved so much, were ringing out the hour of mass. She insisted on a halt. "If we could hear mass, we should do well," she had said many times. The men, no doubt, were glad of the chance to get provisions, no easy task for that company of seven hungry people in the hostile and devastated country they had travelled, and the horses would be the [better for a few hours' rest; so, mingling with the crowd, they crossed the great bridge to the city. Jeanne heard mass in the cathedral; and the simple country girl, whose spirit was so responsive to all lovely things, must have felt paradise very near in that unaccustomed beauty of splendid pier and springing arch bathed in the great windows' glorious light.

That afternoon, they set out again for the Loire, still more than forty miles away, and there they stopped at Gien, the first town of "France" to meet Jeanne's eyes. At her feet the river flowed down to the city she was to save, and beyond lay the mission for which she was born. Probably she heard mass again in the old church of St. Étienne, overlooking the Loire; and her men seemed to have gossiped about their business, for a report flashed down to Orléans that "a young girl, commonly called the Maid, had just passed through Gien, who avowed her purpose of raising the siege and leading the dauphin to Reims for his anointing." Orléans was losing all hope of succor save from God, and Dunois

despatched messengers posthaste to meet the Maid at Chinon.

But time was precious, and Jeanne and her company rode on across the "sad and sandy" Solonge, by vineyard and forest and meadow, still in their dun winter dress, down into Touraine, "land of laughter and do-nothing." As they crossed the "amber meadow" of the Indres, they must have drawn rein to look over at the great château of Loches; but no royal standard floated from its tower, and they pushed on to Fierbois, a village fifteen miles short of Chinon.

Here she despatched a letter to the dauphin, asking permission to enter his town, for she had ridden a hundred and fifty leagues to bring him good news. As they waited for an answer, Jeanne heard three masses in the Church of St. Catherine, and she could give this last day that bridged the old life and the new to one of her beloved saints whose unswerving counsel had guided her to the crossing. And to-morrow, when she should be coming "to the place where the dauphin was," it would be *Laetare* Sunday, when Domremy and Greux would be making their fountains at the Wells of the Thornbush and St. Thibault; and at mass would be chanted the introit: "Rejoice, O Jerusalem, and make an assembly, all ye who love her. Rejoice with gladness, ye who have been in sadness."

The next morning, March 6, they rode into Chinon, and Jeanne stopped at an inn in the narrow old streets below the castle, where the dauphin sent his wise men to visit this girl who might be saint or witch. "I am come to raise the siege of Orléans, and to lead the dauphin to Reims for his anointing," was her one answer to all their questioning. After two days' hesitation, they thought it might be safe for her to enter the castle; but even as she crossed the moat, the king and his counsellors were debating whether he should receive her; and this royal mumble-jumbling, shot through with her clear persistence, sounded the chord of all their intercourse.

As she entered the gate, a soldier called out a brutal insult, accompanied by an oath. "Alas!" said she, turning to look at him with her pure eyes, "thou deniest Him, and art so near death." And when shortly afterward he was drowned, the story was told as proof of her power of prophecy.

Fifty torches flamed to the vaulted height of the great audience chamber, as Jeanne was led into the royal presence by Louis de Bourbon, Comte de Vendôme. The room was crowded with three hundred lords and gentlemen, some in the clumsy court dress that made them look like gorgeously muffled old women, others in trunk and hose and fine doublet; and in the throng was the poet Alain Chartier, with his sugar-loaf hat hung by ribbons at his back. The

queen, Marie of Anjou, was at Bourges, but other ladies of the court were there, in their heavy robes and floating veils, and hair carefully concealed under their peaked caps. But the peasant girl, clad in her travel-worn page's suit of black and gray, was undismayed by the splendor : her thought was on France and the heaven above it. The courtiers thought to play a trick upon her by pushing forward another as the king ; but approaching with "great humility and simplicity," said one who was present, she knelt before Charles "the length of a lance away."

"God give you good life, fair dauphin."

"Here is the king," said Charles, pointing to a richly dressed courtier.

"In God's name, gentle prince, it is you and not another," she chided, with no mind for jesting or delay. "Most noble dauphin, I am Jeanne the Maid. I am come, and am sent to you from God, to give succor to the kingdom and to you. The King of Heaven sends you word by me that you shall be anointed and crowned in the town of Reims, and you shall be lieutenant of the King of Heaven, Who is King of France."

The dauphin was but a shambling figure in the councils of a kingdom, yet after his limp, well meaning kind, he had a pretty complaisance to inferiors in rank ; and now, swayed by the girl's earnestness, he raised her in his most obliging manner, and drew

her aside that he might speak to her alone ; and even the courtiers, looking only for a target for the light shaft of their ridicule, were impressed with the free unconscious dignity of the shabby stranger. “ She bears herself as if she had lived at courts,” said one to another.

“ On the part of my Lord, I tell thee thou art true heir of France and son of the king ; and He sends me to lead thee to Reims to the end that thou mayst receive thy crowning and thy consecration,” said Jeanne to the dauphin as they went apart, while the courtiers watched them curiously.

“ As to what she said to the king,” wrote Alain Chartier, “ no one knew. But it was manifest that the king was greatly encouraged as if by the Spirit.” Jeanne herself said that she gave him a secret “ sign ” by which he should recognize the truth of her mission ; and Dunois told on the king’s own authority, he said, that “ the Maid confirmed her account by rehearsing to the king matters so secret and hidden that no mortal except himself could know them save by divine revelation.” There was much speculation about the “ king’s secret,” as it was called ; and many years after, Charles himself confided to a gentleman of the bedchamber that the secret of which Jeanne told him was a prayer he had offered one morning in his oratory. “ A humble request and prayer to our Lord, out of his heart, uttering no words, that if he were true

descendant of the noble house of France and the kingdom rightfully his own, God would please to guard and defend him ; or at least grant him grace to avoid death and captivity, and escape to Spain and Scotland, whose kings were of all ancientry brothers in arms and allies of the kings of France ; wherefore he had chosen them as his last refuge."

V

CHINON

CHINON, "little town of great renown," crouches at the foot of the great castle, which stretches its length of wall and tower on a high plateau overlooking the valley of the green Vienne and a limitless country of forest and vineyard and cultivated fields. Only to the northeast a ridge cuts off the farther world, and here was the road by which Jeanne came riding in, with the wide sweep of Touraine down there below her. Three castles, built in different centuries, of the white stone of the country, make up that great line of masonry, and the wall of the Château de St. Georges, built by Henry Plantagenet in the old days when England had her provinces in middle France, frowns upon the road. In its thickness men had scooped out poor cave-dwellings, and peered out upon passersby like animals from their holes; and the road, now like a paved gutter for narrowness, led directly up the steep ascent to the middle castle, the Château du Milieu, where the dauphin held his court. Beyond, the Château de Coudray was reached by a bridge spanning the deep moat; and in one of its three towers, the Tour

de Coudray, Jeanne was lodged as a special charge of the king's majordomo, Guillaume du Bellier, and his wife, who was "most devout and of the best reputation." Raoul de Gaucourt, the old commander of Orléans, who was also captain of Chinon, had been wounded early in the siege and was now at court, and he appointed one of his pages, Louis de Coutes, a lad of fourteen, of poor but noble family, to attend the Maid. Louis, who was nicknamed Immerguet, or Minguet, or Mugot, saw her many times going and coming to the king, and great people visiting her.

Poor Jeanne! men never could believe the simple truth about her, that she was an inspired girl marked out to be the savior of France, but must think her possessed of some evil spirit, or mad, or a sorceress; and wiseacres of the court came day after day to ply her with questions about the mission that seemed so clear to her. Orléans must be relieved, the king must be crowned, the English must be driven from the country. Did not those deeds cry aloud for the dullest ears? But a waiting game, with no great venture risked, was most profitable for the courtiers, who were united, at least, in apprehension of any strong hand that might sweep aside their futile dealing.

It was a strange court which was being held at Chinon. The affairs of Charles were at such low ebb that the wife of his receiver-general said that neither of the king's money nor his own had her husband

four *écus d'or*. The dauphin had sold his trinkets, his crown had but two fleurons left, the gold band of his helmet was gone, he had pawned his great diamond, "the Mirror." Even palace turnspits were clamoring for their wages, and royal clothes were beginning to show the pinch of poverty. Tours had given the queen useful presents of linen for her need, and Charles must have new sleeves set in his doublet; but when his shoemaker refused to leave new shoes without pay, the penniless king kicked him and his goods out of the room together, and went down at heel. The larder sometimes ran low, and the captains La Hire and Poton, visiting at court one day, came upon their majesties of France dining on two pullets and a sheep's tail.

Charles himself was a poor figure of a king. The son of a mad father and a vicious mother, he was timid and indolent, moody and suspicious. Unfitted to cope with the troubles of the time, he diverted his mind as he could from the wretchedness it was his business to set right, and grasped at every form of pleasure. "Never did a king lose his kingdom so gaily," said one of his soldiers. Idle, luxurious, morbid, he loitered in one château or another while France was lost. Then, again, sunk in melancholy and fretted by remorse, he spent days alone in prayer. He was generous and kind-hearted, but the times called for sterner qualities than these. One of

his own council told him he was always “ wishing to hide from his people in castles and out of the way places,” and a contemporary said he was “stupid with self-indulgence and slothfulness.” One pictures him as “very ugly, with small gray wandering eyes, a thick nose, and bandy legs ;” another calls him “a handsome prince, well-languaged, and full of pity for the poor.” But whatever he may have seemed to others, to Jeanne he was the representative on earth of her Lord the King of Heaven ; and in a last cruel moment, when her heart must have known him for the man he was, her loyal lips declared him “the noblest of Christians.”

A succession of favorites ruled the king. Grim, loyal Arthur of Brittany, Comte de Richemont and Constable of France, had drowned one with short shrift, and had another slain as he rode in the fields. Then he had given the dauphin Georges de la Trémouille. “You will repent it,” said Charles. “I know him better than you do.” A shrewd judgment, for his first work was to throw down the ladder he had climbed by, and Richemont was banished from court. Six years La Trémouille ruled king and country for their ruin ; and openly or secretly he was ever an enemy of the Maid. He used his power chiefly to fill his own pockets, and became the great usurer of the court, lending freely to dauphin and nobles for the sound security of lands and jewels. Of a Burgundian

family, his bread probably was buttered on both sides ; and for some dark reason his possessions were never molested by English or Burgundians, while much of the money which the dauphin could wring from the commoners went to swell his hoard. Merchants and townsmen obeyed reluctantly enough when the Estates were now convoked yearly and even half yearly, for they travelled through the country at risk of their lives, and escaped the dangers of the road only to be fleeced at court. When they declared their willingness to help the king, but intimated that money might be well spent in putting down highwaymen, drowning was commended for such fellows as they, and forthwith they voted a thumping sum, no penny of which should escape that circle of grasping courtiers. But an impost of five hundred thousand livres exacted in October, when Salisbury was besieging Orléans, had not yet been collected ; the people could pay no more, and royalty must starve.

Yolande of Aragon, the dauphin's mother-in-law, seems to have been the best man France had. She was commonly known by the courtesy title of Queen of Sicily ; and her husband, Louis of Anjou, uncle of the mad King Charles, had lost his life in his quest of an Italian throne. Her interests were one with those of France, and she missed no opportunity of dealing their common enemy a blow. Having allied

herself with the Armagnacs, she married her daughter to the dauphin, and her son René, whom the aged Cardinal-Duke of Bar made his heir, to the daughter and heir of the old Duke of Lorraine, hoping thus to erect some sort of barrier against the oncoming tide of English arms. She knew that Richemont was a better weapon for her purpose than any available, and never ceased her plotting against La Trémouille, who only drank up the money needed for war, to reinstate the constable at court. She, also, had exchanged money for land in her dealings with the dauphin, and all Touraine, save Chinon, was now hers. This, with her provinces of Anjou and Maine, would be the first prey of England should Orléans fall; and with the wit to see that the inspired child from Domremy might be turned to good account, she had, from the first, favored her mission.

But Jeanne must fret her heart out with another delay, when she yearned to be gone on the work she was born to do; and Louis de Coutes said he often saw her kneeling in prayer and weeping, as had the little choir boy in the crypt of the chapel at Vaucouleurs. She was treated with deference, women attended her at night and slept in her chamber, Coutes did her service by day, the king unbent to her as to a familiar friend, "persons of great estate came many days to visit her," the page observed;

yet alas, it was the old matter of question and argument, incredulity and shilly-shally. But at Chinon, too, the sure factor of her goodness worked for her; and Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy had tales to tell of that long journey from Vaucouleurs, of her unfailing courage and high spirit, of their miraculous freedom from molestation. In her waiting she prayed and worked, as she always did, and her labor now was to become a good man-at-arms. She refused to wear woman's dress until her mission should be accomplished; and admiring eyes must have watched the graceful girl in her knight's array as she rode at quintain in the green meadows by the Vienne, and practised with crossbow and sword.

One day the young Duc d'Alençon came riding into Chinon. He had been shooting quail in the meadows about Saumur, when a messenger brought news: "A Maid has come to the dauphin, sent by God, she says, to raise the siege of Orléans and conquer the English." And d'Alençon lost no time on the road back to court.

He found Jeanne with the dauphin.

"Sir, you are welcome," said she, when the king named him. "The more here of the blood royal, the better." High greeting from a peasant lass to a prince of the blood.

Young, handsome, loyal, d'Alençon was a bright picture of the chivalry which was the ideal borne by

knighthood. At fourteen, he had married the young daughter of Charles d'Orléans, who had been captive in England since the battle of Agincourt. At fifteen, he had fought at disastrous Verneuil, and the English had locked him up, a prisoner, at Crotoy on the northern coast. He had refused liberty without ransom at the price of forswearing allegiance to his king, and after more than three years of captivity had sold land and jewels to collect the huge sum of two hundred thousand *saluts d'or* which England exacted.

The next day, d'Alençon saw Jeanne at the king's mass, and he remarked that when she met the dauphin, she bowed low; everyone seems to have noted her courtly manner. Afterward, Charles sent away his people, and took her, with La Trémouille and d'Alençon, into his private room, where Jeanne again urged her mission before the king and his crafty favorite, while the fiery young duke listened and believed.

"Give over the realm to the King of Heaven," she cried, "and He shall do for you as He did for your fathers, and you shall be reinstated in all your rights." "Live according to God's laws," she besought him. "Be clement, and good to all, rich and poor, friend and enemy." Counsel of a piece with St. Remi's admonition to the pagan king: "If you wish to reign, prove yourself worthy."

They talked until dinner time, and afterward the dauphin went for a walk in the meadows, when Jeanne mounted her horse and went through her pretty play with the lance before him.

“She bore her harness as knightly as if she had done no other thing in all her life,” swore d’Alençon, and then and there he gave her a present of a horse. The beautiful, eager girl, with more than man’s courage and her gracious woman’s manner, must have seemed to him the very flower of chivalry, a divine maid, to whom all men must bend the knee; and as for her, she rated him her loyal comrade in all the changing days that followed.

The duke wished to show this wonderful Maid to his wife and mother, who were living at the Abbey of St. Florent-lès-Saumur, and in a few days she rode northward with him to the Loire, to pay the visit that was a bright interlude in her grave young life. “God knows the joy that the mother of the said d’Alençon, she and the daughter of Orléans, his wife, made of her,” wrote old Perceval de Cagny, who belonged to the duke’s household and is one of the earliest and best of the Maid’s chroniclers. The young duchess was “as humble and sweet toward everyone as lady could be,” he added; and the Maid had pledged service to her house. At Chinon she said many times that the rescue of Charles d’Orléans was part of the charge she had from God, and in case he was not

released, "she would be at great pains to go to seek him in England." "And after those days," said Cagny, "she was nearer and more intimate with the Duc d'Alençon than any other; and always in speaking called him 'my good duke,' and not otherwise." But there was work to do, and after happy days passed in such company as fitted her bright girl's spirit, she must ride back across the bridges and through the meadows to Chinon and the court.

Charles still hesitated and deferred. It would have seemed that the ardor and shining example of the Maid could have conquered even the degenerate weakness of the king and the vanity and self-seeking of his ministers; but the weapons for such foes were not in her armory, and they never ceased to work for her discomfiture. Now the clergy, princes and doctors of the church, were sent to examine her; and when they asked who had sent her to the dauphin, she had the one answer :

"I have come from the King of Heaven." She added, "I have Voices and a Counsel which tell me what to do." And one day when she was dining with d'Alençon, she said to him: "These churchmen have examined me well; but I know and can do more than I have told them."

Nothing but good could be found in her; but before entrusting her with the forlorn hope of France, it might be well to have the judgment of highest

appeal, and Charles decided to send her to Poitiers, where the French parliament and law courts now sat, and where the most learned men in the kingdom were gathered.

“To Poitiers?” she cried. “In God’s name, I know I shall have my hands full; but the saints will aid me. Let us be off!”

“For that was her manner of speaking,” remarks the chronicler. If another dreary business of wise men and endless question lay before her, the sooner into it and out again the better.

VI

POITIERS

STILL in page's dress, richer now than the sober black and gray of Vaucouleurs, Jeanne rode with the king and his retinue across the bridge and up the valleys to the splendid old city on its steep hill overlooking the green waters of the Clain. Nearby were the plains which had been mighty battlegrounds for north and south. Here Clovis, whom St. Remi had baptized, welded together the kingdom of France by the blow he dealt the Goths; and from the cathedral tower in the town had blazed by night the miraculous column of fire that guided him to the enemy. Here Charles Martel had fought the Saracens; and early in this Hundred Years' War, the Black Prince had won a great victory and made King John prisoner. For fourteen years now, Poitiers had been the capital of loyal France; and here the Armagnac doctors of law and theology, who had fled from Paris and their northern benefices, held as poor state as their king.

Jeanne was placed in the care of Jean Rabateau, the attorney general, and his wife, who occupied a great house in the middle of the town, the Hôtel de

la Rose, so called from the family, Rosier, who owned it. Madame Rabateau said that every day after dinner Jeanne was for a long time on her knees, and also at night, and that she often went into a little oratory in the house and prayed ; and in truth she had need of help to bear this new burden upon her patience. She had no formal trial, and day after day the doctors visited her at Rabateau's house, to weary her with the old questions.

Why had she come to the king ? And once more the story was told, in her free, high manner.

“ While I was minding my sheep, a Voice came to me, telling me that God had great compassion for the people of France, and that I must go to France. I wept when I heard these words. But the Voice told me to go to Vaucouleurs, where I should find a captain who would send me safely to France and the dauphin, and that I must not be afraid. I did what the Voice commanded, and came to the dauphin without hindrance.”

Thereupon one Maître Guillaume Aymery put his question :

“ You say that a Voice told you that God willed to deliver the people of France from the calamity in which they now are ; but if God wills to deliver them, it is not necessary to have soldiers.”

“ In God's name,” she returned, “ the men-at-arms will fight and God will give the victory.”

"Wherewith," it is written, "Maître Guillaume was content."

Gobert Thibault, the king's equerry and a friend of Metz and Pouleny, came one day with Maîtres Pierre de Versailles and Jean Erault. Lusty young men-at-arms such as he rather than doddering schoolmen were welcome to this girl, a born leader whose generalship was to be proved, who longed to be on the road with men at her back and the enemies of France before her. Coming forward to meet the visitors, she struck Thibault on the shoulder, crying:

"I would I had many men of such good will as you!"

Then she sat down on the end of a bench and asked what they wished.

Maître Pierre said that he had been sent to her from the king.

"I can well believe you have been sent to question me," she remarked.

"I know neither A nor B," was her answer to the usual argument. "But I am come from the King of Heaven to raise the siege of Orléans and to conduct the king to Reims for his crowning and anointing." Turning upon Maître Jean Erault, she said: "Have you paper and ink? Write!" and she dictated: "To you, Suffolk, Classidas, and La Poule, I summon you in the name of the King of Heaven to be

gone to England." A brave fanfare of words, whose echo the English should hear some weeks later at Orléans.

Maîtres Aymery and Versailles admitted that she replied with as much prudence as if she had been a trained clerk; they marvelled at her answers, and believed that, taking into account her life and conversation, there must be in her something divine. Maître Jean recalled the visions of Marie d'Avignon, and believed firmly that Jeanne was that maiden who was to save France. But such weighty opinion was not to be published in a moment by the cautious mind of learning.

"A fine spectacle," exulted Alain Chartier, "to see her dispute, a woman against men, ignorant against the learned, alone against so many adversaries." Yet sympathy might have lain oftener with the adversaries; it was easy business for her nimble wit to play with their ponderous lunge and parry, and she got in many a keen thrust under the rusty armor of their schooling.

"Hark you, there is more in God's books than in yours," she hurled against their heavy citing of chapter and verse.

"It was a wondrous thing to hear her speak and answer," said Maître Jean Maçon. "I found nothing in her life but what was holy and good, and have no doubt she was sent from God." And the trend of

opinion was in her favor, but the questioning went on, and now Brother Seguin of Limousin, was to take his turn.

"What language does the Voice speak?" he began in his clumsy *patois*.

"A better one than yours," flashed back.

"Do you believe in God?"

"In truth, more than yourself."

"But God wills that you should not be believed unless some sign appear to prove that you ought to be believed," persisted the hardy Seguin. "We shall not advise the king to trust you and to risk an army on your simple word."

Now, at length, the breaking-point was come.

"In God's name, I am not come to Poitiers to show signs. My sign shall be the raising of the siege of Orléans. Send me there, with men-at-arms few or many, and I will show you the sign by which I am sent." And then, exalted by her eagerness and her faith, she declared: "And I tell you all four things that shall come to pass. First, the English shall be overcome and Orléans relieved; second, the king shall be crowned at Reims; third, Paris shall be restored to his dominion; fourth, the Duc d'Orléans shall return from England."

"And I who speak," testified Brother Seguin many years later, "I have in truth seen these four things accomplished." And to his own discomfiture,

also, he bore witness as cheerfully as had the bell-ringer of Domremy in like case.

At Poitiers, as always, the people loved her. That she was a marvel of goodness anyone could see ; and her beauty and spirit kindled new enthusiasm and hope. Probably, too, they felt no little satisfaction in the worsting of these hungry doctors who had settled upon Poitiers like locusts in a summer drought. Women of every rank visited her, and when they, too, asked why she never wore woman's dress, she said gently, "I think well it seems strange to you." Men went to see her, not believing in her mission, and came away saying, as did the women, "This girl is sent by God." She was yet to give the world her "sign ;" but shining through all her simple words and bearing was the potent personality which led men on the road to that sure goal. "My sign shall be the raising of the siege of Orléans," she reiterated ; and day by day she got the better of the wise men by her wit and shrewd good sense, no less than through unwavering persistence. "And always she was steadfast and kept to one purpose," said old Perceval de Cagny, as he looked back upon her life. Yet time was slipping into the past. Here she was fifty miles farther from Orléans, and nothing accomplished in all these long weeks, — a few loyal friends earned and the love of many common people, proficiency gained in knightly exercise and the easy way

of courts, but no definite advance had been made; and always she had pressing upon her the foreknowledge that her time was short.-

"I have but a year and little more," d'Alençon had heard her more than once telling the king. "You should consider well how best to employ this year."

He was employing it, apparently, in dawdling with his courtiers, while doctors plied their questions, people gaped for miracles, and the weeks passed that should bear added strength to the enemy. In all this time we must believe that she had had opportunity to learn the exact situation at Orléans. She had seen the envoys sent by Dunois to inquire of her mission, and news must have been constantly trickling in from the city on which the eyes of France were fixed. She must have had many a discussion with d'Alençon and her other friends about the war. It was known that the English were not strong in numbers, that Burgundy had withdrawn his men, and that England was straining every nerve to strengthen her forces as soon as might be. It must be remembered that the Maid never trusted to miracle; God would give the victory, but men must fight. Now was the time to strike, and the futile weeks lagged on. No wonder her temper was uncertain, and for the first time she failed in gracious dignity as she answered those exasperating Dryasdusts.

At length the verdict was pronounced. For weeks

the Maid had been questioned by all the wise men France could muster ; women had watched with sharp eyes keen for any fault ; she had been the daily companion of the king, the duke, the knights and ladies of the court ; she had given the king a secret sign by which he should believe her ; word had come from Domremy of her spotless past ; she was found to be "a good Christian, living as a Catholic, never idle." In consideration, then, the doctors agreed, of "the extreme necessity and the great peril of the town, the king might make use of her help and send her to Orléans," and she should go with the army in honorable fashion. Copies of the verdict were scattered broadcast, to show that all had been done with due care. If things went wrong, the government should be blameless.

So far, so good. France had given gracious permission to save the realm ; now for the means to do it ; and weeks must pass before Orléans should be relieved.

Jeanne returned to Chinon, soon setting out again for Tours, on her way to the seat of war, under the care, it would seem, of Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims and chancellor of the king, and the old soldier Raoul de Gaucourt. It had been weary waiting, yet only a few weeks ago she had entered Chinon in her humble page's suit to be met by insult from a common soldier and disheartening hesitation from the man she came to save. Now she rode forth accredited

by king and council, looking like a handsome boy in her rich dress, full of the joy of living, with brave work ahead of her in the short time that should be hers. She loved fine clothes and a good horse and gay company, yet she was the same pure-hearted, devout girl who but a few months before had been spinning by her mother's side in Domremy. The poisonous breath of courts could not for an instant cloud her simplicity and single-heartedness. Evil might lie at her feet; she looked beyond where the work lay which God had given her to do.

We have no portrait of Jeanne save a head which tradition says was modelled when she was at Orléans. In this the face is small under its steel casque, but with strength, physical and spiritual, in its pure outline; and the wide arching brows and full eyes under delicate lids half dropped hold vision and judgment for their secret. The chin is softly rounded as any girl's should be, the lips richly curved and close shut. It is a picture of the sane, abounding health of youth, yet with a sealed silent look as of one who knew the will of God. And we know from the speech of those who saw her that she was beautiful. "She has the beauty which agrees," said one; "her countenance breathes out joy," yet "her tears flow abundantly." Her words were few; "she ate little, and drank of wine still less." She had a marvellously sweet voice that could melt in pleading or

swell out clear as a bell in her battle cry. She was tall and supple and well-developed in her youthful strength.

Touraine was in the glory of its spring as she and her companions rode down the valley to the Loire. Foxgloves and bluebells were coming on in the meadows, fruit trees were laden with blossom, the whole world seemed full of life and beauty and hope. And the poet-duke, Charles d'Orléans, with homesick thought on France, might have been writing in his English captivity, his lovely song of the season :

“ Dear spring her mantle casts away
Of wind, of cruel cold, and rain,
And now she robes herself again
In sunbeam broidery fair and gay,
And beast and bird must sing or say
Each from his heart with might and main :
Dear spring her mantle casts away.”

VII

TOURS

BOIS was the city nearest Orléans held by France, and here Queen Yolande had made a base of supplies, and with the aid of Ambroise de Loré and Admiral de Coulent was collecting men and provisions to send up river to the besieged town. When the king received the sanction of his commission to send the Maid to Orléans, he posted d'Alençon off to Blois to hasten the preparation of the convoy; but everything had come to a standstill for lack of money, and d'Alençon must return to the king.

"Your convoy is ready," was his report. "It only remains to get money to pay for the provisions and men." And somehow Charles scraped together the necessary sum. At a pinch, he always seems to have been able to get a specified amount; and now before he could fritter it away on his pleasure or his favorites, the money was sent off to Yolande.

On the road to Blois, half way from Chinon, was Tours, at this time one of the busiest cities in the kingdom. By dint of gold and shrewd parleying, it had bought immunity from marauding men-at-arms;

and if a captain knocked at their gate, the citizens closed it in his face and conversed with him from the walls, politely requesting him to move on and giving as small a sum as might be to work for his persuasion. But when the English were making down toward the Loire, Tours had consented to receive a few soldiers for defense, allowing the captain and twenty of his men free lodgings at the castle, while the rest must pay hard cash at an inn. The townsmen plied their trades quietly in the midst of war. They wove silks and cloths of silver and gold ; they rivalled the artisans of Italy and Germany as smiths and armorers.

In this busy hive, Jeanne stopped for her war equipment. She lodged at the house of Jean du Puy, whose wife was one of the queen's ladies. She was treated with all honor and deference, and by the king's order a military staff, or household, of three or four lances, was appointed for her service. Jean d'Aulon, a squire of Languedoc, was chosen for his wisdom and faithfulness to guard her person. Jean de Metz was made her treasurer. "Many times I was obliged to hand out to her the money she gave for the love of God," said he. Bertrand de Poulengy was a third. Louis de Coutes was appointed as one of her pages, a boy named Raymond as another ; and by a strange chance, her chaplain was to link her with the old life again.

In the ancient city of Puy-en-Velay, was the oldest church dedicated to the Virgin, whose image, the

Black Virgin, was held to have been carved from sycamore wood by the Prophet Jeremiah and brought from Egypt by St. Louis. When the Feast of the Annunciation and Good Friday fell on the same day, as in 1429, strange events were to be looked for, and in Holy Week a great religious festival was held at Puy, when pilgrims from all parts of Europe—lords, soldiers, doctors, peasants—flocked to the sacred shrine, many, for poverty or penance, on foot, staff in hand, begging their bread from door to door. Among them was Brother Jean Pasquerel, an Augustinian, who was reader in his convent near Tours; and one day at Puy-en-Velay he met Isabeau Romée, mother of the Maid, and some of those who had ridden with her from Vaucouleurs. We may imagine that her brave, anxious mother heart had driven Isabeau to this pilgrimage of a hundred leagues through the cold and storms of early spring, to seek some special grace for the extraordinary mission that was rousing France. Probably her two younger sons, Jean and Pierre, came with her, and returned to Tours with Brother Pasquerel and those companions of the Maid, as we know that they were at Blois and fought by her side in later days. No talk of drowning now; Jacques d'Arc had become reconciled to his daughter's going soldiering. In this little company that met at Puy-en-Velay, each had his tale of old times or these wonderful new days. "You must go with us to see

her," the men urged Brother Pasquerel. "We will not leave you until you do." And at Tours they brought him one day to her lodgings in the house of Madame du Puy.

"Jeanne, we bring you this good father," they said. "When you know him, you will love him much."

"I have heard of you, and like you well," was her greeting. "Tomorrow I should like to confess myself to you."

The next morning he read mass for her, and from that time he was established as her almoner and chaplain; and he, also, had stories to tell of her piety and humility.

"So much did she fear God, that for nothing in the world would she displease Him," he said. "I firmly believe she was sent from God on account of her good works and her many virtues."

"My work is my mission," he often heard her say. And when the people wondered at her,—"Never have such things been seen as these deeds of yours; in no book can one read of such things," she looked beyond at heaven's marvels, and said to them: "My Lord has a book in which no clerk has ever read, how perfect soever be his clerkship!"

"And nearly every day," said Jean Pasquerel, "she confessed herself and she communicated often, and when she confessed, she wept." And he tells us a lovely story of her gentle spirit.

“When she was in a neighborhood where there was a convent of the mendicant friars,”—there was a great Benedictine monastery near Sully where five thousand pupils were said to be taught by the monks,—“she told me to remind her of the day when the children of the poor received the Eucharist, so that she might receive it with them.” And we can see the Maid, in her rich dress or gleaming armor, kneeling among the hushed and wondering children, she who had been poor as they, and now with heart as pure and humble as any child among them, rode at the head of armies, and was the friend of prince and captain.

Now the Maid must be armed for her work, and by the king's order a master armorer made her a suit of plain white steel, consisting of a helmet, a cuirass in four pieces, with covering for shoulders, hips and knees, jointed arm pieces, greaves, gloves, and shoes. In these days the armorers had reached the perfection of their art, and the flexibility and grace of their steel work was well suited to Jeanne's lithe young form. Fine *huques* or *houppelandes*, the slashed coats worn by knights over their armor, were made for her use; more than one has remembered that she loved her *huques*, and let us hope she had her pick of rich silk and cloth-of-gold. She had chosen a horse from the royal stables, and a steel head piece and a high peaked saddle were furnished for him. Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy were also fitted out

by the same armorer; her suit cost a hundred livres, theirs together one hundred and twenty-five.

But for her sword, Jeanne's thought went back to St. Catherine of Fierbois, patron of all captives, and the shrine hung with votive offerings where she had spent that last day before she rode into Chinon. Charles Martel, who had conquered the Saracens, had founded this Church of St. Catherine and laid his sword upon her altar, and she had a special care of all prisoners held by the enemies of France. Many stories were told of the saint's intervention for her suppliants; sometimes she made them invisible, sometimes she broke bonds, chains, locks. One Cazin du Boys, captive in 1418, was put into a cage which was locked and bound with a great cord, and a Burgundian slept on the end of the rope; in which predicament, the prisoner addressed himself to St. Catherine of Fierbois, and soon in spite of rope, lock and Burgundian, walked forth a free man. Another, bound for a month in an English prison, made a vow to the saint before he slept, and awoke, still in chains, in his own house. Her grateful freedmen made many a pilgrimage to her shrine and offered up their cords and chains, their own armor, or, when they could get it, that of an enemy; and now when the bonds of France itself were to be riven, her faithful pupil turned to her for the sword that should deal the blow. Here is Jeanne's story of the quest.

"I sent to the Church of St. Catherine of Fierbois to seek for a sword which was under the earth, not very deeply buried, behind the altar,—I think it was behind the altar. I knew by my Voice where it was. I wrote to the priests of the place that it might please them to let me have this sword, and they sent it to me. It was an armorer of Tours who went for it. It was rusty and upon it were five crosses. The priests rubbed it and the rust fell off quite readily. They made me a present of a scabbard, those of Tours of another; one was of crimson velvet, the other of cloth-of-gold. I had a third made of leather, very strong."

Legend gathered quickly about this sword; the people called it *l'épée miraculeuse*. It was said to be Charles Martel's own, and that when the priests took it from the ground the rust of centuries fell off and disclosed a gleaming blade. Yet for Jeanne, it was only a symbol of war; she said she never wished to use it.

Her great white standard she "loved better, forty times better" than her sword. "It was I myself who bore this banner when I attacked the enemy, to save killing anyone; for I never killed anyone." Hamish Power, a Scotch artist, painted her banner on precious white linen. On one face, it seems, was the figure of God seated on clouds, holding the globe, and on either side an angel knelt, one with a

lily in his hand ; beyond were the words, "*Jhesus, Maria.*" On the reverse was a figure of the Virgin and a shield with the arms of France, supported by two angels. The personal blazon of the Maid was a white dove on azure ground, holding in his beak a scroll with the words : "*De par le Roy du ciel,*" "In the name of the King of Heaven." She also seems to have had a smaller banner on which was painted the Annunciation. Hamish Power received twenty-five livres for the material of the two banners and his work.

Jeanne always made friends among women, and now she had her first girl friendship since the days of Mengette and Hauviette at Domremy, with Héliote, the young daughter of Hamish Power ; and somehow she managed to keep track of Héliote through the adventurous year that followed, and then bade the city fathers make her a fine marriage present from the treasury.

For twenty-five years the proudest banners of France had been dragged in the dust. In the old times, the great oriflamme, royal standard of Clovis and Charlemagne, which had come down from heaven, had been carried before the king in battle and his enemies had fled before its magic ; but that had not seen the light since the early days of mad King Charles. Jeanne had called her poor dauphin the "oriflamme ;" but no summons of chivalry could

rouse him from his sloth, and it was she who was to be the rallying point of battle. "Take the banner of your Lord," her Counsel bade her; and the standard of a peasant girl must break the pride of victorious England, and retrieve the honor of France.

VIII

BLOIS

IT was not until 1439 that France had anything like a standing army. Then Charles established a little force of fifteen hundred lances, and with each "lance" went a company of six men; in 1445, a body of national infantry was formed, and then war should be "king's war," as in the thirteenth century there was "king's peace." But at this time each captain, with his company of men, fought as he pleased,—for France if he were sufficiently patriotic or well paid; with his personal enemy, if it seemed more important to settle his private grudge. In this very year La Trémouille had been using money raised for the war to fight out his quarrel with the ousted constable, Richemont. Moreover, the people were not yet united in that common love of country which makes for strength; they were more Norman, Breton, Gascon, than French. The crying need was for a great leader to knit together these frayed ends of the kingdom, to kindle the national pride of France which had been ebbing low under the weak reign of Charles and his mad father; and the call

was answered by the peasant of Domremy. What she saw to be done, she would do; what she would do, no one could prevent, and by the certainty of her genius, she drew men after her. The country was tangled in such a web by the weakness, incompetence and selfishness of king and councillors, that there seemed no escape; but she roused France from its blind acquiescence, and woke the patriotism of those great commoners who in later years earned for the king the name of "Charles the Well Served."

England was holding her advantage largely by the prestige of Agincourt and Verneuil; she had not men enough to defend her conquests; and except in Normandy, she remained in the country by sufferance of the Duke of Burgundy, whose policy it was to keep the fortunes of France and England sufficiently balanced to give room for his own ambition of building up an independent state between France and Belgium. If Burgundy were to give any real support to the dauphin, English power would melt like mists in the sun; and this seems to have been the one excuse for the interminable negotiating of Charles's advisers which nearly cost him his kingdom. But the Maid was to transfer that moral strength of remembered victory, and prove that England could lose and France could win.

No one of the brave French captains had the qualities of a great general. They were determined not

to "become English," as Jean de Metz had said; but they could never see the vital thing to do, and lacked initiative to make a concerted and determined attack upon the enemy. They were eager enough to fight, however, and now they came flocking into Blois to play their part in what was afoot. Among them was the Maréchal de Rais, with a fine company from Anjou and Maine. He was said to be of "good understanding, handsome person, and pleasing manners," and he had a great reputation for piety and learning; yet there is a tradition that he is the French original of Blue Beard, and many years after he was charged, whether justly or not, with dreadful crimes, and condemned to be burned at the stake. Maréchal de Boussac and the terrible captains La Hire and Poton de Saintrailles, who had caught the king dining meagrely, came down from Orléans. La Hire was a nickname for the cruel and witty Gascon, Étienne de Vignolles. "If God were to turn man-at-arms, He would be a plunderer," declared La Hire; and French troopers, as they used the new playing-cards, called the knave of hearts La Hire. He had been one of those soldiers of fortune to terrorize the country about Domremy. In 1423, he had fought against the Duke of Lorraine, and the next year he was fighting in Bar. He carved out his own fortune by putting his wits and his skill at the service of France, and he had joined the forces at Orléans and done good work on

that disastrous day at Rouvray. Poton de Saintrailles had but just returned from an embassy to Burgundy. The Orléanais, despairing of succor, and preferring a French overlord to an English, had sent to the duke, begging him to take their town under his protection. He leaned to accepting the rich trust ; but when Bedford heard the scheme, he intimated that he was not pulling chestnuts out of the fire for Burgundy's benefit, and there was temporary coolness between the allies, which was something, at least, gained for France.

Dunois commanded at Orléans, and was the best general the king had. He was son of that Louis d'Orléans, whom Jean *sans Peur* had murdered in the Paris streets, and half brother of the captive Duke Charles. He did not receive his title of Comte de Dunois until a later year, and now was known only as the Bastard of Orléans. He was twenty-six years old, a fine gentleman in manner and learning, adroit and fair spoken, a favorite in ladies' bowers who could do brave service on the battlefield.

Late in April, Jeanne and her little military staff, under the charge of Regnault de Chartres and Gaucourt, was ready to set out from Tours on the day's march of thirty-five miles to join the army at Blois. Three or four thousand troops were gathered there, and the great convoy of provisions and cattle and ammunition was ready. Although she held no offi-

cial command, she made her presence felt as promptly as in the audience hall at Chinon, and in her two or three days at Blois worked a miracle of order among those disorganized and disreputable men-at-arms. It has been well said that "it was a ludicrous and touching sight to see the sudden conversion of those Armagnac brigands." She had a banner painted with the Crucifixion, and at morning and evening Brother Jean Pasquerel must assemble the priests about it to sing anthems and hymns. Jeanne was there, but no soldier, who was not that day clean confessed, might join them. The multitude of priests who had come into camp, fleeing perhaps from their monasteries at the approach of the English, worked hard for daily bread shriving that army of hardened sinners, for the soldiers of the Maid must be in a fit state to wage war for her Lord the King of Heaven. She packed off dissolute camp followers, and promptly began a crusade against swearing. La Hire, who was as famous for picturesque profanity as for a brutal wit, was one of her first converts. "Lord God, I pray you to do for La Hire what La Hire would do for you if you were captain-at-arms and he were God," had been his prayer as he set forth to rape and plunder. When the Maid brought him up standing, "Leave me something to swear by," he besought her; and she, with her humorous commonsense, told him he might call upon his *martin* or staff.

According to Perceval de Cagny, that was her own oath, "that and no other, '*Par mon martin.*' "

On the morning of Wednesday, April 27, the army of penitents set out for Orléans, thirty miles up the river. The whole world was bursting into flower, and they felt young and good and full of hope. As they crossed the great bridge to the south bank, the company of priests, bearing their banner and singing the *Veni Creator*, took the lead. They kept a slow pace to accommodate the unwieldy convoy of cattle and pigs and heavily laden wagons, and at sunset, with only a few miles covered, came to a halt; the priests chanted their anthems, the chastened army joined in the hymns, and all lay down to rest in the open fields, the Maid sleeping in her armor, as she was always to do in campaigns when no women were near. They passed without molestation the fortified bridgeheads of Meung and Beaugency, cities on the north bank held by the English, and came out upon the heights of Olivet, two miles due south of Orléans. Here Jeanne could see the clustering spires of her city, whose watchmen in the towers would be proclaiming that succor came at last; and below flowed the Loire, a "capricious river," it is called, but royal in temper as in volume when it changes its course through the gentle, wooded country, and floods the low banks, or rushes into Orléans washing the houses breast high. Now, fed by the spring rains, it swept

smoothly over the channel of warm-colored sand, and marshalled its seven islands before the town of Orléans, — islands, great or small, made and unmade at its pleasure, one but a sandbar thrown up in a day, another bowing and shimmering with rushes and willow.

It had been Jeanne's wish to march her army and convoy under the nose of the great forts on the north side of the river, directly into the besieged town, flouting the enemy and heartening the citizens with her boldness. This would have been the wiser and easier way. Smaller forces than hers had marched from Blois through the Beauce, as the plains north of the river were called, and had entered the city unmolested; for the English troops were barely sufficient to hold the forts, and men and ammunition were being saved for defence until promised reinforcements should arrive and a final attack could be made upon the town, which was regarded as ripe fruit ready to fall when the tree was shaken. Whether the French captains wilfully deceived the Maid or not, they had their own scheme of action which they kept to themselves. It must be remembered that she had no military standing, and they were bound in no way to confer with her. She was being "led with the army to Orléans in honorable fashion," by literal reading of the royal decree. "Lead me against Talbot and the English and into Orléans," she had

demanded; and this they were doing in their own way.

Their plan was to march through the Solonge, the district south of the Loire, thus avoiding Meung and Beaugency and the strongest English forts which lay to the west and north of the town. They meant to take the convoy six miles beyond Orléans, where it could be embarked opposite their town of Chécy and taken down by boats which the citizens should send upstream to meet them. Thus they should approach the city on the east side, where there was only one fort, St. Loup, which the burghers could divert by an attack while the boats crept by under shadow of a wooded island. The plan was carefully worked out; but unluckily when they arrived opposite Orléans, the wind was blowing dead down stream, and boats could make no headway against wind and current to the rendezvous at Chécy. In this predicament, Dunois crossed the river to confer with the captains, but he was first to settle with the promised deliverer of Orléans. The Maid, bruised and weary after her night in armor, and outraged at the trick which she believed to have been played upon her, was in no gentle humor. As Dunois stepped to land, she met him pointblank.

“Are you the Bastard of Orléans?”

“I am, and right glad of your coming,” was the ingratiating answer.

“Is it you who gave counsel that I should come

here by this bank of the river, and that I should not go directly where Talbot and the English are?"

Suavity was no buffer against such attack, and Dunois was put to his trumps. Evidently the Angelic One, as the people were already beginning to call her, had a pretty temper of her own.

"Yes, I and others wiser than I gave that counsel, believing it to be the better and safer way."

"In God's name," cried the Maid, "the counsel of my Lord is safer and wiser than yours. You thought to deceive me, and you deceived yourselves; for I bring you better succor than ever came to knight or city, because it is succor from the King of Heaven. It comes not from me, but from God Himself, Who, at the prayer of St. Louis and St. Charlemagne, has had compassion on the city of Orléans, and will not suffer the enemy to hold the body of the duke and his town also."

And even as she spoke, the wind veered as if by a miracle, and blew so sharply upstream that slack sails filled and each boat towed two behind it up to Chécy, where they moored for the night, while the army and convoy marched along the river bank. But the day's vexations were not yet ended for the girl who had planned that smooth triumphal entry into the waiting town.

Many provisions had been, perforce, left behind at Blois, and the captains announced their purpose of

returning at once for them. But this was not to the mind of the Maid; when the English were driven from their forts, there would be time enough for Blois and more convoys, and, moreover, she did not trust the staying power of her penitents, and wished to march them into the town at the top of their enthusiasm, when they were ready for any deed at arms. If they went back to Blois, she doubted their return; the captains had but now deceived her. But if go they must, she would go with them. This, however, did not fall in with Dunois's wish; indeed, he dared not return to Orléans without her. The people were impatient to hail their deliverer, and wrought up as they were, would bear disappointment in an evil way.

"I beg you to cross the river and enter the town, where many are longing for you," he besought her.

"But I cannot abandon my followers and my men-at-arms, who are well confessed, penitent and of good will," she objected, and Dunois went to the captains.

"I beseech you, for the welfare of the king, to allow her to enter Orléans at once," he said to them. "And do you take the army back to Blois and return forthwith to Orléans by the north road, through the Beauce."

With this promise, the Maid consented to trust her army to the care of the priests, and Jean Pasquerel must take her precious standard to keep before their eyes the guerdon of glory in store for faithful soldiers

of her Lord. Then she crossed to Chécy with Dunois, La Hire, Boussac, her brothers, and her little company. She was received by a rich townsman, Guy de Cailly, and passed the night at his manorhouse of Reuilly. There is a rather lame tradition that he is the only one who ever shared the vision of her saints.

The next morning, April 29, the convoy was embarked and taken down the river, and the plan carried without a hitch: the citizens made a diversion before St. Loup, the boats slipped by the island, and were safely unloaded at the southeast water gate. And that night the Maid and her company came down from Chécy and under cover of darkness entered Orléans by the Burgundy Gate. Attended by troops of torchbearers, armed cap-à-pie, and mounted on a great white horse, she rode through the city with Dunois at her side, and nobles and squires, captains and men-at-arms in her train. By the light of flaring torches, the people of Orléans saw their Maid, and wondered at the martial figure in its bright armor, the pure, small face under its steel casque, the clear voice, the gracious manner; and they had "such joy as if God Himself had descended among them; and not without cause, for they had suffered many things, and what is worse, had great fear that they would not be succored and would lose their lives and goods. But now they were already comforted as if the siege had been raised by the divine virtue which dwelt, they

had been told, in this simple Maid whom they regarded most lovingly, men, women, and little children." "She smiled at them," the chronicle goes on to say, "made a sign of her hand that they should leave her free, and said to all in her sweet woman's voice that they were good Christians and that God was going to save them."

But there was such eagerness to touch her or even her horse, that a torch was crowded against her banner. "Whereupon," it is said, "she struck spurs to her horse and wheeling lightly on the standard crushed out the flame, as if she had long followed the war."

Then she and her company, the captains and soldiers, and the whole city, went to the Cathedral of St. Croix to return thanks for the marvel of God's goodness, and afterward they rode on to the great house of Jacques Boucher, treasurer of the duke, near the Regnart Gate in the west wall, where the Maid and her company were lodged. "And not one," it is written, "returned to his home after that evening, who did not feel that he had within him the strength of ten men." And Jeanne slept with little Charlotte, the nine year old daughter of her host.

IX

ORLÉANS

FOUR great gates, flanked by their towers, gave upon the roads that led from Orléans: to the west, the Regnart Gate and the road to Blois; to the north, the Bannier and Paris Gates, leading to the Paris road; to the east, the Burgundy Gate and the old Roman road which passed Chécy and cut through the country to Autun. But now English forts dammed the way at gunshot distance from the walls. From the river northward to the Paris road, were five bastilles, connected by ditches and earthworks: St. Laurent, where Talbot had his camp, Croix-Boissée on the Blois road, London, Pressoir-Arc, and St. Pouair or Paris. Then, to the northeast, the great forest of Orléans crept down nearly to the city walls, and a mile and a half beyond the Burgundy Gate, near a ruined church, was the bastille of St. Loup, which commanded the Loire and the road to Chécy; while on the south, the walls of Orléans rose directly from the river, and the famous old bridge, with its nineteen arches and buildings and fortifications, linked the shores of the Beauce and Solonge. But when the Tourelles had fallen to Salis-

bury, the citizens made a new bridgehead of the little fortress of the Belle-Croix, and broke the three arches between it and the Tourelles, which now stood isolated above the river, connected only by a drawbridge with its strong boulevard upon the left bank, where, a few paces farther to the south, the English had fortified a ruined Augustinian monastery, which sat at the foot of the road to Olivet. To the east of the Augustins, was the boulevard of St. Jean le Blanc, guarding the road to Jargeau, a town twelve miles up the river held by England. To the west the fort of St. Privé commanded the Solonge road to Blois, and with a fort on the Isle of Charlemagne, made a safe crossing to Talbot's camp at St. Laurent.

Orléans held but little more than a hundred acres within its walls, and was crowded to suffocation with the influx of fifteen thousand people from its wrecked suburbs and the companies of men-at-arms. As "the siege grew long and victuals short," discomfort and mean rations were doing their work; rumors of attack without and treachery within held nerves on the rack, and men were of the temper "rather to lose their lives by wholesale on the point of the sword than to retail them out by famine." The townsmen claimed the privilege of guarding their walls, and submitted to the domination of the visiting captains with an ill grace; and now, since the chivalry of

France had accomplished nothing for them in seven months, they gladly ranged themselves under the banner of the Maid. All their hope of deliverance lay in her, and for her they opened their pockets as well as their hearts. They paid for oats and stabling for her horses, wine and fish for herself; they put up her two brothers at an inn, and fitted them out with hose and shoes, and gave them spending money. They reimbursed one Jean Lecamus for feeding "those companions who had come to find the Maid." Who these visitors were we do not know; men from Chinon or Poitiers, perhaps, who had been so won to her purpose that they followed when they could to join her company. And neither then nor in all the centuries since has Orléans forgotten its debt to the Maid sent by God for its deliverance.

No doubt the burghers would have been glad to put her at their head and march out early next morning against the enemy, and we can believe that Jeanne would have made good account of their fervor. Louis de Coutes says that she went to seek Dunois, and returned from the interview vexed because the captains wished to make no attack that day. Their argument was that they must await the return of the army; and perhaps they, too, had some misgivings about that return, for Boussac and a few men had left in the night to ride down to Blois. But La Hire, Florent d' Illiers, other knights and

squires of the garrison, and some citizens, rode out in the morning and made a grand *escarmouche* before the outposts of St. Pouair on the Paris road. The enemy were forced back upon the bastille, and men were shouting for straw and faggots to fire the fort, when the English “made terrible cries and put themselves in battle array,” and the Frenchmen retreated ; but a mighty pother had been made with cannon and culverin and *bombardes*, and there were killed and wounded and captured on both sides.

Meantime the Maid, like a good captain-at-arms, was summoning the enemy to surrender before attack ; and a long letter, which seems to have been an expansion of that flare of words flung out at Jean Erault at Poitiers, was sent to Talbot. It was dated “Tuesday in Holy Week,” or March 22, 1429. She calls on the King of England and on Bedford, who styles himself Regent of France, and on all the captains who call themselves lieutenants of Bedford, to yield up the keys of the fair towns which they have despoiled. If they will not obey, she will make them, whether or no. “For she is come in the name of God to drive you out of France ; and the Maid promises you well that if you heed not, she will make so great a *hahay* that for a thousand years the like has not been seen in France. . . . And you, archers, companions-at-arms, gentle and simple, who are before Orléans, depart into your country, in the name of

God ; and if you do not this, beware of the Maid and the hurt that will come to you. Hold not to your notion that you will have France from the King of Heaven, Son of Holy Mary, for it shall be held by King Charles, the true heir, to whom God has given it, who shall enter Paris in fair company. . . . William de la Pole, Count of Suffolk, John, Lord Talbot, and Thomas, Lord Scales, lieutenants of the Duke of Bedford, you who call yourself Regent of France for the King of England, the Maid prays you not to destroy yourselves. If you will heed her, you may go with her to a place where France will do the fairest deed ever done for Christendom." And so she begs her enemy to save himself while there is yet time.

Two heralds bore the letter to Talbot, who sent back one with the promise that the other should be burned, and they called the Maid cow-girl, bade her mind her cattle, and laughed at her summons. The person of a herald was sacred by all the usages of war, but this man from the Armagnac witch could have no rights, and should be burned for his mistress, yet they wished to ask the University of Paris for an opinion on this nice point; but war was to be shaken from its accustomed leisurely pace, and the Maid was to settle the matter long before that cumbersome machinery of the law should get under way. Yet the English defiance had a note of fear in its

bravado, and no doubt it was believed from this time that France had supernatural aid. What Englishman could see heaven and the right on the side of an enemy, and the Witch of the Armagnacs, an emissary of the devil, loomed large in the imagination of fighting Godons. "From that hour," says Dunois, "the English, who up to then could, I affirm, with two hundred of their men rout eight hundred or a thousand of ours, were unable with all their power, to resist four or five hundred French, and they took refuge in their forts, whence they dared not come forth."

On Sunday, May 1, Dunois and d'Aulon, the Maid's squire, set out for Blois to hurry the lagging army. There was just cause for fear that the men, without the inspiration of the Maid's leadership, would find it more convenient not to return to Orléans, and her army, having taken its pay and eaten up the provisions, would melt away again in a trickle of roving marauders. The Maid, accompanied by La Hire and other captains, went out to cover their departure, and then, with her escort, she rode through the city. The people were so eager to see her that they had almost broken down Jacques Boucher's door. They "could not have enough of the sight of her." "In truth," they said, as they watched her ride, "she holds herself as freely as if she had been a man-at-arms following war from her youth."

Then she rode out the Regnart Gate, and approached the bastille of the Croix-Boissée, near the great camp of St. Laurent. On the way she met a company of English, and to them, again, she gave their warning:

“Give yourselves up and save your lives. Return to England, in the name of God, or I will do you great harm.”

“Would you have us surrender to a woman?” scoffed the Bastard of Granville, to whom, no doubt, this seemed but idle boasting; and he and his escort mocked the men with her as a poor lot to follow in the train of a witch.

There could be no question of an attack until Du-nois should return; and on Monday, Jeanne, followed by the captains and soldiers, and all Orléans, went out to have a nearer look at the enemy’s forts. No Frenchman was afraid with the Maid riding on before, while every Godon had his look at the Armagnac witch as she made her leisurely circuit of the city. Unmolested, she led her people back through the gates, and then she went to vespers in the cathedral. During these days of waiting, she did everything in her power to give the people fresh courage and hope; “and in all the city,” says the chronicle, “they did honor to no other.”

One day at the cathedral, Maître Jean de Maçon, “a very wise man,” said to her:

“My child, have you come to raise the siege?”

“In the name of God, yes.” She knew well wise men and their questions.

“My child, they are strong and well entrenched, and it will be a great thing to put them out.”

“Nothing is impossible to the power of God,” was her response. And we may suppose that, like Doctor Aymery of Poitiers, Jean de Maçon was “well content.”

On Tuesday, the third, the garrisons of Montargis, Gien and Château Regnard came marching into the town, and news was received of the army from Blois. At dawn next day Jeanne, with La Hire and five hundred men, rode out to meet it. The captains were coming, with a smaller force, by the northern route which Jeanne had wished to take, and it was found to be no difficult matter to make a détour around the line of forts at the west of the city, skirt the forest beyond St. Pouair, and enter either by the Paris or Burgundy Gate. The grain in the convoy was probably sent by boat; but the Maid and her escort met the main body of troops, led by Rais, Boussac and Dunois, on the border of the forest; and after nearly a week of useless delay, she was to enter the city as she had, at first, planned. Priests, chanting the *Veni Creator*, led the van, as at Blois; and Brother Jean Pasquerel, bearing the Maid's banner, was at their head. Silently, the garrison of the great bastille of

St. Pouair watched the long line of churchmen and cavaliers, wagons and cattle, file by at slowest foot pace. Not a shot was fired, not a Godon ventured from his fort, and by noon the army was safely housed in Orléans.

X

ST. LOUP AND THE AUGUSTINS

AS d'Aulon and the Maid were dining that Wednesday, Dunois came to them with a rumor that Fastolf's army, with men and provisions for the English forts, was approaching.

“Bastard, Bastard,” cried the Maid, bubbling with joy that action must come at last, “in the name of God, I charge you that so soon as you know of the coming of Fastolf, you do let me know. If he pass without my knowing it, I promise you—I will have your head!”

“Of that,” returned courtly Dunois, “I have no fear. I will surely let you know.”

Then the Maid, like a good soldier, rested while she could, and Madame Boucher slept beside her. D'Aulon, overdone with the long ride to and from Blois, lay down on a couch in the same room. But before he could sleep, the Maid suddenly woke, and springing to her feet, cried out:

“In the name of God, my Counsel tells me I should attack the English—whether their forts or this Fastolf, I know not,” and she rushed from the room.

“Ha, worthless boy!” she called to Louis de Coutes. “So you could not tell me the blood of France is being shed! My horse! my horse!”

“Where are those who should arm me?” she cried, running back. “The blood of our people stains the ground!” And as d’Aulon and Madame Boucher and little Charlotte got her into her harness, the quiet of the street was broken by people running to and fro and shouts of “The enemy! the enemy! We are lost!”

The Maid leaped into the saddle, as Louis brought up her horse.

“My banner!” she cried, and the page handed it to her from her chamber window. Then she set off at full speed for the Burgundy Gate, striking sparks from the pavement as she went, while d’Aulon armed and followed as he could.

“After her!” cried Dame Boucher, and Louis de Coutes, also, overtook her as they neared the gate.

The way was blocked by wounded straggling back to the city. As they met the first, borne by his companions, the Maid stopped.

“Who is he?” she asked in her gentle voice.

“A Frenchman,” was the sufficient answer.

“I can never see French blood flow that the hair does not rise upon my head,” she shuddered, and she had time to sorrow for that sad procession of men undone.

Neither Jeanne nor d'Aulon had known that an attack upon St. Loup was planned. All had been quiet in their remote quarter of the city, and they had had no warning until the Maid had sprung, half dazed, from her sleep, roused by the summons to act, she knew not where. Perhaps only a skirmish was in order to create a diversion that the grain might safely pass down to the water gate, as on the twenty-ninth. But now the Maid was on the ground, her banner was welcomed with a great shout, back the men turned to the attack, over the palisades they surged, and the English had to fall back upon the ruined church. Their captain, brought to bay, offered to surrender on ransom.

"We will have you on our own terms," cried the Maid.

Meantime, Talbot had marched out from St. Laurent, meaning to join forces with St. Pouair, and skirting the city, come to the rescue of his garrison of St. Loup; but the alarm bell rang out in Orléans, Boussac and six hundred men sallied out from the Paris Gate to block the way, and as Talbot stopped to confer with his captains, a great flame rose from St. Loup to tell him all was over, and he returned to his quarters.

The bastille burned, but the church still held out. It was carried at last, and of the brave little garrison of one hundred and fifty, none escaped. Some

prisoners were taken who had thrown priests' vestments over their armor.

"The blood of churchmen should not be spilled," said Jeanne jestingly to her men, and she had them marched off to her quarters.

This was the Maid's first battle, and not for a moment had there been question of who was leader there. It needed no sorcery for men to know their master, and her whole magic lay, as she herself said, in riding forward, banner in hand, and crying out: "In the name of God follow me!" She planted her standard in the thick of the fight, and informed the enemy they should be hers whether or no. "*Ilz song nostres! Ilz song nostres!*" was the rallying cry for her men.

The victors rode back to Orléans, and "gave thanks to God in all the churches by hymns and devout orisons, to the sound of bells which the English could well hear." Jeanne lamented for those who had gone unshaven to their account, and forthwith made her confession to Brother Jean Pasquerel, commanding him to invite the whole army to do likewise. "And within five days," she said to him, "the siege will be raised."

It had needed only this victory to buttress enthusiasm with solid devotion and trust. La Hire and his friend Poton, Rais and Boussac, were ready to follow wherever she might lead; the burghers, who had

been guarding their walls, swore that never again would they be left behind. Every man felt that he was equal to any ten Godons, and that France never could lose again.

The next day was the Feast of the Ascension, and no fighting was done. The Maid would have followed up her victory by an attack on St. Laurent, but the captains pleaded the sanctity of the day, and took time for their accustomed deliberations. She confessed and took the Sacrament for reverence of the festival, and exhorted her men to do likewise. She meant to lead no sinners into battle, and she had never ceased her war on blasphemy and vice. One day, hearing a great lord rip out an oath in an Orléans street, she went up and took him by the shoulder.

"Ah, sir," said she, "do you deny our Lord and Master? *En nom Dè*, unsay your words before I leave you!"

Meantime the captains were holding their council at the house of Cousinot, chancellor of Orléans. It was decided to feign an attack next morning on St. Laurent, which should draw off the men from the Solonge forts to aid their comrades, when the main body of the French could easily overcome the weakened garrisons of St. Jean le Blanc, the Augustins, and the boulevard of the Tourelles. There was always rivalry between the militia of Orléans and the men-

at-arms, and now the burghers, led by the Maid, were to be sent out against St. Laurent, while the glory of the day was to be saved for the chivalry. They had reason to distrust the biddableness of the Maid, however, and they meant to tell her only half the story. Then Ambroise de Loré was sent to summon her to the council, and the chancellor told her that next morning she was to make her attack upon St. Laurent; but her acuteness told her something was withheld. Walking angrily up and down the room, she demanded to know the whole truth.

"I can keep a greater secret than that," said she.

Dunois, seeing that the game was up, came forward with his soothing word.

"Jeanne, do not be angry. One cannot tell everything at once. What the chancellor has told you has been decided; but if the men on the Solonge bank come to aid those in the great fort, we have planned to cross the river and fall upon those who are left there. It seems to me that this decision is wise."

The Maid professed herself satisfied, but the plan was to quite wonderfully miscarry. Perhaps the secret leaked out, or it may be that Jeanne only seemed to assent; certainly, it was little to her taste to lead a sham attack, and the burghers had vowed to follow where she might go.

That evening, Jeanne made her last summons to the English, of the same tenor as the others. "I shall

write no more ;" and below were the words "*Jesus, Maria,*" and the signature, "Jehanne the Maid." She added : "I should send my letter to you more worthily, but you keep my messengers ; you have kept my herald Guyenne. If you will send him back to me, I will return some of your people taken at St. Loup, for they were not all killed."

Then she went out to the Belle Croix at the end of the bridge, and attaching her letter to an arrow, bade an archer shoot it across into the Tourelles.

"Read ! Here is news for you !" the clear voice called.

"News from the Armagnac wench !" shouted the English. "Cow-girl, witch ! Only let us catch you, and you shall burn !"

Jeanne broke down and wept at the insults, like the child she was, and then calmed herself. "I have had tidings from my Lord," she said, and her defiance rang back to stern Sir William Glasdale.

"You lie !" she cried. "I am a good girl who tells the truth. The English must go, but you, Classidas, shall never see it, for you shall be dead." And she took her way back to the city.

On Friday, May 6, Jeanne rose at dawn, and made her confession to Jean Pasquerel, who said mass for her and her little company. The men of the city were also up and armed, ready to follow the Maid. There was no talk of St. Laurent, and they made for the

Burgundy Gate, which they found closed and guarded by a squad of men under Gaucourt; but the townsmen were in no mood for interference, and were ready to fight their way out.

Jeanne rode up to the old commander, and waiting for no explanation, cried :

“ You are a bad man to prevent these people from going. But whether you will or no, the men shall go, and they will prevail as before.”

Gaucourt stood in peril of his life, and with the ready wit of a soldier, he threw wide the gate, shouting :

“ Come on, I will be your captain ! ”

Out the people went, and embarked at the south-east water gate for the Ile aux Toiles, whence a swinging bridge of two boats should set them down on the south bank near St. Jean le Blanc. But when the English captain saw them coming, he abandoned his fort, and retired to the bastille of the Augustins, opposite the Tourelles.

Swept away with enthusiasm and their merry desire to steal a march on the gentlefolk who would have had this plum for themselves, the militia stopped only to sack the abandoned fort, and then took their way to the Augustins. But they were no match for the disciplined English, who advanced to meet the disorganized rabble as it came pouring down the road, and the burghers fled pell-mell back to the island.

The Maid and La Hire, at the moment, were bring-

ing their horses over by boat. Seeing the rout, they mounted and with lances couched, set out at a gallop. Drawing everyone after them, they rallied their men and drove the English back to the Augustins, where, however, the French were again repulsed. Jeanne rode back and forth, encouraging her men, urging on stragglers. The knights were slow in coming, but at last their standards were seen on the island, the artillery came up, and **Maître Jean the Lorrainer**, with his famous culverin.

D'Aulon was guarding the landing with a squad of men, among them a valiant Spaniard, Alphonse de Partada. A big Frenchman of the company set out toward the fort; d'Aulon called him back, but he persisted in going. Partada shouted that as good men as he were obeying orders; whereupon the Frenchman said it would not be he. With high words as to which was the better man and who knew his duty, they both set off at a great pace for the palisade, where they were confronted by a huge Englishman, who stood in the open gateway, laying about him in every direction with great blows of his battle-axe. D'Aulon and the others had followed perforce, and as they came up to the gateway, **Maître Jean the Lorrainer** brought down the Englishman with a shot from his culverin. The Frenchman and Spaniard proved their valor by winning the passage together, the French turned once more to the assault, and the

fort was soon surrounded by the artillery and four thousand men.

In the thick of the fight was the Maid, standard in hand.

“Enter boldly,” she cried, and the palisade was taken.

The English had entrenched themselves in the ruined buildings of the monastery; but one by one they were killed or driven out, a few making their escape to the Tourelles, and the fort was given over to the flames, which again gave news to the enemy that England was defeated. Great deeds at arms had been done on both sides, and victory was hard bought; the sun had set, and in the growing darkness, the Tourelles loomed large to the French captains. They said it would take a month to reduce such a place as that.

“By my staff, I will have it tomorrow,” said the Maid, “and will return to the city by way of the bridge.” And she insisted on sleeping here on the hard won ground that she might push the attack on the Tourelles in the early morning.

They besought her to return to the city. She had been wounded in the foot by a *chausse-trape*, and was worn with fatigue; she would be in no condition to fight next day after a night spent in her armor.

“Shall we leave our men?” she said. But finally she consented to cross the river.

The archers and most of the militia, to guard against night attack, bivouacked in the fort, while the captains and squires went over to the city.

It was a Friday, but tonight Jeanne needed food, and she broke her fast. While she was eating, one of the knights came to tell her that the captains were in council, and had decided that, with all gratitude for the victories won, it seemed wiser to await more reinforcements from the king; the town was well victualled, it did not seem expedient that the attack should be resumed.

"You have been to your counsel," flashed back the Maid, "and I have been to mine. My Counsel, which is of God, will prevail, and yours shall perish." Then, turning to Jean Pasquerel, she said :

"Rise tomorrow morning even earlier than today. Do your best to keep near me, for tomorrow I shall have yet more to do, and much greater things." And she reminded him of a prophecy she had made two weeks before, which we see recorded in a letter dated April 22: "For tomorrow blood will flow from my body, above the breast."

XI

THE EIGHTH OF MAY

ON Saturday, therefore," says Jean Pasquerel, "I rose very early, and celebrated mass."

On that day, truly, the Maid was to do more than she had ever done, since she had made her great decision to succor France. No gallant act of her life could surpass that.

During the night boats had been plying back and forth, carrying wine and provisions to the men in the Augustins and engines of war for the assault; and farther down the river, the English, also, were active, for in the morning it was discovered that the garrison of St. Privé had destroyed their fort and retired across the river to St. Laurent. It is incredible that Talbot deliberately abandoned the Tourelles to its fate; probably he thought the fort could hold out until Fastolf and his army should arrive, and for seven months he had found his advantage in the easy tactics of the French. He did not count upon the Maid.

Early in the morning, the burghers, who had heard of the deliberations of the lords, came to her lodgings. They were weary of bearing the brunt of defend-

ing their city, while knights and squires were fed and housed at their expense ; they had spent a sleepless night, one of many in those months of siege, in revictualling the army across the river ; and now, with deliverance in sight, they would brook no delay. They besought the Maid, who needed no urging, to accomplish the charge which she held from God and the king, and to go out against the enemy.

“In the name of God, will I do it,” cried she, “and he who loves me shall follow.”

As she mounted to set forth, a man came bringing a fish for her breakfast.

“Keep it for supper,” she called gaily to Master Boucher, “and when I come back by the bridge, I will bring a Godon to share it.”

Her determination had turned all hesitation to certainty, and Dunois, Gaucourt, Rais, La Hire, Poton de Saintrailles, Florent d'Illiers, and many other captains crossed with her ; although some must remain to guard the city.

The task of the French was not an easy one. The strong boulevard of the Tourelles must first be forced, and then beyond a drawbridge was the Tourelles itself, guarded on the Orléans side by the broken arches of the bridge. The fort and its outpost were held by six hundred picked men under Moleyns, Poynings, and Glasdale, who were well supplied with guns, arrows, crossbow-bolts ; perhaps,

too, they had the great gun, *Passe Volant*, which had thrown eighty-pound stones into Orléans from St. Jean le Blanc. The citizens laughed yet when they remembered one of the English shots that had struck in the midst of a hundred people, with damage only to one man's shoe, and another that had plumped harmlessly down on a table where five were dining; French guns, like Montargis and Riflat, had done no greater harm to the Godons and their bastilles. But now the real business of war was begun, and the besiegers were as well equipped as the besieged, with everything necessary for pressing their attack,—arrows and all small arms, great shields and moveable wooden shelters to protect small companies of assailants, cannon, ladders, faggots and beams for the ditches. The French far outnumbered the English, yet it was not the number of fighting men, but their stubborn courage which made the battle memorable, and the English had the advantage of a seemingly impregnable position. When d'Alençon saw the Tourelles afterward, he said the French needed a miracle to take it; if he had been in the fort with only a few men, he could have defied an army.

The attack began at six in the morning, and lasted without cessation for thirteen hours. The old *Journal du Siège* vividly pictures the scene for us. "It was a marvellous assault, during which were done many fair deeds of arms, both by assailants and de-

fenders, for the English bore themselves valiantly; while the French were scaling the walls in many places at once and attacking the highest part of their fortifications with such valor and hardihood that it seemed, to have their courage, men must have held themselves immortal. But the English threw them back many times and tumbled them from high to low, fighting with guns and crossbows, as well as axes, lances, bills, leaden hammers, and even with their fists, so that they killed and wounded many French."

A hundred times the French mounted the walls, a hundred times they were thrown back into the fosse. The Maid was everywhere at once encouraging her men. "Fear not, the place is yours," she was crying. Shortly after noon, she went down into the moat and with her own hand planted the first ladder against the wall, when she was struck down by a crossbow-bolt, which pierced her shoulder above the breast. She knew she was to be wounded, yet when she felt the pain, she was afraid and wept as any girl might have done. Then she was borne out of the fight, and some of the soldiers wished to "charm" the wound.

"I would rather die than do a thing which I know to be a sin," she said. "I know well I must die one day, and I know not when or how. But if my wound may be healed without sin, I shall be glad enough to

be cured," and they dressed it with lard and oil. Then she confessed herself to Jean Pasquerel, who had kept near her as she had bidden him, and would have returned to the fight.

But the sun was setting, and the men were weary. They had not hoped to take the place in a month, and brave work had been done for that day. Dunois ordered the retreat to be sounded, welcome music for those exhausted Englishmen within the fort and for the camps across the river. Why Talbot had been making no use whatever of his twenty-five hundred men, it is hard to say. He could have crossed by St. Privé and fallen on the rear of the besiegers, or he could have created a diversion by an attack upon the city; but he did not budge from his fort of St. Laurent.

When the Maid heard the retreat, she came to Dunois, and begged him to wait a little longer.

"In the name of God, you shall enter very soon therein. Fear not, the English cannot stand against you. Rest a little, eat, and drink."

Then she withdrew to a vineyard nearby, and, her bright armor gleaming among the shadowy vines, she knelt in the evening dusk, and prayed for the healing comfort of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, the valor and wisdom of St. Michael. "For the half of a quarter of an hour," she prayed alone.

When she was borne out of the fight, the Maid

had entrusted her banner to the faithful d'Aulon, and all the afternoon he had upheld it before the besieged boulevard; but when the retreat was sounded, he had handed it to a Basque who stood beside him. As Dunois countermanded the order, the thought came to d'Aulon that if the standard were pushed to the front, by that means the boulevard might be taken, "from the great affection which I knew the men of war to have for it."

"If I go forward to the foot of the wall," said he to the Basque, "will you follow me?"

"I will," answered the man.

Then, protecting himself with his shield, d'Aulon leaped into the fosse, and at the moment the Maid, refreshed with the comfort of her heavenly Counsel, came up. Seeing her banner in strange hands, she seized its floating end as the Basque leaped into the trench, and cried out:

"Ha, my standard! my standard!"

The Basque tugged at the banner that he might follow d'Aulon as he had promised, and as they pulled it back and forth, it seemed to the men-at-arms to wave as if for a signal, and they gathered for the attack; while the English, who had thought to destroy the power of the witch when they drew her blood, as they saw her appear with no sign of hurt, "shuddered and were afraid."

"Ha, Basque! is this what you promised me?"

cried d'Aulon, when he saw he was not followed; whereupon the man wrenched the banner from the Maid's hand and reached his side.

Jeanne perceived their plan.

"Watch," said she to the knight beside her. "When the wind drives the banner toward the fort, it will be ours."

"Jeanne, it touches!" he cried.

Her clear voice rang out to the waiting men.

"Now enter! enter! all is yours!"

Her soldiers were never deaf to that call. Every scaling ladder was planted against the wall, and up they swarmed, "as thick as a cloud of birds lighting on a bush," says the chronicle. "Never was an assault so fierce and wonderful seen within the memory of living men; and valiantly did the English defend themselves." But their ammunition was giving out, and fighting step by step, they retreated by the drawbridge to the Tourelles, the captains crossing last. Suddenly a foul smoke suffocated them, and the bridge was bending beneath their feet, for the townsmen had floated a fire boat laden with all manner of evil smelling fuel down the river, and now the flames had eaten their way through the planks of the drawbridge.

As she pursued the fleeing men, Jeanne's quick eye saw their danger.

"Classidas, Classidas! Yield thee, yield thee to

the King of Heaven!" she cried. "Thou hast done me wrong, but I have great pity on thy soul and thy people's."

But the compassionate voice sounded in dying ears, for Glasdale and his companions, weighted with their armor, sank beneath the water to rise no more; and the Maid, all forgetful of war and victory, wept for their souls.

Quick as thought the gap was bridged to the Tourelles, where the huddled English found themselves assailed from a new quarter.

The French, who had been left on guard in Orléans, had been keeping up a more or less effective fire on the Tourelles from their fort of the Belle Croix, and now they had bridged the broken arches with a gutter, wrenched from a neighboring house. By this perilous path they proposed to earn their meed of the day's glory, and under cover of the night, one Nicole de Giresme, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, led the way; the English, assailed from a new direction, gave themselves up for lost; and of those six hundred brave men, not one escaped death or captivity, while Talbot, who had heard French trumpets sounding the recall, saw mounting flames of boulevard and bridge blaze out the story of a new defeat.

Men were hard at work strengthening that frail bridge from fort to fort; nor did the careful burghers neglect later to pay its price. Their accounts show

that one Jean Bazin received eleven sous for his gutter, and sundry carpenters sixteen sous "for drink money the day the Tourelles was won," "*pour aler boire le jour que les Tourelles furent gaignées.*" And well on into the night, the Maid, as she had predicted, returned to the city by way of the bridge. "God knows," wrote Perceval de Cagny, "with what joy she and her people were received there."

The bells of Orléans rang out the victory, and priests and people chanted *Te Deum* in all the churches. The Maid stopped to return thanks in the old Church of St. Paul, as she rode to her lodgings in the house of Jacques Boucher, where her wound was dressed. She had not eaten since dawn, and she broke her fast with four or five bits of bread soaked in wine and water, and then she lay down to sleep.

At dawn Orléans woke to the stir of war, for the English had left their forts and, with standards flying, had placed themselves in battle array before the walls. Those within promptly answered the challenge by marching forth and opposing rank to rank, while the Maid, broken of her short rest, and armed only with a light suit of mail to ease her wound, hurried out to join her men, who, intoxicated with victory, urged an attack, while she counselled delay. Her shrewdness probably saw that the weary French were no match in open field for this array of English,

flanked by their archers, who had done such deadly work at Agincourt and Verneuil.

"Let us not attack them, for it is a Sunday," she said. "But if they attack us, we will defend ourselves right valiantly. Have no fear; we shall be the masters."

Then she said they would hear mass, and an altar was set up in the midst of the field, and two priests said a mass in turn. As the last *Deo Gratias* died away, she said to those near :

"Look at the English. Are their faces or their backs turned toward us?"

"Their backs," was the answer, for the English were making off in an orderly retreat.

"Let them go," said the Maid. "It does not please God that we should fight them today. Another time you shall have them."

La Hire and Loré, with a hundred lances, followed the army for three leagues, and came back reporting a genuine retreat. Probably the English were glad enough to dodge the issue for that time. "The courage of the soldiers was shaken," wrote Bedford, "by lack of sadde beleeve, and unlawful doubt they had of a disciple and lyme of the Feende called the Pucelle, who used fals enchantments and sorcerie."

At the tail of the retreating army a French prisoner, hampered by his chains, was led by an Augustinian monk. As the distance widened between him

and his captors, he lagged as he could and walked more painfully. Then as the last horseman sank out of sight, he turned on his keeper. "Now shall you carry me to Orléans," said he; and with chains clanking merrily, he rode to his home pick-a-back on the good father, who, it turned out, was not unwilling to impart some of Talbot's secrets to the French captains.

"The raising of the siege of Orléans shall be my sign," the Maid had flashed back at Brother Seguin of Poitiers. She had given her sign: Orléans was delivered, and France still held the key of the Loire. Never again should the tide of war bear English arms as far as Orléans, and a girl of seventeen had gained one of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

Now the imprisoned burghers could breathe once more the free air of the fields, and out they came to view the terrible bastilles at close hand. The English had left behind their sick and some prisoners, and in St. Laurent was found Guyenne, that herald of the Maid whom they had threatened to burn. They had been obliged, also, to abandon their heavy artillery and many goods and provisions; and the townsmen made haste to destroy the forts, after they had wheeled the guns and ammunition into the city and looted the supplies. "But if they made good cheer," said a Burgundian writer, "it had cost them dear." And those fifteen thousand who had lived in the suburb of the

Burgundy Gate, or of the Bernier or Regnart Gate, or the Portereau, might have the poor comfort of revisiting their ruined homes, destroyed for the good of Orléans, and beaten out of all familiar semblance by the tread of armies. But their city was safe, and they could live where they pleased and how they pleased; the heavy days of imprisonment were past, and the burden of supporting those idle men-at-arms was lifted from their shoulders.

Then the people turned again to the churches to thank God and the saints for their deliverance. St. Aignan and St. Euverte, two bishops whose prayers in the old days had saved them from the pagan, had by their intercession worked another miracle; and, with the relics of the saints borne before, a great procession of clergy, knights, burghers, soldiers, the Maid marching as one of them, each with candle in hand, visited the churches, and the people cried "*Noël! Noël!*" And thus Orléans kept its first Fête of the Eighth of May, as it has never since failed to do, save during the Revolution. But soon the old saints gave place to the Maid in the commemoration of the day, and the people were proud to call her *their* Maid, the Maid of Orléans. This very summer an old Orléanais said with pride: "She has been forgotten by the world for hundreds of years, but Orléans never forgot." Whoever else might fail, they never faltered in their grateful loyalty. They re-

sponded to any appeal she might make, and after her death they housed her brother and mother. And then her brothers, carrying a little image of her attached to a candle, walked in the procession of the Eighth of May; and later a great banner was substituted for the image, where Jeanne was pictured kneeling at one side of the Tourelles and Charles VII on the other. This became the device of Orléans, with the motto: "The Lord has done this, and to our eyes it is a miracle."

XII

LOCHES AND SELLES

WHEN news of the defeat at Orléans reached Paris on the tenth of May, Fauconbridge, a clerk of parliament, made note in his register: "What the event will be the God of battles knows," and on his margin he traced a profile sketch of a woman in armor, holding in her right hand a pennon bearing the letters I. H. S., and in the other hand a sword. Even Englishmen pictured the joy of Orléans, and one historian wrote: "After the siege was thus broken up, to tell you what triumphs were made in the city of Orléans, what wood was spent in fire, what wine was drunk in houses, what songs were sung in the streets, what melody was made in taverns, what rounds were danced in large and broad places, what lights were set up in the churches, what anthems were sung in chapels, and what joy was showed in every place—it were a long work, and yet no necessary cause. For they did as we in like case would have done; and we, being in like estate, would have done as they did."

The French army was breaking up, the garrisons

returning to their towns, the captains to their homes. That very Sunday afternoon, Florent d'Illiers set out for Châteaudun, where he instituted a festival in honor of the victory that saved his town as well as Orléans. Bourges, also, showed its gratitude by celebrating the deliverance yearly on the Sunday after Ascension Day, and other towns had their festival. The Maid, however, did not delay with merrymaking and thanksgiving. She had given her sign; but Charles was not crowned, the English remained in France, the Duke of Orléans was still an exile. On Monday, the ninth, "she took leave of those of Orléans, who all wept with joy and very humbly thanked her and offered themselves and their goods to her for the asking. For which she thanked them very kindly, and set out upon her sacred charge; for she had done and accomplished the first, which was the raising of the siege of Orléans."

Not long after, a great force of knights and squires and the militia from several towns came together under the captaincy of Dunois and Poton de Saint-railles, and marched against Jargeau, twelve miles up the river. But its moat, fed by the Loire at flood, was deep, and experienced soldiers as they were, they had neglected to bring materials for the bridging. The Maid, with her quick insight into a difficulty and the staying quality of her determination to win, was not with them; and after some three or four hours'

hard fighting, during which the English commander was killed, they marched back to Orléans.

Charles had sent out bulletins of the week's victories to his loyal towns of Narbonne and La Rochelle. News was jotted down as it was brought in by mounted messengers: the taking of St. Loup, of the Augustins, of the Tourelles, and then the raising of the siege. Jeanne is the only leader mentioned by name: "The Maid, who was always there in person at the doing of all these things." He does not add that but for her there would have been no good news to hearten loyalty. The French captains, however, always gave her due credit for the victory: there was no doubt in the minds of those who saw her work that Jeanne the Maid raised the siege of Orléans.

Two great churchmen were to add their word to her meed of praise. Jean Gerson, who, twenty-five years before, had preached his daring sermon before the mad king and his court, and Jacques Gélu, Archbishop of Embrun, sent their opinion to the dauphin. False tales, pleasing to jealous ears, were already beginning to creep about, and told of her vanity and cunning; and Gerson quoted Cato to the effect that "our judgment need not bow to everything that is said." He defends her wearing of male dress, and says that belief in her is not an article of faith, nor should she or the leaders throw aside ordinary pru-

dence ; but he alludes to her always as sent by God for the saving of the kingdom. This was the last public utterance of the great doctor ; he died the following July. Jacques Gélu follows Gerson in sober advice as to finance, artillery, scaling ladders ; but where divine wisdom has its special function, human prudence should yield the place, and it is then that the counsel of the Maid, "whom we piously believe to be the Angel of the Armies of the Lord," should be sought above all others.

News of the "right glorious Maid" came to Rome, where a friendly writer declared her miracles to be real for they were to good purpose and tended to help faith and morals ; she seeks nothing for herself, and receives money only to give it away ; she had required the dauphin to surrender the kingdom to God. "You are now the poorest knight in your kingdom," she had told him ; which seems to echo the conversation she had with Charles and La Trémouille and d'Alençon on a certain day at Chinon.

The Maid and her company went directly to Tours, to set about the next business in hand, "the due crowning" of their king. Charles graciously made the small effort to meet her there, and when she saw him approaching, with banner in hand she rode out to meet him. "Then the young girl bowed to her saddle before him," wrote a German chronicler, "and

the king bade her rise; and they thought he would have kissed her for joy he had of her."

But the dauphin was in no such hurry to save his kingdom as was the Maid, nor ever while she lived did he give himself wholeheartedly to her wise swift method. Victory had secured for the moment his careless life in Touraine châteaux, and the four chief men at court each had his reason for thwarting the peasant girl who so amazingly upset their plot and counterplot. It was these men, and not her good comrades La Hire and Dunois, Saintrailles and Bous-sac, or even d'Alençon, prince of the blood and her familiar friend, whose influence weighed heaviest in that "year and little more" that was left her.

Georges de la Trémouille, false to all parties, made it his chief concern, as we have seen, to fill his own pockets, and an unstable government gave his treachery free play. His supremacy trembled before this flower of chivalry, to whom the hearts of men were turning; he never ceased his efforts to undermine her influence or neutralize any advantage she might gain, and his most useful medium lay in the indolent, morbid disposition of his master. Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims and chancellor of the king, was the unswerving advocate of union with Burgundy, and big with conceit of his own statesmanship, he was convinced that he it was who, by the long game of diplomacy, should without bloodshed

deliver France. Naturally, he did not welcome the "messenger of God" sent to work that deliverance by methods in which he had no place. Her straight free road lay far from his devious paths, and although he seemed to acquiesce in what must be, his vanity watched its chance to proclaim any failure of hers righteously decreed. Robert le Maçon was a well-meaning old man, whose day was done; and Raoul de Gaucourt, trained in the science and practice of war, was not likely to admit that this child could teach him anything of his trade. It was never English and Burgundians who were the Maid's greatest enemies; with good soldiers at her back, she knew how to get the best of them. But by every fresh proof of her leadership, she only increased the efforts of her smooth-faced foes at court to dig the pit into which at last her feet must fall; and while prudence may explain the first reluctance to employ her, it is only by light of the ill-will of those high in power that we can read the true story of later times. Charles himself was never entirely won by the Maid, and with the uneasy vanity of a weak man, he gave an ear to criticism of deeds which he lacked heart to share.

Jeanne expected the dauphin to set out at once for Reims; but it was argued that the garrisoned English and Burgundian towns which lay in the road should first be reduced, and that it must take at least six weeks to equip an army sufficiently strong to conduct him

through that hostile country. Her daring was wisdom: while the English companies were scattered and their courage shaken by the victories at Orléans, their Witch of the Armagnacs could have led the dauphin straight to his consecration. In this "race for a crown," she would have won the prize, and then though Bedford might consecrate his nephew at Paris, Henry of England could never be Henry of France in the eyes of the people.

The dauphin had gone down to Loches, where Dunois and the other captains and the Maid followed him. They urged immediate attack upon the English garrisons on the Loire, in order to make the way to Reims more secure; she unceasingly besought him to set out for his sacring. One day Jeanne and Dunois went to the council chamber, where Charles sat with Sir Christopher d'Harcourt, Gerard Machet, Robert le Maçon, and his confessor.

Jeanne knocked boldly at the door, and entering, threw herself at the king's feet, clasping his knees.

"Noble dauphin, hold no longer these many and wordy councils," she begged him. "But come quickly to Reims and take the crown that is yours by right."

"Does your Counsel tell you this?" asked d'Harcourt.

"Yes," responded the Maid, "my Counsel urges this most of all."

"Will you not tell us here, in the king's presence,

what manner of Counsel it is that thus speaks to you?"

"I understand what it is you wish to know," said she, blushing, "and I will tell you willingly."

"Jeanne, do you want to do this before these people who are listening to us?" asked the king.

"Yes, sire," she answered, simply. Then she turned to them all. "When I am troubled because these things that I would say in God's name are not quickly believed, I go apart and pray. I lament because those to whom I speak do not believe me more readily; and then, my prayer ended, I hear a Voice saying to me: 'Daughter of God, on! on! I will be thy aid. On!' And when I hear this Voice, I have great joy. I would I could always hear it thus!"

And Dunois, listening with those men abashed, noted that "as she spoke the words of her Counsel, she was in marvellous ecstasy, her eyes raised to heaven."

The people found no difficulty in believing that she came from God, and as she rode through the streets, they threw themselves before her horse, and pressed about her, kissing her hands and feet. Maître Pierre de Versailles, one of those whom Gobert Thibault had brought to her that day at Poitiers, saw her at Loches.

"It is not right to permit these unseemly things," he prosed, shocked by the worshipping people. "You

should guard against that which tends to make men idolatrous."

"In truth," she returned, "I do not know how to protect myself, if God protects me not." But she had her own tender explanation of the devotion shown her, when upbraided later by a more unfriendly judge: "They kissed my hands and feet as little as I could help. The poor folk came to me readily because I never did them any unkindness, but helped them as I could." And her humble heart must have brimmed with gratitude that it had never failed any, high or low, of her "good people."

Lazy king or selfish courtiers could no longer stem the tide of popular enthusiasm roused by this new hope for France, and it was decided to follow the advice of the captains, and attack the English towns near Orléans. Selles, a town of Berri fifteen miles from Loches, was made a rendezvous for the troops, and Jeanne's "fair duke," my Lord d'Alençon, was given the command. She had not seen him from the time she left Chinon until after the victory at Orléans, for only now had he paid the last of his ruinous ransom to the English and was free of his parole.

From all quarters came men eager to fight, with pay or without, and among them was young Guy de Laval and his brother André, who, driven from their lands, had left their mother and grandmother at the Château of Vitri, and set out, with a poor following,

for the wars, where they should find kinsmen,— Vendôme, their brother-in-law, and Rais, a cousin. Jeanne de Laval had brought up a large family honorably and defended their patrimony against the English; and Anne, the grandmother, had first married in her youth the Constable Du Guesclin, who early in the Hundred Years' War had done great deeds for France. When he was captured by the Black Prince, he had proudly set his own ransom at a hundred thousand livres.

“Where will you get such a sum?” asked the Prince.

“The King of Castille, my lord, will pay the half, the King of France the rest; and if any be lacking, there is not a woman in France but would spin for my ransom.”

On the eighth of June, these sons of Laval dutifully wrote to their mother and grandmother a long letter, brimming with young enthusiasm. Guy, who pens it, makes a vivid picture of those stirring weeks when the army was gathering, and through it all shines the gracious figure of the Maid.

“My very respected ladies and mothers: Since I wrote you from Ste. Katherine de Fierbois last Friday, I arrived on Saturday at Loches.” There he visits the castle and sees the little dauphin Louis, and his cousin, the Lady de la Trémouille, who made him “very good cheer.” The next day they went to

St. Aignan, where was the king, who also made him good cheer ; and the letter goes on, “ he said that I had come to the work without the asking, and that he bore me good will for it. . . . And on Monday I left the king to go to Selles in Berri, four leagues from St. Aignan, and the king sent for the Maid who was at Selles, some say for my sake that I might see her, and she made very good cheer to my brother and myself, and was fully armed, save the head, and held a lance in her hand. And after we arrived at Selles, I went to her quarters to see her ; and she had wine brought and told me that soon she would give me drink in Paris. She seems a creature wholly divine, whether to see or to hear. Monday, at vespers, she left Selles to go to Romorantin, three leagues in advance, the Maréchal de Boussac and a great number of men-at-arms and common people with her. And I saw her, armed all in white, save the head, and a little battle-axe in her hand, mount upon a great black courser which at the door of her lodging plunged and would not let her mount. Then she said, ‘ Lead him to the cross,’ — it stands in the road before the neighboring church, — and there she mounted without his stirring, as if he were bound. And she turned to the church door nearby and called in her sweet woman’s voice : ‘ You priests and churchmen, make procession and prayers to God.’ Then turning on her way, ‘ Forward ! forward ! ’ she cried ;

and her floating banner was borne by a gracious page, and she with the little battle-axe in her hand. And her brothers, who had been here for eight days, went with her, all armed in white.

“On that Monday, my Lord d’Alençon, with a very great company came to Selles, and today I won a match at tennis from him. And my brother of Vendôme has not yet arrived. But I found here a gentleman sent from my brother of Chauvigny, who had heard that I had reached Ste. Katherine, and he told me that my brother had summoned his vassals and hoped soon to be here, and that he dearly loves my sister and that she was stouter than she used to be.

“It is said here that my lord constable is coming with six hundred men-at-arms and four hundred archers, and that Jean de la Roche comes also, and that never did the king gather so great a company as is hoped for here, and never did men come with better will to fight. And today came my cousin of Rais . . . and the Lord Argenton, one of the principal commanders, who has received me well. But of money there is none at the court, or so little that for the time I can hope for no help or maintenance ; and you, my lady mother, who have my seal, hesitate not to sell or mortgage my land, or make some better arrangement, that we may be saved. Since if we do not thus, seeing that there is no pay, we shall be left

behind quite alone. Up to now we have been and still are much honored and our coming has greatly pleased the king and the other lords from every-where, and everyone has made us better cheer than we know how to write.

"The Maid told me at her quarters, when I went to see her, that three days before my coming she had sent to you, my grandmother, a very little gold ring, but that it was a very little thing and that she would have liked well to send you better, considering your distinction.

"Today my Lord d'Alençon, the Bastard of Orléans and Gaucourt left Selles to join the Maid. And you have sent I know not what letters to my cousin de la Trémouille and the Lord of Trêves, by reason of which the king wishes to keep us near him until the Maid has besieged the places about Orléans, and the artillery is now ready, and the Maid expects soon to be with the king, who says that when he sets out for Reims I shall go with him. But God forbid that I should wait that long and not go at once, and so says my brother, and likewise my Lord d'Alençon. Such a wastrel will he be who stays behind! And it is thought the king will leave here today to get nearer the army, and men are coming in from all quarters every day. You shall know as soon as there is any fighting what the outcome is. It is hoped that within ten days the thing will be settled, one way or the

other. But all have such good hope in God, that I think He will aid us.

“ My very respected ladies and mothers, we, my brother and I, send you our remembrances, as humbly as possible . . . and may it please you to write us soon of yourselves ; and you, my lady mother, tell how you have been after the medicines you have been taking, for I have been very anxious about you. . . .

“ Written at Selles, this Wednesday, the eighth of June.

“ And this vespers, there arrived here my Lord of Vendôme, my Lord de Boussac, and others ; and La Hire is joining the army, and soon they will be at it. God grant we have our desire.

“ Your humble sons,

“ GUY and ANDRÉ DE Laval.”

XIII

JARGEAU TO PATAY

ON June 9, the Maid entered her loyal town of Orléans by way of the bridge she had won a month before. The people received her with joy and set about providing supplies for her impoverished army. Although d'Alençon, the lieutenant-general, Dunois and Florent d'Illiers rode with her, their gifts were to the Maid, whose courage and wisdom they had good cause to know ; and they were not only grateful for their deliverance, but they wished to make that deliverance secure by clearing the Loire towns of English troops. While the enemy held Jar-geau above them, and Meung and Beaugency as many miles below, they could never feel entirely safe ; while the bugaboo of Fastolf's army of relief swooping down from the north to reunite those scattered English garrisons in a new siege of Orléans kept them in constant terror. And, in fact, as the French troops were entering the city, news came that Fastolf had begun his southward march, with five thousand men and great stores of provisions and artillery.

Immediately the French captains began to dispute about the best scheme of action. Some were for

marching out to meet Fastolf before he could join forces with Suffolk, Scales, and Talbot, the defeated besiegers of Orléans ; others wished to attack the garrisons first. And they might have talked until Fastolf arrived, and then comfortably entrenched themselves at Orléans, had it not been for the "fair words" of the Maid and one or two of the generals, Dunois we may guess among them, which reunited the council.

When they objected that these Godons were good fighters and their numbers great, the Maid had her answer.

"Do not fear their numbers, nor delay the attack. God leads our enterprise. If I were not sure of that, I would rather be tending my sheep than risk such perils."

And the peacemakers did their work so well that on Saturday, June 11, the whole body of troops, eight thousand foot and horse, says one chronicle, took the way to Jargeau.

Suffolk had retreated here from Orléans, and held the compact little town with a sufficient force of six or seven hundred men. From its towered walls he could watch the French army marching down the flat river road, and he was ready for them when they arrived in the early afternoon. The undisciplined militia were in the van, and without waiting for men-at-arms or artillery, rushed to the attack ; but the garrison

easily beat them back, and sallying out, drove them to the shelter of the woods. Then the Maid rode forward, standard in hand.

“Courage! courage!” she cried; and as she rallied the fleeing Frenchmen, her men-at-arms came up, and the English were driven into the town. The Maid followed her usual custom by summoning Suffolk to surrender, and that night the army camped in the suburbs.

“I think truly it was God Who was leading us,” was d’Alençon’s pious reflection in a later year, “for we kept no guard and had the English made a sally, we must have been in great danger.” But Suffolk and his men did not tempt the power of the Witch that night, and kept within their walls.

Next morning the French placed their artillery, and d’Alençon had opportunity to note the Maid’s skill.

“She was wise about all military matters,” he said, “but it was in the use of artillery that she was most wonderful.” And so well did she place the great Orléans gun, La Bergère, that its shot ruined one tower of the city wall.

While the captains were planning out their attack, word came that La Hire was parleying with Suffolk, and he was immediately recalled. Suffolk was asking for a fifteen days’ truce, in which time he calculated, no doubt, Fastolf must arrive.

"Tell them they may leave at once in their tunics, without arms or armor," cried the Maid. "Otherwise they shall be taken by assault."

A captain must be in worse case than Suffolk to accept such terms, and the French herald-at-arms sounded the assault.

"Forward, gentle duke, to the assault!" cried Jeanne to d'Alençon, who seemed to think the artillery should continue its work, and that attack was premature.

"Doubt not! It is the right time when it pleases God," said the Maid. "We must work when He wills. Act and God will act." Then, as d'Alençon still hesitated, she added: "Ah, fair duke, are you afraid? Do you not know that I promised your wife to bring you back to her safe and sound?"

As they had been leaving for the war, young Jeanne d'Alençon, remembering her husband's three years' imprisonment and the heavy ransom but now paid, would have held him back.

"Fear not, madam," said the Maid gently. "I will return him to you in as good case or better than he is now."

And the moment had come to recall that promise.

"Change your place," Jeanne cried to the duke, "or that gun will kill you." Her keen eye had seen that he was in direct range from the walls, and soon after a gentleman was killed on the very spot.

Suffolk demanded to speak with d'Alençon, but the time for parleying had passed, and the assault continued. The ditch was bridged, and the Maid was mounting a scaling ladder, standard in hand, when a stone struck the heavy linen of her banner and broke on her light helmet. She fell to the ground, but in a moment was up.

"On, friends, on! Our Lord hath doomed the English! The day is ours! Have good heart!"

And as the men surged over the ramparts, Suffolk, hoping to escape to the north bank of the river, retreated toward the bridge. But the French were close at his heels, one of his brothers was killed in the streets; he, himself, with another brother and many men-at-arms, was captured. Guillaume Regnault, a squire of Auvergne, took Suffolk as he reached the bridge.

"Are you a gentleman?" demanded the earl.

"Yes."

"Are you a knight?"

"No."

Whereupon Suffolk then and there dubbed him knight: a proud English lord could surrender to none less.

Hundreds of the fleeing English were slain in the streets. It never paid to take common soldiers: prisoners were held for a price. Then the town was sacked, and even the old church, which the English

had taken for a storehouse. Suffolk and his captive men-at-arms were sent down the river to Orléans under cover of night, for the French had begun to quarrel over the right of ransom, and some of the prisoners had been butchered. It is said the French loss was only twenty in killed and wounded.

The Maid and her captains returned in triumph to Orléans, where the burghers welcomed them with a public procession, and presented d'Alençon with six casks of wine, the Maid with four, Vendôme with two; and the town council ordered a robe and *huque* for Jeanne of the Orléans colors, green and crimson. In old times, the Orléans green had been clear and bright, but after the murder of Duke Louis it had been darkened, and since Agincourt was almost black. Her *huque* was of the green, and the long-sleeved levite, or overcoat, of crimson Brussels cloth, or "cramoisy," lined with white satin and embroidered with the Orléans device, the nettle. Jean Luillier and Jean Bourgeois, silk merchant and tailor, were paid thirteen *écus d'or* for the outfit by Jacques Boucher, who was later reimbursed by order of Charles d'Orléans to his "beloved and loyal men of accounts, . . . for a robe and *huque* delivered Jeanne the Maid in the month of June." Jeanne never lost her girl's liking for pretty clothes, and probably her fine new coats were more to her taste than the ponderous offering of the burghers.

By the taking of Jargeau, the wide southward sweep of the Loire for fifty miles above Orléans was freed from hostile garrisons; but the English still held Meung and Beaugency a few miles downstream on the Beauce bank, and these towns must be attacked before Fastolf should arrive. No one saw this more clearly than the Maid, and on the evening of June 14, she said to d'Alençon:

"Tomorrow, after dinner, I wish to visit those at Meung. Have all ready to set out at that hour."

And next afternoon, the whole army crossed the river and marched down the Solonge bank, while artillery and supplies were sent by water.

At Meung, the bridge was a mile upstream from the town and separated from it by a wide plain. The French took the fortified bridgehead and its boulevard without much trouble, crossed to the Beauce again, and camped for the night. D'Alençon said that he was in a church so near the town that he was in some peril. Next morning they garrisoned the bridgehead, marched on within gunshot range of the walls, and without attempting to attack Meung, which was held by Lord Scales, made their way to Beaugency, four miles farther down the river.

Talbot had retreated here from Orléans, and when he heard of the French approach, he threw into the town the garrisons of several places, put Gough, a brave Welshman, in command, and with a small com-

pany, set off posthaste to meet Fastolf on the Paris road and hurry forward the reinforcements. Gough concentrated his men, less than a thousand all told, in the castle which commanded the bridge, leaving a few ambushed in the town. As the French marched in, these men fell upon them, but with losses on both sides, were driven back to the castle.

That evening word came that the Constable Richemont, with a large company of men, was approaching. This was distracting news for the French captains, for the king had repeatedly refused to receive Richemont or make use of his services, and within a few months La Trémouille had been using public money to fight him in Poitou. D'Alençon was his nephew and had no personal quarrel with him, but had been expressly forbidden by the king to recognize the constable, and now he even contemplated escaping from his dilemma by a retreat. But next day the patrols rode in with news of Fastolf's army, and practical Jeanne said it would be better for Frenchmen to help one another than to run away for a scruple; and they rode out to meet the constable. With them was Guy de Laval, whose mother must have yielded to his frantic appeal to save him from being left behind with ne'er-do-weels, as he and André, with their brother-in-law Chauvigny, had joined the army at Orléans.

Just out of the town they met a fine cavalcade, led by a dark little man, thick-lipped and surly, — the

Comte de Richemont, Arthur of Brittany, brother of the duke.

“Ah, fair constable, you have not come by my will,” was Jeanne’s greeting as Richemont dismounted. “But now you are here, you are welcome.”

Meantime the siege of Beaugency castle was being pressed with all the great engines of attack sent down from Orléans. Far outnumbered as he was by an army freshly reinforced and tireless in attack, with battered walls and no news of relief, Gough found himself in sore straits, and capitulated on easy terms at midnight on Friday, June 17. At dawn next day, the men of the garrison were allowed to march out with their armor and horses and goods “to the value of a silver mark,” on condition that they should not fight for ten days, while Gough and another captain were held as hostages. The French had bigger game in view, and no doubt were glad, at so small a price, to be rid of this hostile force in their rear.

On Thursday, Talbot had met the English army at Janville, twenty-five miles north of Orléans, where news had reached Fastolf of the loss of Jargeau and the French advance. As the captains were holding a council of war, Talbot entered and was warmly welcomed, “for at that time he was held to be the wisest and most valiant knight of the realm of England.” He confirmed the news of the mounting tide of French success. Fastolf counselled delay; the Eng-

lish would do better to hold what remained to them and wait for reinforcements from Bedford. Times had changed : English troops were now disheartened by defeat, while Frenchmen had the renewed confidence won by victory.

“We are but a handful to the French,” said Fastolf. “If fortune goes against us, all that old King Henry won in France at the price of such great labor, will be lost.”

But Talbot was eager to retrieve his defeat at Orléans, nor was he willing to abandon those garrisons on the Loire.

“With my own company, and such as will follow me, I will fight them, by the help of God and St. George,” he declared.

Fastolf was overborne. Next morning they all set out for the Loire, and at sunset, when within a league of Beaugency, they came upon the French troops drawn up in battle array on a little hill.

When scouts had brought word of the certain approach of Fastolf’s long dreaded army, some of the French captains would have retreated, but the Maid had shamed them into making a stand, and probably had chosen the advantageous spot from which they should deliver their defiance.

“In God’s name, we must fight,” she said. “Were they hanging from the clouds, we should have them. God has sent them to us for their punishment.”

Now the English, also, fell into line of battle, the knights dismounted, the archers drove their pikes into the ground for a palisade, and put the arrows, ready for use, in orderly rows at their feet. But the French were not to be tempted from their strong position. English heralds rode out saying three knights would fight them if they dared come down from their hill.

“Go to your rest for today, it is late enough,” they had for answer. “But tomorrow, please God and our Lady, we shall see you at closer quarters.”

The English marched on to Meung, and during the night bombarded the bridgehead, which was held by Richemont. They did not know that Beaugency was to fall that night, and probably meant to cross into the Solonge and relieve it by way of the bridge. But the Meung bridge held out, and when Fastolf heard of Gough’s surrender, he and all the united English forces set off across the great wooded plain of the Beauce in the direction of Patay, a town standing midway between Meung and Rouvray, where he had won the battle of the herrings four months before.

“What is to be done now?” asked d’Alençon of the Maid, when he had assembled Richemont, Du nois, and the other captains in a council of war.

“Have all of you good spurs?” she cried.

“How is that? Shall we run away?”

“Nay. In the name of God, after them! It is the

English who will not defend themselves, and shall be beaten. You must have good spurs to follow them."

And again she assured them that victory was certain..

"The gentle king shall have today the greatest victory he has ever had. My Counsel has told me all of them shall be ours."

The French army quickly fell into line for pursuit. La Hire and Poton de Saintrailles were sent forward with a squad of eighty men mounted on "the flower of horses," and the army followed more slowly. Jeanne, to her great vexation, came last. She would have liked La Hire's place; but the captains would not risk her in that post of peril, and, it may be, they reflected that they could manage her impetuosity better in the rear.

The English were retreating northward in good order. Behind the advance guard, led by a knight with a white standard, was the artillery and baggage; and at some distance came the bulk of the army, probably composed largely of Picards and foreigners, under Fastolf and Talbot. The rear guard were English. When they were within a league of Patay, and still twelve miles from Janville, where most of their supplies had been left, scouts rode in with news of the French in great force. Other scouts were sent, only to confirm the report; and it was hastily de-

cided to conceal the artillery and commissariat in the wood near Patay, under guard of the knight of the white standard and his company, while Fastolf was to lead the main body of the troops forward to join them. The road was bordered with high hedges, and Talbot, seeing the advantage of the position, said he would cover the retreat by holding the narrow way with five hundred archers until the forces met, and then fall back in his turn.

Meantime the French vanguard, under La Hire, was scouring back and forth across the great plain, which has been called the "granary of France," but then, by the cruel usage of war, was uncultivated and overgrown with briars and bushes. As they galloped forward, a stag started up from the underbrush, and bounded into the midst of Talbot's archers, who, never suspecting the enemy's nearness, greeted it with a shout. The French riders drew rein, and sent back a messenger to hurry forward the main army. Then, clapping spurs to their horses, they charged upon the archers and cut them down before pike could be planted or arrow set to string.

Fastolf, with his men, was galloping forward to join the advance guard ; but to the followers of the white standard he seemed to be fleeing from the enemy, and leaving artillery and provisions in the wood, they set off pell-mell on the Paris road. Now fugitives were coming up with news of Talbot's defeat, and Fastolf

drew rein to confer with his captains. They urged him to save himself, for all was lost.

“I would rather be killed or taken than abandon my men thus shamefully,” he declared. “Fight I must, let the outcome be as God wills,” and he would have turned back. But his men were thrown into disorder by the quick approach of the French troops on the road made clear by Talbot’s defeat. “Beholding this,” says a chronicler, “Messire Jean Fastolf, heavy-hearted, with a very small company, making the greatest dole that ever was made by man, . . . took his way toward Étampes.” Even then he would have thrown himself into the fight, had he not been restrained by his men; and for this retreat he lost his Order of the Garter, although later it was restored to him.

The English rout was complete. Talbot was taken by Saintrailles, Fastolf and the other leaders had fled, their men were being cut down at the will of the victors. Dunois reckoned that more than four thousand were killed or captured.

For the first time, Jeanne’s standard was not in the thick of the battle; but her encouragement, her indomitable purpose of losing no chance to fight the English, determined the victory as surely as if she had held the coveted place in the van. She came up in time to see the end of the day, and Louis de Coutes tells us that “she had great compassion at such butchery. Seeing a Frenchman, who was leading some prison-

ers, strike one to the ground where he lay as if dead, she dismounted and had him confessed, holding his head the while and comforting him as she could."

That night, the army camped at Patay, and, says a Burgundian chronicler, "thanked our Lord for their fair adventure." Talbot was led before d'Alençon, Jeanne, and the constable.

"In the morning," was d'Alençon's greeting, "I had not looked for this happening."

"It is the fortune of war," returned the old soldier.

XIV

GIEN

WHEN fugitives came pouring down the road to Janville, the citizens not only barred their gates, but forced the English captain, who was holding the castle, to surrender and "make oath to be a good and loyal Frenchman;" and the town, with all the stores and munitions left behind when the English made their hasty march to the Loire, was given over to France. The garrisons of smaller places in the Beauce fled. And three fortified towns taken, a great army cut to pieces, the whole country, nearly to the gates of Paris, cleared of an enemy, made up the story of that victorious week. In every undertaking Jeanne had been the motive force. Not only had her courage and high purpose inspired the men; but her quick eye, her shrewd commonsense and clear head, had led the captain's councils. An old writer says that "when it happened that there was among the host any cry or affright of men-at-arms, she came, be it on foot or horseback, as valiantly as captain of a company could have done, in giving heart and courage to her men." And as to her wisdom, d'Alençon had to say that

“In all she did, except in affairs of war, she was simple and young; but in warlike deeds, whether bearing the lance, assembling an army, ordering the ranks, or disposing the artillery, she was very expert. All marvelled that she acted with as much caution and foresight as if she had been a captain with twenty or thirty years experience.” Those who watched her at the game of war had the one opinion of her ability, and with the simple temper of their time believed that in her deeds there was more of the divine than human. She had the essentials of a great leader: intuition, perseverance, and sagacity were lighted up by unflagging courage and good spirits; and when her keen mind had divined the temper of an enemy and seized the decisive moment to strike, she fought with never a hint of yielding. With an instinct as unerring she understood her own men, and when she had inspired respect for discipline, she knew how to bind them to her in a happy, almost humorous, worship, — they were never done with laughing wonder that a girl could cap men’s deeds so well, — and with her magnetic personality, she set a whole army afame with belief in her power to win.

Now it would have seemed wiser to follow up the victory by marching on Paris, to strike at the heart of England’s strength while she was dazed with defeat and had had no time to rally her demoralized troops or gather reinforcements. Bedford was at the

end of his resources, and Englishmen were showing no enthusiasm to enlist for the French war. Rank and file were imbued with superstitious terror of the Witch of the Armagnacs, who seemed to make her men invincible; and a year later edicts were issued prescribing trial and punishment by courtmartial for those who had deserted the army in France from fear "of the enchantments of the Maid." Paris was in a panic. On Tuesday, when news of the disaster at Patay reached the city, there was a riot, and many believed the French troops were on the heels of the fugitives. Had they been, the town must have fallen. But the Maid's mind was fixed on the consecration at Reims, and the army had been sent out only with instructions to clear the Loire. Apparently there was no thought of Paris.

The Maid and her men rode back to Orléans, and "were very nobly received. They went to the churches and thanked God, the Virgin Mary and the blessed saints of paradise for the mercy and honor our Lord had shown to the king and to them all, saying that it was by means of the Maid, and that without her such marvels could not have been done." At La Rochelle, also, there were bonfires and bell-ringings and *Te Deum*; and in a great procession to the Church of Nôtre Dame, each child in the city was promised a cake to run before the crowd and cry *Noël!*

It was supposed that Charles would meet the victors at Orléans, and the burghers decorated their streets to receive him; but he was being happily entertained at Sully by La Trémouille, who probably did nothing to hasten his departure. Finally he set out toward Châteauneuf, and on June 22 the Maid, impatient to be at work again, met him at St. Benoît-sur-Loire. Charles showered her with kind words; he was sorry for the great labor she had had; he begged her to take some rest.

His greeting fell in a cold mist of discouragement on the ardent soul that longed only for action, and more action, until France should have a king and stand free of her enemies; and disregarding such futile sympathy, the girl broke down and wept.

“Ah, gentle dauphin,” said she, “doubt no longer. The whole realm shall be yours, and you shall soon be crowned.” And as the guerdon of her labor, she besought him to forgive the constable for the good will he had shown, and to accept the aid he offered France.

Richemont had remained at Beaugency to await the upshot of such embassies. The Maid, d'Alençon, and other captains were to plead his cause; and two of his own gentlemen went to La Trémouille begging him to let their master serve the king. But the favorite, whose word was law, had no notion of giving his enemy footing at court, and all Richemont's over-

tures were rejected. After attempting the siege of a little fortress near Beaugency, he withdrew to his own estates, and a good soldier was lost to Charles.

But all France was roused, and it looked as if La Trémouille could not long hold affairs in the balance that best suited him ; yet for the time he was all powerful, and he never ceased intriguing against any possible rival, whether Maid or peer. Friends were alienated, opportunity refused, delay dampened the enthusiasm of renewed hope ; and “no one dared to speak at that hour against the Sire de la Trémouille, however clearly each might see that the fault lay with him,” wrote wise old Perceval de Cagny.

The Duke of Brittany, brother to Richemont, had kept out of the national quarrel, and devoted himself to the affairs of his duchy ; but now he may have reflected that if heaven were declaring for the lilies, he best open communication with the dauphin’s court, and one day his confessor, Brother Yves Milbeau, and Hermine, a herald-at-arms, presented themselves to the Maid.

“Have you indeed come in the name of God to succor the king ?” was their question.

“Yes.”

“In that case, our rightful lord, the Duke of Brittany, is disposed to aid the king,” announced Brother Yves Milbeau. “He cannot come himself, for he is in

feeble health ; but he will send his eldest son with a great army."

Jeanne was all undazzled by the large and easy offer ; she even may have suspected the real object of the visit to be gratification of ducal curiosity about herself.

"The king, not the Duke of Brittany, is my rightful lord," she returned, "and the duke should not have delayed so long in sending his people to do their feudal service." With this amazing answer the messengers returned to their master, who never sent his son and the army. But, be she divinely sent or not, he recognized the Maid for a personage, and at a later time when his ambassadors visited the court, sent her a dagger and some fine horses.

Gien was made the new rendezvous for troops, and Jeanne returned to Orléans to bring up the men and supplies left there. On Friday, June 24, she was ready for the march.

"Sound the trumpets and mount," said she to d'Alençon. "It is time to go to the gentle King Charles to start him on the way for his consecration."

But it was easier to gather an army than to move the king, who was at his old pastime of holding "many and long councils." Some of the captains wished to make an expedition into Normandy, others would have besieged the Burgundian towns of Cosne and

La Charité on the upper Loire. The councillors worked for delay; the Maid was all for immediate action, and told the king, with some point, that he must go forward boldly and fear nothing, for if he would go forward like a man, he would soon obtain all his kingdom. And when his councillors told her that there were “many cities and walled towns and strongholds well guarded by English and Burgundians” in the way, she answered:

“I know it well, and all that I hold as naught.”

Then, worn out with futile discussion, she left the court and went out to the fields to camp with her men, who said only that “they would go wherever she wished to go.”

“By my staff, I will lead the gentle King Charles and his company safely, and he shall be consecrated at Reims,” was her answer to them.

Knights and squires, with companies small or great, had come pouring in from all parts of loyal France to share this adventure for a crown. Many a gentleman had been beggared by the wars, and of pay there was little or none. A man-at-arms might get two or three francs maintenance; while laborers and artisans and such humble folk must serve for mere rations. But rich and poor came to Gien: great lords and their well-equipped men, decked out in all the panoply of war, and impoverished knights afoot or riding on the sorry nags they could pick up in the country, eager

to serve as archers or knifemen if needs be, "for each one had great hope that by means of this Jeanne much good should come to the realm of France."

With men of such temper to back her, the Maid, in spite of king and court, was sure to have her will; and never for a moment did she waver in her purpose to march to Reims. On June 25, she had written a letter to the "gentle, loyal Frenchmen of Tournai," the one town of northern France faithful to the dauphin. She told them of her victories, and prayed them to hold themselves in readiness to attend the consecration of the king at Reims, "where shortly we shall be . . . and may God give you grace to maintain the good quarrel of the realm of France." She wrote, also, to Philip of Burgundy, bidding him to his feudal duty at the crowning of his king. But perhaps letter and herald were intercepted at the court, for she never heard of them again.

Marie of Anjou also came up to Gien to take her part in the expedition; but as French queens were more often crowned at Paris than at Reims, and the march must be a hard one at best, it was decided to leave her behind, and she returned to Bourges.

The Maid and her men had crossed the river, as if to dare the king to follow, and on June 29, whether from shame of his faint heart or because the army could no longer be held in check, the king, "after many words," took the road to Reims; and lords and

squires, men-at-arms and footsoldiers, councillors and priests, the Maid and her household, set out on their quest for a crown. The summer sun looked down upon the glittering train as it wound by vineyard and wheatfield, — on tossing standards and gleaming armor, on knights cloaked in every color under heaven, horses hampered with steel casing and rich caparison, archers in brown and green, heralds in gay trappings, — and by the king's side, rode the Maid, "armed all in white." In the dark days of early spring, she and Bertrand de Poulengy and Jean de Metz had come down this road on their way to Chinon.

"Will you really do all you say?" Jean de Metz had asked. And in fashion more wonderful than dreams of chivalry, she was fulfilling her pledge. Through the wisdom and unyielding purpose of a girl, heaven was working its miracle for France; but for her, victorious English armies would have been having their will in the valley of the Loire, and Charles would have been not even the "little King of Bourges."

XV

CHAMPAGNE

A UXERRE was in sad dilemma as the French army came marching down the road from Gien. The town belonged to Burgundy, whose duke was hostile to Charles; yet if it did not receive the king, it stood a good chance to be taken and sacked. The townsmen determined to play for time, and began the game by paying La Trémouille a round sum to let them alone. Then they closed their gates, and urged the army to move forward, giving some vague promise of submission if Troyes and Châlons and Reims should acknowledge the king. They even fed the hungry men, in return for hard cash, and for three days the parleying went on. The soldiers were greedy for pillage, the captains were reluctant to leave this hostile city in their rear, the Maid, as usual, was eager for attack; but La Trémouille earned his two thousand *écus d'or*, and the army, much against its will, crossed the Yonne and entered Champagne.

The whole province, many of whose towns were held by small Anglo-Burgundian garrisons, was in an uproar. Messengers scurried about from city to city,

and there was much swagger about resisting to the death, and encouraging of the other fellow to put his best foot foremost. As a matter of fact, several of the towns had sent secret embassies to Charles ; but none wanted to be the first to submit, and each dreaded to be the last. Clouds of rumors came sweeping into Reims, the pivotal city : the dauphin was marching by way of Montargis (he was sixty miles from there) ; Auxerre had fallen, and four thousand put to the sword ; Châlons swore to resist with all its power, and hinted of treachery at Troyes ; and the men of Troyes, most militant of all, would fight "to death, as they had all sworn by the precious Body of Jesus Christ to do."

Troyes had the most to fear, for within its walls, Queen Isabeau had intrigued with England and carried through her treaty which should disinherit Charles ; and here his sister Catherine had been married to Henry in the old Church of St. John, while his wicked mother, robed in blue damask and black velvet furred with miniver, witnessed this sealing of the compact which she had brought about for her son's undoing. And Troyes merchants had hastened to range themselves on the side of Burgundy and England, for they must be friendly with their neighbor, or who would come to their great fairs to buy cloth ? And England held the ports of the Seine where they shipped goods for foreign parts.

At St. Phal, fifteen miles short of Troyes, the army halted and Charles and the Maid sent letters to the burghers. The king demanded that they should "render him the obedience they owed him, and he would make no difficulty about things past for which they might fear he should take vengeance; that was not his will, but that they should govern themselves toward their sovereign as they ought, and he would forget all and hold them in good grace." While the Maid summoned them to their allegiance in the name of the sovereign Lord of all.

"Very dear and good friends, if such you be, lords, burghers and citizens of the city of Troyes, Jeanne the Maid sends word to you on behalf of the King of Heaven, her rightful and sovereign Lord, in Whose kingly service she is each day, that you shall give true obedience and recognition to the gentle King of France, who will shortly be at Reims and Paris, come what may, and his good towns of the holy realm, by the aid of King Jesus. Loyal Frenchmen, come before King Charles without fail, and fear not for your bodies, or your goods, thus doing; and if this you do not, I promise you and certify upon your lives that we shall enter by the aid of God into all the towns belonging to the holy kingdom, and there will make good peace, come what may. To God I commend you. May God guard you, if He so pleases. Respond quickly."

Next morning, the burghers posted off copies of these letters to Reims, and at five o'clock in the afternoon their own story and comment followed. The royal army had appeared at nine o'clock that morning, they wrote, and had summoned them to surrender; but they had pleaded their oath to the Duke of Burgundy not to open their gates to "any stronger than they save by his express command;" then each had taken his place upon the wall, with the firm intention of resisting to death. And they begged those of Reims to let the regent and the duke know of their necessity. They said Jeanne the Maid was a "*coquarde*," a mad woman full of the devil, whose letter had neither rhyme nor reason, "*ne ry me ny raison*;" they had thrown it into the fire without answer, only laughing at it. A certain cordelier had sworn by his faith that he had seen three or four burghers from Reims who had told the dauphin they would open their gates to him, and they best be on their guard against treachery.

At this time there happened to be at Troyes one Friar Richard, who had made pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he had found the Jews making ready for the coming of their Messiah; thereupon he had inferred the end of the world to be at hand, and returned to France to warn his countrymen to forsake their sins and prepare for eternity. At Paris people had slept in the fields to be near the open air

pulpit where he delivered daylong discourses. At Boulogne, men had made bonfires of their gaming tables and billiard balls, women had burned their gewgaws and horned caps, and even their mandragora roots, dressed up like misshapen dolls, which had been bought from the witches at great price and were sure to bring wealth and good luck. Jeanne once said that she had heard that a mandragora grew at the foot of a hazel tree in the *Bois Chesnu* and that it would make money come, but she put no faith in it. During the winter, Brother Richard had been preaching his mission in Champagne, and at Troyes he had bidden them: "Sow beans, good people, sow beans; for he who should come will come very shortly." The obedient townsmen had sown the fields about the city, and now the amazing end of their labor was that the dauphin's hungry army was eating up their beans.

Brother Richard either wished for a nearer view of the famous Armagnac Witch, or he was sent out by the burghers to exorcise the evil spirit who would invade their city, and he made his way to the French camp, whence, as he approached, Jeanne rode out to meet him. He sprinkled holy water before him and made the sign of the cross.

"Come on boldly," she cried, laughing. "I shall not fly away." Six months before at Vaucouleurs, Maître Jean Fournier had, to her righteous indigna-

tion, exorcised her ; but she could only laugh at quaking Brother Richard.

The story goes that he fell on his knees before her, when, to show herself no holier than he, she also knelt. And he returned to Troyes to sing praises of the Maid of the Armagnacs ; he said, if she liked, she could throw her men over the walls into the city. And from this time he followed in her train until his fancy was caught by a new wonder. But when Paris heard of his defection to the enemy, his converts cursed God and the saints, says the chronicle, threw his medals stamped with the name of Jesus into the Seine, and returned to their pleasure and their vice.

The army had approached Troyes, and several days were passed in parleying and skirmishes. Regnault de Chartres was for retreating ; he said that here, nearly a hundred miles from their base, they were without supplies and artillery necessary for pressing the siege, and Troyes had sworn to resist to the death. On July 6, the dauphin bade him call a meeting of the council. Nearly all were against attack ; the boldest were for passing the place as they had Auxerre. But the old chancellor, Robert le Maçon, said that to his mind they should call in the Maid ; for the king had not set out upon this enterprise by reason of his great number of men-at-arms, or the money he had to pay them, or because the adventure had seemed to him possible : but by counsel of the

Maid, who said always that he should go to his crowning at Reims, for such was the will of God.

Jeanne was summoned before them; she knocked loudly at the door, made her accustomed salutation to the king, and the archbishop laid the reasons for retreat before her.

She turned to Charles.

“Will you believe what I shall tell you?”

“If you say something profitable and reasonable, it will be gladly believed,” was his cautious response.

Again she asked :

“Shall I be believed?” She had too often seen her advice but the beginning of endless talk.

“According to what you say,” reiterated the king.

“Gentle King of France, if you will remain here before your city of Troyes, it will come to your allegiance within two days, either by force or favor, and greatly will false Burgundy be astounded.”

“Jeanne,” said the archbishop, “were we sure of having it in six days, it would be well to wait. But are you sure of it?”

“Have no doubt,” was her answer, and she returned to the camp, where she mounted, and leading the army across the river, pitched their tents close to the walls of the town. Then she set her men, gentle and simple, at work collecting faggots and doors, tables, windows, anything that could be used to fill up the trenches or serve as shelters for men and

guns. "And so well did she labor during the night," said Dunois, "that next day the bishop and other men of the city, all trembling and quaking, came to make their submission to the king."

When they saw the preparations of the Maid, their awful resolution to resist had been consumed in the blaze of its own fire; and moreover, their good burgher commonsense was on the side of the dauphin. It was easy for Frenchmen to believe, in spite of English treaties, that Charles was their rightful lord, and that through him only could come lasting peace; and peace was good for the silk trade. Moreover, God Himself was fighting for the dauphin through this Maid who had worked such marvels at Orléans and before their own walls; some of them had seen a multitude of white butterflies hovering about her standard. Who should resist God and the right? Not they.

Charles ennobled the bishop for his part in the day's work; the churchmen who had held benefices from his father were confirmed in their rights, and those holding from Henry took out letters from Charles. All was peace and joy. The garrison were to march out with their arms and goods as at Beau-gency; but their "goods" proved to be French prisoners, and Jeanne stopped them at the gate.

"In the name of God, you shall not have them," she cried; and Charles had to pay their ransom.

About nine o'clock on the morning of July 10, the king entered the city, and with him, "the lords and captains, well dressed and mounted, a fair sight to see, and the Sire de Loré remained in the fields in charge of the army. And the next day all passed by the said city in fine order; whereat those of the city were very joyous, and made oath to the king to be good and loyal, and such they have always shown themselves since." Thus ends the Adventure of the Bean City.

Letters of a different complexion were now coming into Reims. From Troyes, Regnault de Chartres, their archbishop, had summoned his people to submit to the king; and the chastened burghers, thrown from their high horse, had explained to their friends of Reims how the king had "shown very clearly and very prudently the reasons for which he had come to them." He is "the prince of the greatest discretion and understanding and valor that was ever born to the noble house of France;" and they counsel Reims to follow their example and hasten to make full submission to the royal prodigy.

But Châtillons still whistled to keep its courage up. A squire of the town had been at Troyes and had seen Jeanne the Maid, and he "swore by his faith she was the simplest thing he had ever seen, and that her deeds had neither rhyme nor reason, not more than the greatest fool he had ever seen."

She did n't compare as a valiant woman with Madame d'Or" (a lady at the Burgundy court whose bright hair is said to have suggested the name for the Order of the Golden Fleece). And he said the enemy only made fools of those who doubted it.

Châlons, however, made haste to follow in the footsteps of Troyes, and when the army approached, a company of burghers, headed by the bishop, came out to make their submission; and Châlons, also, posted off its story to Reims. Charles having sent them a herald, the burghers wrote, a deputation had met him, and it was determined to render him entire obedience as to their sovereign, and they had given up the keys of the city, which he had graciously accepted. He was "sweet, gracious, pitiful and compassionate, of handsome person, noble bearing and high understanding." They would n't have acted otherwise for anything; and they, too, counselled Reims, without delay, to do the best thing which could be and thus know great honor and joy.

Reims could do no less than join the happy procession. Her citizens, also, had made vows of undying devotion to England and Burgundy, and they had recalled the captain of their garrison, who was at Château-Thierry. But they limited his escort to forty or fifty horsemen, and when, with some reason, he declined the adventure of holding the city with so few men, suggesting three or four hundred at the

least, they refused to admit him. They read his letters, which dangled before their eyes the picture of a great English army disembarking at Boulogne. It might reach Reims, he said, in six weeks; but they reflected that Charles and his twelve thousand men and the wonder-working Maid were within a few leagues of the city. Other letters came with vague promises of help; letters, and more letters, were coming in from the neighboring towns; the burghers must have been busy with their correspondence in those two weeks of July. They ordered a procession for moving the people "to peace, love and obedience," whatever, in the circumstances, that might mean. On July 12, the clerk of the council began his minute of the day: "After my Lord of Châtillon was shown how he, being captain, and the lords and multitude of people who—" He got no farther; it needed a more skilful clerk than he to write the story, when his council at the same moment was swearing loyalty to England and planning to receive Charles without a struggle.

On July 16, when Charles was within four leagues of the city, at Sept-Saulx, a fortress built two hundred years before by a fighting predecessor of Regnault de Chartres, a deputation of the burghers came to meet him. The citizens had said: "We will live and die with the council and leading men, and by their good advice and counsel we will abide in

good union and peace, without murmur or answer, so it is not by the advice and ordering of the captain of Reims or his lieutenant." They had foreseen the way the cat would jump ; and now their councillors came to offer the king their full and entire obedience.

XVI

REIMS

IN the expedition to Reims, the Maid, as usual, had no official command; she “went with the army,” as she had gone to Orléans; and her “company” meant the military household Charles had provided for her at Tours, and such other men-at-arms as elected to follow her standard. The white penoncels which these men fastened to their lances may explain the “cloud of white butterflies” remarked by the round-eyed burghers of Troyes. But she was the mainspring of the army, if not its accredited captain; her inspiration and discernment made her the natural leader in council chamber and camp, as at Orléans and in the Loire campaign. Yet “all agreed that they never perceived anything which might lead them to think that Jeanne attributed to herself the glory of her wonderful deeds. She ascribed all to God, and so far as she could, resisted when the people sought to honor her or give her the glory.” She marched with the king and fought his battles as they had never before been fought: “Work and God will work,” was her sound rule of action; yet she lived in daily communion with heaven as

truly as she had done at Domremy. She prayed herself, and tried to inspire others with her faith ; she confessed often and took the Sacrament, and she never failed to remind her men of their true service to her Lord. "She had the church bells rung for half an hour at vespers," said Dunois, "and had an anthem in honor of the Blessed Mother of God sung by the mendicant friars." "It was her custom, as soon as she came to a town," wrote a chronicler, "to go to the church to make her orisons, and she made the priests sing an anthem to our Lady; and when she had made her prayers and orisons, she went to her lodging, which was commonly provided for her in the most respectable house that could be found, where there was some worthy woman. No man ever saw her bathe; that and all her personal need she accomplished in a decent secrecy. And if the chance fell that she must camp in the fields with men of war, never did she disarm herself."

In that age of licence and coarse habit, her modesty and temperance seemed to have impressed men as much as her prowess in war. "All the soldiers held her as sacred; and so well did she bear herself in warfare, in words and in deeds, as a follower of God, that no evil could be said of her." "She was humble, simple and chaste, and devoted to God and the church," said Jean Beauharnays, brother-in-law of Louis de Coutes. "I was always much comforted

in talking with her." And Louis himself testified that "she had always most sober habits; many times I saw her eat nothing during a whole day but a morsel of bread. I was astonished that she ate so little. When she was in her lodging, she ate only twice a day." At every court in Europe, men were eager to hear of "The Maid Jeanne of France." On June 21, Perceval de Boulainvilliers, a great man of the French court, had written to the Duke of Milan: "There is something manly in her carriage; she speaks little, and shows a marvellous prudence in word and in deed. She has a woman's voice and a slender figure; she eats little, and drinks of wine still less; she delights in riding and in beautiful armor, and although she loves well lords and men-at-arms, she shrinks from a crowd and the talk of many." "Never has been seen such strength to bear fatigue; she can rest six days and six nights under weight of arms, without removing a single piece of armor," he added, with her campaign of the Loire fresh in mind. "She loved everything that a good Christian ought to love," asseverated Jean d'Aulon; "and especially did she love any right valiant fellow whom she knew to be of pure life." And she tamed her fiery young duke as easily as cut-throat La Hire. "She reproved me much and strongly when I sometimes swore," remarked d'Alençon, "and when I saw her, I refrained from swearing." Dunois spoke for all when he said:

“Neither I nor others, when we were near her, had ever an evil thought, for there was in her something divine.” “And she was very reverent in hearing the divine service of our Lord,” said d’Aulon. “On holy days she would hear high mass, wherever she might be, with the hours following, and other days low mass. Always, when possible, did she hear mass daily.”

In her day at Troyes, she had stood as godmother, — perhaps in the beautiful little church of St. Urbain, or in the fine old choir of the half finished cathedral, — resplendent in her gleaming armor, while she held the little child in her arms with a woman’s tender touch. And in later months she did like service. “Usually,” she said, “I gave to the boys the name of Charles, in honor of my king, and to the girls, Jeanne. At other times, I gave such names as pleased the mothers.” She was used to babies; she had been godmother for Nicolas, son of Gérardin and her gossip Isabellette, and hardly seven months had passed since she nursed Durand Laxart’s wife and child at Burey-le-Petit.

At Châlons and Reims some of these familiar ties were to be renewed; for old friends had ridden up from the valley of the Meuse to witness the astounding triumph of little Jeanne d’Arc, the good, simple girl, who had been so free of loving service to them all. One of her godfathers, Jean Morel, met her at Châlons, and she made him a present of a red robe

she had been wearing,—perhaps the fine cramoisy levite of Orléans. Gérardin d'Épinal was also there; and to him she said, "I fear nothing but treachery," a hint that her keen eye had already marked the men who worked secretly against her,—La Trémouille, and smooth-tongued Regnault de Chartres.

At Reims, she was to have the great happiness of seeing faithful Durand Laxart, and Jacques d'Arc himself. Nothing is said of the meeting; but it is not hard to picture the stern old father's pride in his girl, whose inheritance of sturdy commonsense and sound judgment was playing no small part in the work she did for France; and simple Durand Laxart, big with joy that all his faith was justified. Durand met the king himself, and told him the story of Domremy and Vaucouleurs, of Robert de Baudricourt, who bade him box the girl's ears and send her home, of the visit to Charles of Lorraine, and then how the Maid and her escort set out for "the place where the dauphin was." Husson le Maître, a man of her country, was then living at Reims. The Maid's father and her brother Pierre visited him, and were friendly with him and his wife as compatriots; they called his wife "neighbor." "I was in my own neighborhood when Jeanne went to Vaucouleurs," said Husson. And with the pride of the natural man, he reminded his friends that "I then said it was by the grace of God, and that Jeanne was led by the spirit of God."

Jacques d'Arc was in holiday mood; he stayed at Reims until mid-September, and was the guest of the town at the Inn of the Zebra. Alis, widow of Raulin Mariau, landlady of l'Ane Rayé, was paid twenty-four livres for his board, and the burghers gave him a horse to ride back to Domremy. We hear no more of Jacques d'Arc, except the poignant word that his heart broke when he heard of the Maid's death.

On the morning of Saturday, July 16, Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims, entered his city, and at sunset put himself at the head of the town dignitaries to receive his royal master. "*Noël! Noël!*" cried the burghers of Reims, aglow with arduous loyalty. And with the king rode "Jeanne the Maid, who was much regarded by all."

It was the tradition that coronations should be solemnized on a Sunday, and it was already Saturday night. But Reims had no intention of entertaining a king and his army for a full week, and every man in the town, priest and layman, set to work to prepare cathedral and city for the ceremony next day. All the royal insignia was in England's hands at St. Denis, and they had to ransack the cathedral treasury for a crown; perhaps Charles had not redeemed the gold fleurons of his own, for he had not brought it from Bourges. There was talk of a richer crown, possibly that of St. Louis, which the archbishop withheld; and the story went that Jeanne compelled him to

give it up, although not in time for the coronation. If this be true, it would have fanned his latent jealousy into bitter personal hatred, to which later he gave fitting expression. The story is in character, for he sequestered the gifts of a silver vase and a purse of thirteen gold medals which Charles had made the chapter of the cathedral, until he was forced to disgorge when precedent was cited to prove them the property of the chapter. These medals were said to have been struck in honor of the Maid, with her device, a hand holding a sword, and the inscription, *Consilio firmata Dei*.

At nine o'clock on the morning of Sunday, July 17, the great cathedral was filled to its doors. Gorgeous colors streamed from the windows to fill the upper air with light and glory ; the floor shone and rustled like a field of tulips in a breeze, as lords and men-at-arms in velvet and cloth-of-gold, satin and silver, here a glint of steel, there a flame of crimson and azure, waited for the moment. At the foot of the high altar, stood Charles the Dauphin, his doublet cut through at breast and shoulder for the mystic anointing with St. Remi's oil, his robe, blue as the sky, sown with golden fleur-de-lis.

Suddenly there was a clatter and clash of hoof and steel, and the fire of the great rose windows above the west door struck down upon a gay cavalcade : Boussac and Rais, Gravile and Admiral de Coulen,

armed cap-à-pie and with banners floating ; they had been to fetch the Abbot of St. Remi, who rode before them on his palfrey, and in his hand he bore the *sainte ampoule* for the sacring. They dismounted at the choir, and the abbot gave over the chrism to his archbishop, Regnault de Chartres. Then the king-at-arms summoned the twelve peers of France to serve their king. But of six lay peers, only Brittany and Burgundy would have had the right to respond ; and d'Alençon, Clermont, and Vendôme, Guy de Laval, La Trémouille and Maillé, filled the vacant places. Of the clerical peers, the Archbishop of Reims, the Bishops of Châlons and Laon were present ; the others were supplied. In the absence of Richemont, Constable of France, d'Albret held the sword ; d'Alençon, in place of "false Burgundy," dubbed Charles a knight ; the archbishop anointed him with the holy oil of St. Remi, and administered the oath. Taking the crown from the altar, he raised it high above the king's head ; the twelve peers of the realm, closing in, held it firm. Trumpets rang out until the vaulted height answered again ; shouts of *Noël !* proclaimed the King of France.

But one figure there was never before seen at royal sacring. At the king's side stood the Maid, in her silver mail, glorious as St. Michael in the jewelled morning light. In one hand she bore her standard, whereon an angel offered the lilies of France to the

God of all. "It had borne the pain, it should share the glory," she said. Jean d'Aulon and Jean Pasquerel were near her.

"And always during the mystery, the Maid stood next the king, her standard in her hand, and it was a right fair thing to see the gallant bearing of the king and also of the Maid," she "who was in truth the cause of the crowning of the king and of all the assembly." And "when the Maid saw that the king was consecrated and crowned, she knelt, and clasped his knees and kissed his feet, weeping the while.

"'Gentle king,' said she, 'now is accomplished the will of God, Who decreed that I should raise the siege of Orléans, and bring you to this city of Reims for your holy sacring, thereby showing that you are the true king and that to you the realm of France should belong.' And right great pity came upon all," and many wept as she spoke.

So they, who saw her that day at the zenith of her earthly glory, tell of the Maid. She, also, should share the honor, who had borne the pain.

It had been clear to all that the deeds this girl proclaimed were the only ones to save the realm of France. Charles must be crowned and consecrated at Reims in the traditional way, or he never could be king in the eyes of his people; the siege of Orléans must be speedily raised, or those fair provinces of middle France would be lost and the whole country

become but a tributary of England ; and it was clearly desirable that the English should go to their homes. No one needed to be told these things ; but it was the wonder of a peasant girl announcing that she had been sent from God for the doing, and the swift fulfilling of her pledges in spite of clogging weakness of support, it was the inspiration of this beautiful eager girl working through her enkindling personality that roused France from the torpor of irresolution and discouragement. The country cried aloud for a leader, and heaven answered. It was the will of God that France should live.

XVII

ILE DE FRANCE

AT the coronation, Rais was made marshal of France, La Trémouille and Guy de Laval received the title of count, La Hire was granted the county of Longueville in Normandy, with all its appurtenances. The only guerdon that Jeanne asked from the king was that Domremy and Greux should be perpetually exempt from taxation; and he granted the boon "in favor of and at the request of our well-beloved Jeanne the Maid, and for the great, high, notable and profitable service which she has done us and does each day toward the recovery of our kingdom." Honor was to whom honor was due on that great day. Until the time of Louis XV, against the two villages was written in the tax book: "Nothing, for the sake of the Maid," "*Néant, à la Pucelle.*"

Faithful Reims was rewarded by a carnival of feasting, at whose expense record does not show. After the coronation, there was a great dinner in the archbishop's palace, where the king lodged, and d'Alençon and Clermont served their royal master. The tables stretched to the streets, an ancient bronze

stag was filled with wine and stood up in the public road, and Reims ate and drank its fill.

While men caroused, the Maid was at work. She always held her vision of a united France,—pardon for Frenchmen, no quarter for England; and on this Sunday afternoon she dictated her second letter to Philip of Burgundy:

“ High and redoubtable prince, Duke of Burgundy, Jeanne the Maid desires you on the part of the King of Heaven, my rightful and sovereign Lord, that the King of France and you make good, firm peace, which shall long endure. Pardon one another, heartily, wholly, as loyal Christians should; and if you wish to fight, go against the Saracens. Prince of Burgundy, I pray and beseech and desire you, as humbly as I may that you war no more on the holy realm of France. . . . All those who war on the holy realm of France fight against King Jesus, King of Heaven and all the world, my true and sovereign Lord. And I pray and beseech you, with joined hands, fight not against us. . . . Know of a surety that whatever number of people you lead against us, they shall gain nothing, and it will be great pity . . . of the blood that shall flow from those who come against us.” And again she prays “God to bring about a good peace.”

The councillors had probably had a finger in the Burgundy pie, and on this same day an embassy

from the duke arrived at Reims, as a move in his hazardous game of balancing France and England for the gain of Burgundy. Charles's fortunes were rising, so Burgundy was equipping a force to hold Paris for Bedford, and was sending him recruits from Picardy, while his ambassadors should delay the king with talk of peace. On the fourteenth, he had once more recited the wrongs of his house in Paris, calling for vengeance for the "blood of Montereau"; on the seventeenth, his envoys came to Charles.

Bedford was bending every energy to rush troops into France. He had appealed for aid to his uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, the richest prelate in the world, who had an army ready equipped to fight the heretic Hussites in Bohemia, and consented to lend it to Bedford for the subduing of the Armagnac Witch by the way. Bedford wished for time, and Burgundy played his hand with skill. His ambassadors, with their vague promises of peace, kept Charles for four days at Reims, when the plan had been to set out for Paris on the eighteenth. Had this been done, he could have swept the country clean before Beaufort had time to land his crusaders.

On the twenty-first, however, Charles made the traditional visit to the Abbey of St. Marcoul to touch for "king's evil," and on the next day he entered the little walled town of Vailly, which belonged to Regnault de Chartres. Here the citizens of Laon

came to make their obeisance, a deputation from Soissons, also, delivered up the keys of their city; and people were repeating a rumored prophecy of Engelide, daughter of an old King of Hungary: "Many shall make their peace, and many are the keys which shall return to the hand that forged them."

Soissons greeted the king with shouts of *Noël!* and presented him with two fish, six sheep, and six measures of wine, pleading the poverty induced by war for the smallness of the gifts.

The French captains would have liked to march on Compiègne, the Orléans of the north, which was the key to unlock the great province of the Ile de France. While Burgundy held that key, he had a free road back and forth between Paris and the Low Countries. Negotiations were opened with the city, which was making some cautious show of reluctance and would have yielded without a blow; but the men of the court were already deflecting the army toward the Loire, and it was apparent that someone was being paid to keep up the futile game that followed. In four or five days, Charles was travelling due south to Château-Thierry, whose garrison was allowed to join Bedford, while a fifteen days' truce was made with Burgundy, and there was some talk of his delivering over Paris at its end. Burgundy was making time for Paris to prepare its defence; he entered the city

under safe conduct from the king, promptly allied himself with Bedford, and used the safe conduct on his return to Picardy and Flanders.

"With truces so made, I am not content and I do not know that I shall hold to them," wrote Jeanne to Reims, which had become alarmed by rumors that Charles was to abandon northern France and return to the Loire. "If I do keep the truce, it will be only for the king's honor. . . . I pray you never to doubt the good quarrel I hold for the blood royal; I promise you I shall never abandon it so long as I live." And she adds that she will keep the army ready in case peace is not made.

Charles had won his race for the crown, but his moves now seem to have gone wild; ten days' play had brought the army only ten miles nearer Paris, and on July 25, Bedford had marched his army into the city, and then had set out to the south to watch Charles. The French army was now at Provins, about as far to the southeast of Paris as Soissons was to the northeast. The peace faction had the upper hand, and it had been decided to cross the Seine at Bray, and make for the valley of the Loire. But they were checkmated by a strong Anglo-Burgundian force which had taken possession of the bridgehead at night; whereat the Maid and her friends, d'Alençon, René of Bar, who had now joined Charles, Guy de Laval and many other captains, were

“very joyful and well content, for this decision to cross the river was against their will and desire.”

Then the army was marched back to Château-Thierry and beyond; the line was not allowed to curve too much toward Paris. Everywhere the people were pathetically glad to receive their king and his army. As they came to Crépy and La Ferté, Charles was welcomed with the usual cries of *Noël!* The Maid was riding between Regnault de Chartres and Dunois.

“Here is a good people,” she said. “Never have I seen any who rejoiced so much at the coming of our noble king. How happy I should be if when my time comes, I might be buried here!”

“Jeanne,” said the archbishop, “where do you expect to die?”

“Where it shall please God,” she answered. “I know the time and place no more than you. Would it pleased God, my Creator, that I might now lay down my arms and go back to serve my father and mother in tending their sheep with my sister and brothers, who would be right glad to see me.”

Here is a new note of sadness. By sheer force of her indomitable young will, she had dragged the king and his court from their slothful pleasures, but every step had been clogged by their indifference or foolish plotting; and the clear light of her hope began to wane a little after the high noon

of Reims. "I fear nothing but treachery," she had told Gérardin; and day by day she must have felt the tightening of those slow coils which should crush out the life of her desire. But she never swerved from the straight path of her purpose: France must be saved.

On August 7, Bedford addressed a deliberately insulting letter to the king: "You who were wont to style yourself Dauphin of Vienne and now without cause call yourself king, and have devised a new undertaking against the crown and lordship of the very high and excellent prince and my sovereign lord, Henry, by grace of God, true, natural, and rightful King of France and England, . . . who have deceived the people with promises of peace, . . . who have accepted the help of superstitious and reprobate folk, a woman, disorderly and defamed, wearing man's attire, and of dissolute conduct, and an apostate and seditious mendicant friar" (harmless Brother Richard). And he charges Charles with breaking the peace of France and England solemnly ratified by their kings, and with being the cause of all the country's misery. He professes himself anxious for peace, not feigned, corrupt, foresworn, like that of Montereau, where by Charles's fault and connivance, Burgundy was foully murdered; and challenges Charles to a meeting, "with all the perjured rascals of his train," when he will listen to overtures of

peace, and the matter shall be settled by means of peace or on the field of battle.

The letter was deftly calculated to precipitate a fight, and having launched it, Bedford marched north to interpose his army between Paris and the king.

At sunset, on Sunday, August 14, the two armies met at Montépilloy, and a little skirmishing was done before darkness fell. Bedford took advantage of the night to occupy a strong position, and dawn revealed his army drawn up in battle array, earthworks in front, a river in the rear, the archers protected by their palisade of pikes, and over the host floated the banners of France and England. But French chivalry had not forgotten the lesson of Agincourt and Verneuil, when deadly impact with the line of English bowmen had rolled up the heaps of slain, and they tried to lure the enemy from their position; that invincible line of battle once broken, they stood some chance to win. But the English army kept to their defences, as the French themselves had held the hill near Beaugency the night before Patay. The English were invited to come out and deploy their men in the plain, the army would retire to give them room; the feint of a retreat was made; Jeanne, standard in hand, rode up to their palisade and struck it a ringing blow, daring the Godons to come out and fight. But nothing could move that glittering square of war. Occasionally a small body of English, mad

with rage, sallied out and fell upon the jeering Frenchmen; no quarter was asked or given in these miniature battles, and all the pent-up race hatred and lust for revenge was fought out, while the main armies looked on. The burden of the day, for France, was borne by the advance guard under d'Alençon, and a large body of skirmishers under the Maid, Dunois and La Hire. The rear was safely held by Charles and his councillors. At midday La Trémouille, gorgeously arrayed, lance in hand, bravely mounted on his richly caparisoned charger, caracoled out on the field. One doubts his horsemanship: as he struck spurs to his steed, the fat favorite was pitched into the midst of the English. But France, for her sins, did not lose him. He was picked out of the mêlée, set on his horse, and withdrew, out of harm's way, to the solace of his master's company.

In this age of chivalry, Charles was the single shameful example of a king who never fought with his men. If he could be dragged away from his idle dallying in châteaux, he was but a dead weight on the army; and once only in a later year, did he show anything like personal courage in attacking an enemy.

The day passed in bloody, useless skirmishing, in which some light fieldpieces of the French were captured, and the sun went down in such a haze of

smoke and dust that Godon could not be distinguished from Armagnac.

On Tuesday morning, the French retreated, hoping that Bedford would follow; but he had no more to gain that time, and fell back upon Senlis, and then Paris, where he left a strong garrison under the command of Louis de Luxembourg, Bishop of Thérouenne, and set out for Normandy where trouble was brewing.

Somehow both sides had come to feel that the tide had turned again. The French army had been disheartened by its foolish marching and countermarching of the past few weeks, and the king, absent or present, was a wet blanket upon any enthusiasm; England, on the other hand, had been gaining courage as well as strength, and Bedford had successfully defied the king and the whole French army. His men, also, had seen that death-dealing Witch of the Armagnacs at close quarters, and what miracle had she wrought?

The French should have followed Bedford directly to Paris, but instead they occupied Senlis, left a small force there under Vendôme, and marched on to Compiègne, fifty miles to the north. Affairs with Burgundy were going well, and here they would be nearer the Burgundian court at Arras, where Regnault de Chartres was giving evidence of his worth as a diplomat by allowing himself to be tricked by Duke Philip.

Between August 18 and 22, Senlis, Compiègne and Beauvais made their submission to the king; and Compiègne presented Guillaume de Flavy to Charles as the captain whom it had chosen for his experience and loyalty. But La Trémouille wanted the command of this rich city for himself, and compromised by naming Flavy his lieutenant; in other words, he drew the pay, and Flavy did the work. At Beauvais those who refused to recognize Charles were driven from the city, taking their possessions with them, and among them was Pierre Cauchon, Bishop and Vidame of Beauvais and grand almoner of France for King Henry. He was to have a sure revenge upon the Armagnac Witch.

The Maid suspected Charles of being "content at that time with the grace God had done him, without undertaking anything further," wrote Perceval de Cagny, and she was impatient with the delay. It was all very fine to receive the keys of repentant cities, but there was fighting still to be done, and one day she said to d'Alençon :

"My fair duke, do you and the other captains make ready your men. By my staff, I will see Paris nearer than I have yet seen it."

As they were starting out, a messenger came to her from the Comte d'Armagnac, with a letter asking her advice as to who should be held as the true Pope, Martin, who had been elected by the Convocation

of Constance, Clement, or Benedict, who each laid claim to the papal chair. Jeanne hastily replied that she would answer his question when she had more time, at Paris or elsewhere; and her men threatened to drown the messenger, perhaps because he was delaying their departure.

On August 23, the Maid and her company rode out of Compiègne. From Dommartin, near Crépy, she may have looked out toward the distant height of Montmartre above the great city she hoped to restore to France. But she was to see Paris nearer than she had yet seen it.

XVIII

PARIS

ON August 28, Philip and Charles signed a truce, which covered all northern France. Charles could receive the submission of no more cities however eager to acknowledge him, although, oddly, he might attack Paris, which, as incongruously, Burgundy might help England defend against him. The armistice, as between France and Burgundy, was to last until Christmas, and at any time England might join it if she liked. Charles offered Compiègne to Burgundy as hostage, perhaps, also, as a bribe for a friendly hand with England; but Compiègne refused to be lent, and was unwaveringly loyal to the king who would have repudiated her. Such was the triumph of diplomacy as practised by the chancellor and La Trémouille: it is obvious that the vanity of Regnault de Chartres and the favorite's cupidity were serving Burgundy well. By a determined movement to the north, Charles could have gained Picardy. "In truth, the greater part of the people were ready to receive him as their lord," wrote an Anglo-Burgundian chronicler, "desiring no better thing than to make submission to him and throw wide

their gates." Normandy was wavering, and even in its great city of Rouen plots against England were hatching. By a quick march to Paris, the city might have been taken by surprise before Bedford could return from Normandy; and once established there, Charles could have dictated his own terms to Burgundy. But the diplomats had their will, and France was entangled in this lying truce, which could have no lasting peace for an outcome.

Meantime the Maid and d'Alençon, Laval, La Hire, Poton de Saintrailles, Rais, and their brave men, were off for Paris. "And she feared in no manner the power either of the Duke of Burgundy or the regent," wrote Eberhard de Windecken, historian of the Emperor Sigismund, evidently quoting official communications to his royal master. "For she had said that our Lord God had more power than they and that He would aid her, and that if the Duke of Burgundy and the regent led more men against her, they would be only the better beaten. That she was ready to guarantee on condition that they took nothing from anyone, and would do no violence to the poor people. There were always enough provisions where she was, and as long as she rode that way, provisions did not lack in the country." And Simon Bau-croix, a squire, and Jean Pasquerel, also, testified that she would permit her men to steal nothing, nor would she, knowingly, eat stolen food herself. "Once," said

Simon, "a Scot told her that he had eaten of a stolen calf; and she was very angry, and would have struck the Scot for so doing."

When they stopped at Senlis, to pick up Vendôme and his men, someone took a certain hackney from the episcopal stables for the Maid's use, the price to be one hundred *écus d'or*, paid in bills drawn upon the treasury of the town. But when the bishop, who had fled to Paris, heard of the forced sale, he wrote demanding his horse, and the Maid answered that he could have it, that it was too light weight for her use, and the horse was sent to La Trémouille to deliver to the bishop. But no fish ever escaped that net; and as the bargain was off, the accountants of Senlis did not honor the bills when presented, so my lord bishop received neither his hackney nor his hundred crowns, and for his lack the Maid was later to answer.

On August 26, the little army reached St. Denis, two leagues to the north of Paris, whose famous abbey, founded three centuries before, was the burial place of French kings. Here was deposited the crown of Charlemagne, and here kings who rode to war came for the oriflamme, the great standard of France, which had not floated on a battlefield for forty years. The abbey was rich in precious relics of the saints, among them one of the two accredited heads of St. Denis. The other was in Paris. Either might be an object

of devotion, Jean Gerson had said; and both should be venerated for the avoiding of scandal. St. Denis was the patron saint of France and the war cry of her armies; but since he had permitted his great abbey to become Anglo-Burgundian, he had been supplanted in the affections of loyal Frenchmen by St. Michael, who had defended his "holy mount," Mont St. Michel, from assaults of the enemy both by land and by sea. In the great civil quarrel which had torn France for so many years, Burgundy had managed to pose as the champion of the people, and had come to represent the popular discontent. In Paris and its suburbs, especially, which had borne the full weight of royal exactions and the bloody feud of the princes, the name of Armagnac stood for robbery and strife; and it was Armagnacs, rather than Burgundians, whom the people blamed for all the misery of the country when, since Agincourt, victorious English armies had overrun the land. And now, at the approach of the Armagnac plunderers, the well-to-do citizens of St. Denis had betaken themselves and their goods to Paris; but the poor people remained, and here, again, the Maid was godmother for two babies.

The French captains had hoped that Charles, who, however, was absorbed at Compiègne in his precious bargaining with Burgundy, would be shamed into following them as when they had crossed the river

at Gien. They needed the moral support of his presence. It was well for Paris to know that the king was encamped at its gate, to exercise his sovereign right of entry; and, in any case, the city was too strong to be taken without the main army. D'Alençon rode back to urge his coming, and when Charles heard that the captains had occupied St. Denis, he reluctantly advanced to Senlis, and there stopped. "It seemed that he was advised against the will of the Maid and the Duc d'Alençon and those of their company," wrote Perceval de Cagny. Meantime, Jeanne and d'Alençon, who had returned to his command, were not idle. Each day they rode out to make an *escarmouche* before the gates of Paris, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; and each day they reconnoitred the walls for the best point of attack. D'Alençon sent conciliatory letters to the town dignitaries, calling them by name; but they, suspecting him of wishing merely to stir up strife, told him he was only spoiling his paper to no good.

In mid-July, as we have seen, Philip had been in Paris talking of the "blood of Montereau." In a great assembly of the people, with Bedford at his side, he had recited the wrongs of Burgundy to kindle the embers of popular hatred against Charles and the Armagnacs, and everyone present swore allegiance to England and Burgundy. Yet, after the usual happy-go-lucky method of mediæval warfare, the burghers

had not begun to prepare for a siege until Jeanne and d'Alençon appeared at St. Denis, when mighty efforts were put forth to save life and goods from the Armagnac brigands. The people were terrified with dark stories of vengeance: Charles had promised to give over the city and its people of all ages and conditions to the pleasure of his soldiery, and had sworn that the plough should break ground where Paris had stood. His army was led by "a creature in woman's form called the Maid. What she may be, God knows," ejaculates their chronicler; and no one dared venture beyond the gates even to gather the grapes or get the vegetables from the great kitchen gardens to the north of the city.

On September 7, Charles, to the great joy of the Maid and the army, arrived at St. Denis; and everyone said, "She will put the king into Paris, if he trusts her." That same afternoon, Jeanne and d'Alençon, Guy de Laval, and other captains, made the usual demonstration before the city walls, and then encamped at La Chapelle, a village midway between Paris and St. Denis.

On Thursday, the eighth, fell the great Festival of the Nativity of the Virgin, when, probably, no attack was expected, and everybody in Paris went to church. The Maid, for her part, had no clear wish to attempt an assault; she said afterwards that her Voices did not command it and that she went at the request of

the captains ; and when charged with impiety for making an attack on a holy day, said "it is well done to observe the Festival of the Blessed Mary, and on my conscience it seems to me that it was, and ever will be, well to observe these festivals, from one end to the other." Yet, "for what concerns the attack on Paris," she adds, "I do not think myself in mortal sin." And as for her men, "the gentlemen of France wished to advance on Paris. In doing this, it seems to me they did their duty in going against their enemies." In any case, the attack was made. The captains apparently meant to make a feint of carrying the city by storm, an *escarmouche* greater than any preceding, in the hope that Armagnac partisans in the city might open the gates to them. But it was not Jeanne's way to trust to luck ; the attack having been determined upon, she "meant to go farther," she said, "and break through the trenches."

At eight o'clock in the morning, the French marched out of La Chapelle, and laid siege to one of the strongest and best guarded points of the city, near the Gate of St. Honoré. Great quantities of siege material, wagons laden with faggots for the trenches, artillery, culverins, screens, seven hundred scaling ladders, were displayed before the walls. The Maid, with Rais and Gaucourt, led the direct assault ; while d'Alençon, guarding their rear from possible attack by a sally from another gate, stationed his

men behind the Butte des Moulins and his guns in the swine market at its foot. By two o'clock in the afternoon, all their great show of preparation was completed, and the assault began. The boulevard, or outwork, at the Gate of St. Honoré was soon carried and the men driven back to the fortifications of the gate itself, which was flanked by two towers like the Tourelles at Orléans. The walls here were guarded by two wide trenches, divided by a shelving ridge. The first ditch was dry, but the second and larger one was filled to the brim. Jeanne, in the front, as usual, standard in hand, crossed the first trench and gained the ridge.

“Surrender the city to the King of France!” she cried.

“Witch! Evil one!” shouted the men from the walls.

The disaffected people in the city, hoping to create a panic that might work good for the besiegers, were crying out that all was lost, the enemy were upon them; and those praying in the churches rushed home and barred their doors. But the garrison kept their heads, and there was no talk of surrender; the forces holding the walls were doubled, and the firing on both sides became so heavy that many were killed and wounded. If an alarm had been raised by connivance of the French captains, the scheme failed.

Meantime the Maid and the men who had followed her to the ridge were making ineffectual efforts, under a heavy rain of arrows and crossbow bolts from the walls, to fill the flooded moat with faggots and logs. Jeanne had passed her standard to a man at her side, and was trying to sound the trench with a lance, when she was struck down by a bolt which pierced her thigh, and as she fell, the man who held her standard was slain beside her. She was carried to cover under the shelving bank; but she had no thought of leaving the field, and lay there, long after darkness fell, urging her men to the attack.

“Forward! forward!” the dauntless voice was calling through the evening dusk. “The place shall be yours.”

But the captains had had enough for one day, and wished to retire to their camp. One and another tried to persuade her to withdraw, d'Alençon sent to seek her; she would not budge. But at length Gaucourt and his men carried her out of the ditch and set her in the saddle, and declaring to the last that the city might have been taken, she rode sadly toward La Chapelle. In all this ill-planned and badly executed assault, if genuine assault it was meant to be, the girl's indomitable courage and spirit blaze out supreme. The attack had not been made by her advice, yet once undertaken, she would recognize no end but victory. “If anyone in the king's command

had been as much of a man as Jeanne," commented a Burgundian chronicler, "Paris would have been in danger."

Early next morning, in spite of her wound, she went to d'Alençon, begging him to sound the trumpets and return to Paris.

"Never will I leave," she declared, "until the city is taken."

D'Alençon and many of the other captains were of a like mind, and to confirm their determination, as they talked, a little cavalcade of strangers rode into camp. They were the Baron de Montmorenci, who had always been Burgundian, and fifty or sixty other gentlemen, who had ridden out of Paris to join the Maid. Now all were agreed to return to the attack, and indeed this must have been the general intention on the previous day, for their siege material had been left on the field. But at this moment, René of Bar and Clermont rode in with orders from the king to join him at St. Denis. Such direct command there was no disregarding, and heavy-hearted, they obeyed; but they meant to have their will, and see Paris again. Perhaps with the idea of making a double attack, d'Alençon had bridged the Seine upstream from the city, and early Saturday morning, he, with the Maid and a few picked men, secretly set out for Paris; but the councillors had taken the precaution of destroying his bridge in the

night, and there was nothing for it but to remain with the king.

It had seemed apparent, again, that someone was being paid that Paris might be held immune, and one suspects the wily hand of La Trémouille playing with his master's indolence and irresolution. For the next three days, the party of peace at any price indulged their pleasure of lengthy debate, although no doubt the decision had already been made to return to the Loire ; and Charles sent a letter to Reims, with the assurance that peace was to follow his truce with Burgundy. Meantime, he wrote, he would not eat up the country with his present army, but would return to the Loire there to gather a larger force on the chance that his hope of peace might not be realized. Probably his letter did not go far toward mollifying the burghers of Reims, who might expect a lively harvest of vengeance for their coronation festivity ; and a clear reading of the letter told them that they were free to use their own wit to escape the grinding of the millstones of England and Burgundy. The king meant to abandon the country, and march his army back to the Loire ; however he might cloak his intention with fine phrases, that fact was plain to all. He made Clermont lieutenant-governor of the province, with many aides, Vendôme, Bourbon, Coulen, Boussac among them. Ambroise de Loré was made governor of Lagny, whose prior, with a

deputation of citizens, had come to St. Denis begging the king to take their town under his protection. Regnault de Chartres remained at Senlis.

On the afternoon of September 13, Charles set out for the goal of his desire ; he needed no urging now to take the road, and on September 21, he and La Trémouille had the pleasure of dining at Gien, with the appetite, let us hope, of men who had accomplished their will in the face of seemingly insuperable obstacle ; for they had turned back the stream of destiny, now in midcourse and making straight for the triumph of French arms, to the stagnant marsh whence it had come.

Before she left St. Denis, Jeanne went to the great abbey and there, in the burial place of her kings, offered up the complete suit of her white armor on the altar of the Virgin. "I offered them there," she said, "because St. Denis is the war cry of France ;" and she told her enemies that she did this as a votive offering, as was the custom of soldiers when wounded. Yet she had felt no call to offer up sword, or lance, or body steel after her wound at Orléans ; it was as if, with a deep conviction that her day of triumph was done, she made sacrifice of the victorious arms which Orléans and Jargeau, Patay and Reims had known.

"And thus," wrote Perceval de Cagny, "was broken the will of the Maid and the army of the king." No thanks to Charles that the spirit of France was not

snuffed out forever. But the impetus the Maid had given was never lost: not one of the towns taken by her returned to the enemy; and the gray mist of disappointment now shutting her in only veiled the road of victory which she had beaten out for France.

XIX

THE TRUCE

THE king's garrison at St. Denis soon fell back upon Senlis. English troops occupied the town, and seized the Maid's armor, although thereby they committed "pure and manifest sacrilege." It was said they sent it to the King of England, but nothing is certainly known.

At Gien, affairs were allowed to drift as they would. So far from gathering a fresh army, the troops disbanded, and no effort was made to raise a new war fund. The councillors were content with their truce; Charles was living the life that best pleased him; and the leaders returned to their several commands, d'Alençon going to his wife at Beaumont, while d'Albret, La Trémouille's brother-in-law, was made lieutenant-general in his place. The Maid, sad at heart, remained with the king; and especially, said Cagny, "did she grieve for the departure of the Duc d'Alençon, whom she greatly loved, and for whom she would do what she would have done for no other." He, however, was not long content at Beaumont, and planned an expedition into Normandy, by way of Brittany and Maine. He begged the king

to allow Jeanne to go with him. "For her sake," he said, "many will join my company, who would not stir unless she goes." But La Trémouille and Gaucourt and Regnault de Chartres, "who then governed the body of the king and the conduct of his war," had no notion of permitting these two hot heads to go into the enemy's country, winning glory for themselves, while, most likely, they upset the kettle of fish which should turn out a fine dish for diplomats.

At this time, Philip had completely duped them with his bright lure of peace; even some of the war party believed that might come about without more fighting, and Dunois, with some of the other captains, had signed the truce of Compiègne. It was clear to all that England could not stand alone; but Charles had neither gold nor lands sufficient to pay the ruinous price of Burgundy, who, accordingly, saw more profit in a loose alliance with England. Philip was already the richest prince in Christendom; and if he could continue that hazardous game of see-saw, — Charles up, Bedford down, England winning by France's measure of loss, — he would be one of the most powerful. The councillors of the king, with the possible exception of La Trémouille, who was undoubtedly in Philip's pay, were willing enough that France should be saved, but in their own way and at their own time. They probably felt no personal animosity toward the Maid, unless Regnault de Chartres

hated her for making him disgorge that "rich crown" at Reims; but she had reached the danger limit of her glory, and although they might allow her to serve their convenience now and again in some small way, she herself probably realized that their opposition to her hope for the speedy liberation of the country was invincible. She wished always to "go into France," the Ile de France, and strike at the heart of England's power; and her instinct was right. There was a growing discontent, a growing conviction that France should be governed by Frenchmen; and stories were told of the good old times of Charles V and Du Guesclin, when France could call her soul her own and men had bread to eat. A determined advance on Paris would have brought wavering cities over to the king, while the capital, with supplies cut off, could not have stood alone.

The Maid had realized those stupendous visions of her childhood: she had come to the dauphin by means of Robert de Baudricourt, she had raised the siege of Orléans, and, supremely, she had led the king to his consecration; but she believed herself still under a "sacred charge" to drive the English from the kingdom, and perhaps, beyond, there had lain a shining hope of reconciling the hostile armies in a crusade to the Holy Sepulchre. And in the dark present her Voices, although they gave her no definite counsel, never ceased to hearten her for the saving of France.

Her own shrewd commonsense told her that Paris should be the objective of attack ; yet, since she could not go to the north, she was willing to work where she might. But the king was taking his ease after those three adventurous months, and Jeanne, however unwilling, must follow in his train. It was easier to cure La Hire of blasphemy than the court of its idle foolishness.

The queen came up from Bourges in late September to join Charles at Selles, and Jeanne rode out to meet and salute her on the highway. In the queen's retinue was one Margaret La Touroulde, wife of a treasury official, and when the court returned to Bourges, d'Albret lodged Jeanne at her house, although her husband had said she was to go to the house of a certain Jean Duchesne. The Maid spent three quiet weeks at Bourges, hearing mass, meeting the people, talking with Margaret ; and if her heart was heavy with disappointment, the simple sweetness of her nature was in no way corrupted. "She comported herself," said Madame La Touroulde, "as a worthy and Catholic woman. And to my mind she was quite innocent, unless it be in warfare. She rode a horse and handled a lance like the best of knights, and soldiers marvelled at her." She slept with her hostess, as was the custom of the day ; a man slept with his host ; children, being admonished to keep to their own place, lie quietly, and sleep with their

mouths shut, were tucked in anywhere. Jeanne often asked Margaret to go to matins with her; and they went, also, to the public vapor or hot air baths in the lower part of the town near the river.

The two women talked of the wars.

"If you are not afraid," Margaret said, "it is because you know you will not be killed." And Jeanne answered that she was no safer than any other soldier.

Jeanne told of her visit to the Duke of Lorraine, and of the rout of the Poitiers clergy.

"There are books of our Lord's," she had told them, "which are greater than yours."

The women of Bourges came to visit her, and brought their rosaries for her to bless.

"Touch them yourselves," Jeanne laughingly told them. "Your touch will do them as much good as mine."

Margaret noted that she hated dicing; that she was liberal in almsgiving, and gladly succored the poor and needy, saying simply: "I have been sent for their consolation."

Meantime the king was holding his restless course from town to town, in Touraine, Poitou, Berri, and soon the councillors granted the Maid's insistent demand that she be set to work. She had swept the king up to Reims and even as far as Paris against their will; but when their pleasure ground was threatened, they had been glad enough for her to try her

hand at Orléans ; and now, although her prestige had been dimmed in that futile summer campaign capped by the rebuff at Paris, they decided to use her again in clearing out some troublesome neighbors on the upper Loire, over against Bourges.

Here, on the confines of Burgundian territory, were several fortified towns held by typical soldiers of fortune, nominally Anglo-Burgundian. The strong town of La Charité had been taken ten years before by the ablest of these men, Perrinet Gressart, who had begun life as a mason ; but war was the best paying trade in those days, and when Philip of Burgundy would have laid any restraint upon him, he threatened to sell out to the enemy, and made a fine living out of this rich district of the upper Loire. Early in his career, he had dared seize La Trémouille as he was proceeding to the Burgundian court for some profitable negotiation ; and the rich favorite was allowed to leave La Charité only at the price of a month's captivity and a ransom of fourteen thousand *écus d'or*. He, no doubt, had bided his time to open the book of this old account with Gressart. The little town of St. Pierre le Moustier, which stood on a bluff overlooking the river meadows some thirty-five miles upstream from La Charité, was held by a Spanish free lance, who had married a niece of Gressart ; and its garrison descended from their stronghold to rob and pillage far and wide in Berri and Bourbonnais.

By the end of October, a sufficient force was gathered at Bourges under the command of d'Albret and the Maid, and it was decided to smoke out the nest at St. Pierre le Moustier before marching on Gressart's headquarters at La Charité. After the town had been pounded with artillery for several days, an assault was ordered, and the men rushed to the walls, but were thrown back. D'Aulon, who had been wounded in the heel, was watching the assault, and as the storming party was repulsed, he saw the Maid left almost alone near the walls. Throwing down his crutches and leaping into the saddle, he galloped up to her, crying out :

"What are you doing here alone? Why don't you retreat with the others?"

"I am not alone," she replied, as she raised the visor of her helmet. "Fifty thousand of my people are about me. Nor will I go until the town is mine."

Jean d'Aulon looked about for her multitude.

"But whatever she might say," reported the worthy squire, "she had with her not more than four or five men. This I know for certain, as do others who saw her."

Again he besought her to withdraw; but she only bade him look after screens and faggots for the trenches.

"To the faggots and hurdles, everyone," her voice rang out over the retreat. "Bridge the moat."

Back came her men to the assault, and the town was taken with but little resistance.

"That and all her deeds seem to me more divine and miraculous than otherwise," comments d'Aulon. "Was it possible for so young a maid to do such things without the will and guidance of our Lord?" "And thus he deposes," goes the record, "without love, favor, hate or suborning, but for the truth, and as he knew it to be in the Maid."

The soldiers would have pillaged even the churches of their sacred vessels and the treasure hidden there ; but Jeanne stoutly forbade them, and nothing was stolen.

Then the Maid and d'Albret proceeded to Moulins, an important town farther up the river in Bourbonnais, whence they sent letters to the loyal cities asking for money and supplies ; as usual the king and his council had permitted work to be done for which they had no intention of paying the bills.

At this time, St. Colette, head of the Franciscan Order of the Clarisses, was at Moulins ; and Jeanne must have heard of her in the old times at Domremy, for she had travelled up and down the country from one convent to another, now in Champagne, now in Picardy or Touraine, righting abuses, enforcing discipline, and many fine miracles were attributed to her. One morning, it was said, the bells of her convent rang out three hours ahead of time ; and fearing

the townsmen might think she was signalling the enemy, she at once willed all the clocks and the sun itself to keep time with her bells, and Corbie that day beat the world by three hours. The quaint flowers of legend are determined by the roots that nourish them, and no doubt St. Colette was a masterful lady. No such miracles were told of Jeanne. She came from God for the saving of France and the relief of the poor; her presence was a blessing; she had divine power to make men good and to destroy the enemies of the kingdom: all this men believed of her, and took heart for the daily adventure of living.

Several times this autumn Jeanne had met a mystic of another stripe than good St. Colette, one Catherine de la Rochelle, who was much more to the mind of the royal council than the Maid. Her familiar spirit was a white lady draped in cloth-of-gold, who counselled Catherine to get from the king heralds and trumpets to bid the people bring out their gold and silver and concealed treasure; if they held anything back, she would know and discover it. She also wished to visit the Duke of Burgundy to make peace.

Jeanne made short shrift of this visionary.

"I will pay your men-at-arms with the treasure I get," Catherine told her.

"You might better return to your husband, look after your home, and bring up your children," returned the Maid.

Jeanne asked her if the vision of the white lady came to her every night, and when Catherine answered that it did, proposed to share her bed that she, too, might see the lady in cloth-of-gold.

Jeanne watched till midnight; then sleep got the better of her curiosity.

"Did the white lady come?" she asked in the morning.

"Yes, Jeanne, while you slept, and I could not rouse you."

"Will she come tonight?"

"Yes."

Then Jeanne prepared for her vigil by sleeping during the day; but the hours passed, and no white lady appeared.

"Will she never come?" asked Jeanne from time to time, her healthy young body crying out for sleep.

"Yes, soon, in a moment," said Catherine.

Jeanne watched faithfully, but saw nothing. Then she consulted St. Catherine and St. Margaret, to make sure she did Madame Catherine no wrong; and they told her this mission was no more than folly. Meantime Brother Richard had attached himself to the new prodigy, and wished to set her to work; but Jeanne nipped his plan in the bud by telling the king that the woman's claim was foolish; whereupon Catherine and the friar were "ill content."

When Jeanne wished to be off for La Charité, Catherine advised against it.

“It is too cold,” she said. “I shall not go”; and added that she meant to go to the Duke of Burgundy to make peace,—that threadbare device of the royal council.

“It seems to me that peace will be found only at the point of the lance,” answered the Maid, who knew well the worth of that lying truce.

The Maid’s mission had roused emulation in other foolish folk, and one La Pierronne from Brittany was affirming that God often appeared to her in a white robe with a crimson *huque*. A year later she and Catherine were brought before a tribunal in Paris, when La Pierronne declared that “lady Jeanne, who fought with the Armagnacs was good, and that what she had done was well done and according to God;” while Catherine, with her trick of pleasing the presiding power, accused the Maid of being a ward of the devil. Catherine was let go; La Pierronne, protesting the truth of her visions, was burned at the stake.

About the middle of November, the army, with what men and supplies d’Albret and the Maid had been able to muster, settled down before La Charité. Boussac had joined them with his company, and Orléans had responded to their appeal by sending money, gunners, artillery, and warm clothing;

but the army was ill equipped for this winter siege. Riom had promised money which it never sent ; and when they made an urgent appeal to the citizens of Bourges : help they must have, or the siege must be abandoned, "which would be a very great misfortune to their city and all the country of Berri," Bourges voted thirteen hundred *écus d'or* for the troops, which, also, was never received. The besiegers vigorously pummelled the town with what artillery they had ; but wily Perrinet Gressart and his stronghold were not to be taken by hungry, discontented men, whose leaders appealed in vain for necessary support ; and "because the king made no arrangements to send provisions or money for her men, the Maid, in great displeasure, raised the siege and departed." So writes Perceval de Cagny. Jeanne said her Voices had never counselled the siege ; she had always wanted to go into France, but the captains said it was better to go first to La Charité. A month had been wasted in artillery play, an assault had resulted only in loss of men, — Jean the Lorrainer, who had come down from Orléans with his famous culverin, was wounded in good earnest this time ; and the troops, hungry, cold, disheartened, unpaid, left some of their artillery for Gressart to capture, and disbanded.

This was the sorry end of Jeanne's fighting in 1429. Yet what extraordinary deeds had she not ac-

complished, in spite of disbelief and opposition, since she had set out for Vaucouleurs hardly a year before? "She did things incredible to those who had not seen them, and it may be ventured would have done them again if the king and his council had been well conducted and maintained toward her," was the judgment of Perceval de Cagny.

The Maid joined Charles at his beautiful château at Méhun-sur-Yèvre, where many years after he was to starve to death for fear of being poisoned by his son, Louis XI; and on the twenty-ninth of December he decorated her with an empty honor which she cared for not at all. In the presence of La Trémouille, Le Maçon, and other courtiers, a patent of nobility, sealed with a great seal of green wax upon ribbons of red and green, the Orléans colors, was conferred upon "our dear and beloved Jeanne d'Ay (so the Lorraine accent softened d'Arc) in recognition not only of her merit but of the divine grace, . . . in consideration of the praiseworthy and useful services she has rendered to the realm and which she may still render, . . . and to the end that the divine glory and the memory of such favors may endure and increase to all time." She and all her family, father, mother, brothers, and their descendants in male and female line to the farthest generation, were ennobled. Charles was a "well-languaged prince;" yet for his fair words, Jeanne would have chosen a

stout company of men to lead into France. No coat-of-arms is mentioned in the patent; but the king granted to her brothers arms of a shield azure with a sword supporting a crown and golden fleur-de-lis on either side. The Maid used neither the grant of nobility nor the blazon, nor did she ask the device for her brothers. She was Jeanne, or Jeanne the Maid; but the family ever after bore the name of du Lys. Her two brothers always fought faithfully by her side, and they, at least, were not averse to receiving the benefits earned by her glory. In later years, Jean had Robert de Baudricourt's berth at Vaucouleurs; and Pierre du Lys was given the Ile aux Bœufs at Orléans, where he lived with his wife, supported by the duke and his town, which also granted a pension to Isabeau, who lived there for fifteen years. At some time, just when is not certain, Jeanne took a house at Orléans next a shop in the Rue des Petits-Souliers, where the English cannonball had surprised a dinner party, whose escape was held as "a miracle done by our Lord at the request of Monseigneur St. Aignan, patron of Orléans." Perhaps the Maid hoped to live among her "good people" when fighting days were done, or, it may be, she took the house for the convenience of her family.

Little is known of Jeanne during this winter of 1430. Now when fighting should have been under way, the idle frivolity of the court must have fretted

her beyond measure. She had plumbed the depth of such grace as it had to give; and one can picture her scorn of the new-fangled game of playing-cards, of rebeck-twanging and love-making, of madrigals, and mincing dance. In spite of her gayety and her woman's love of beautiful belongings, her austere young spirit never bent to foolishness, and the courtiers must have found her an accusing presence bidding them remember that France, out there beyond the circle of their pleasure, waited to be saved.

The truce with Burgundy was prorogued until the middle of March and then until Easter, which fell a month later; but no preparation was made for the renewal of war in case peace should fail, although the captains who had been left in the north were making themselves troublesome in the country about Paris, and La Hire had swept up to within twenty miles of Rouen and captured the town of Louviers. What money there was went to fill the coffers of La Trémouille.

On January 19, Jeanne was at Orléans, and the burghers made a fine feast for her and her host of Poitiers, Jean Rabateau, and two other gentlemen, at an expense of something over six livres which they laid out on six capons, nine partridges, thirteen hares and a pheasant. They also presented their guests with fifty-two pints of wine, and to a brother of the Maid they gave, more practically, a doublet. At

about this time, also, Jeanne made her demand on Tours for one hundred *écus d'or* to be given Hamish Power for his daughter's dowry ; for in all these adventurous or disheartening months she had not lost sight of her little friend Héliote, whose father had painted her great white standard. The burghers of Tours, assembled in solemn conclave, opined that town funds could not be used for such purpose ; yet, "for love and honor of the said Maid," certain dignitaries should attend the marriage ceremony, and wheat bread and four measures of wine be given for the feast.

By the middle of March, the Maid had returned to the court, which was visiting La Trémouille at Sully. Here she received letters from Reims, where a plot to betray the town to England had been traced to a canon of the cathedral and the fugitive Pierre Cauchon, Count-Bishop of Beauvais. Cauchon had been a canon of Reims, and Beauvais was in the jurisdiction of its archbishop ; but, preëminently, he was the useful servant of the strongly Anglo-Burgundian University of Paris.

"Know that if I can help it, you shall not be assailed," wrote Jeanne to the fearful burghers of Reims. "If I do not meet the English before they come to you, close your gates, for I will be with you shortly ; and I will make them buckle on their spurs in such a hurry that they will not be able to use

them. . . . I could tell you other news, . . . but I fear the letter may be taken on the road."

Her news may have been that Charles was promising to take the field in person, or that a great anti-English conspiracy was on foot in Paris, where suffering had bred active discontent. The plot was discovered about March 21, and eight ringleaders executed. But the activity of the French captains in the towns about Paris was choking the life out of the capital ; and while provisions went up by leaps and bounds, not a man dared venture beyond the walls for fresh supplies, for the Ile de France was ravaged equally by French and Burgundians.

Bedford was in Normandy, and Philip was engaged in celebrating his third marriage, whereby he had offended Bedford whose sister, Philip's second wife, was but a few months dead. The Burgundian court passed the winter jousting and feasting at Bruges, where seventeen nations had their established trades. For eight days and nights, wine had flowed in streams, a stone lion spouted Rhenish, a stag gave out Beaume, a unicorn rosewater and Malvoisie. The town was aglitter with the wealth of the world, the streets spread with soft Flemish carpets, joust and merrymaking were graced with the beauty of Flemish women, of whom Jane of Navarre had said: "I see none here but queens." To honor his nuptials, Philip had founded the great Order of the Golden Fleece,

which, men whispered, took its name from the fair locks of Madame d'Or, and is still in the gift of the royal houses of Austria and Spain.

Reims wrote again to the Maid, begging her to deny stories of disloyalty to the king. "The king knows well the contrary," she answered, "and that you have much to suffer from these traitorous Burgundians. But, please God, you shall be delivered shortly, that is to say, the very soonest that may be. . . . Guard well your good city for the king. You shall soon hear my good news more plainly. . . . All Brittany is French, and the duke will send the king three thousand men paid for two months." But, again, Brittany did not send his men.

On March 23, a letter signed with Jeanne's name was sent to the Hussites, against whom Cardinal Beaufort had planned his crusade. It was probably the work of Jean Pasquerel, and shows neither the Maid's phraseology nor spirit. Threats of punishment for their heresy are made: "perhaps I will leave the English and turn against you," which would have been impossible to Jeanne, both the word and the deed.

Certainly Bedford and Burgundy had never contemplated peace; on the contrary, there was a carefully worked-out plan for the spring campaign. An army, victualled in Normandy and Picardy, should take the towns near Paris lost that summer, and the

city be relieved and well garrisoned ; La Charité and Burgundian towns of the upper Loire should be used as a base for an expedition northward upon Orléans ; to the west, forces should be thrown into frontier towns to crowd the enemy on that side ; to the north, Laon and Soissons must be taken to clear the road to Reims, while that town, and Beauvais, Sens, and Melun were considered too strong for direct attack. The reduction of Compiègne, which he could neither borrow nor buy, Philip reserved for himself ; and of all this elaborate programme, only the siege of Compiègne was carried out. Preparations were hastened for bringing over from England little Henry VI for his crowning at Reims ; and on April 23, in fact, he disembarked at Calais. But Philip, as did Jeanne, believed that Paris, "the heart of the mystic body of the kingdom," should be secure before other war was made. He feared that the siege of Reims might be a long affair. The price of his coöperation with England was the province of Champagne and twelve thousand crowns to boot, which Bedford was forced to pay him.

In all this time Charles and his councillors were exhibiting their serene reliance upon the faith of Burgundy by doing nothing for their own salvation. "To the Kings of France marvellous signs and miracles are shown by God, as in the *Sainte Ampoule* and the oriflamme, the *Fleurs de Lys* and the *Maid*,"

recites the *Jardins des Nobles*; but Charles was ever inappreciative of the sum of his blessings. And the Maid, "who was ill content," observed Perceval de Cagny, "with the methods of the king and his council for the recovery of the realm," determined that she, at least, would be near Paris when the truce should end.

XX

COMPIÈGNE

LATE in March or in early April, the Maid left Sully with her little military household. Cagny says that she went secretly, without taking leave of the king; but we know that she had a war chest of some twelve thousand crowns, which the king had given her, "no great sum for waging war," she commented; and it may be that the court, estimating that a low price to be rid of such a thorn in the foot of idle pleasure as she must have been throughout the winter, gladly packed off her and her men for the uncertain fortunes of the war. She set out for Lagny, which "was making good war on the English in Paris and elsewhere." There is no record of her road, except for a tradition that she passed through the Forest of Fontainebleau; but as she took some two weeks in the going, it is more probable that she followed the longer route by way of the friendly towns of Montargis, Sens, Bray, which the army had taken from Paris.

Montargis was a town after her own heart, so loyal that its castle, "*Le Berceau des Enfans de France*" it was called, was used as a royal nursery; its citizens

had the right to wear a crowned M embroidered on their coats ; and the town itself, relieved of all taxes save the gabelle upon salt, was called Montargis-le-Franc, Montargis the Free. In the castle, a great fresco told the story of the famous Dog of Montargis. At Paris, in the presence of Charles VI, he had identified his master's murderer in the midst of a crowd, had led the way to a spot in the Forest of Bondy where the corpse was buried, and had fought the murderer until he confessed.

On her way northward, Jeanne must have heard of the disaffection of Melun, which England had captured in 1420 after a siege of four months, and had locked up Barbazon, its brave captain, at Louvier, where he had been recently liberated by La Hire. In the autumn of 1429, Bedford had ceded the town to Burgundy ; but about April 21, the burghers rose, turned out captain and garrison, and declared their allegiance to France. Just what part Jeanne played here we are not told ; but she was at Melun during Easter week, and she was never an onlooker when work was doing. She must have taken heart from this opening of her campaign in France ; and yet it was now that her Voices warned her of the approaching term of her precious "year and little more." One day, as she stood on the ramparts of Melun, came the shock of that clear revelation.

"Thou wilt be taken before the Feast of St. John,"

she was told, "and so it must be. Do not be confounded, but accept it with resignation. God will aid thee."

Many times and nearly every day, St. Catherine and St. Margaret repeated their message, always adding the unfailing assurance, "God will aid thee ;" and the Maid kept their warning to herself, only trusting less to her own plans, and consulting more often with the captains. All undismayed, she had no thought of turning from her "sacred charge," but steadfast to the end, she meant to fight where she could and while she could in obedience to the Will that had always governed her. At rare moments in the past, when her spirit was dulled by discouragement wrought by thwarting politicians and the incredible weakness of her king, Jeanne had listened to men's counsel as another girl might, and had made mistakes as before Paris ; but after that day on the ramparts of Melun, she consulted her men because she knew that her day was nearly done and that soon they must stand alone ; moreover, St. Catherine and St. Margaret were directing her not at all, only heartening her to bear her inevitable doom. Yet although she submitted unquestioningly to the fate decreed, her free spirit sickened at the thought of captivity, and she prayed that when she should be taken, she might die without distress of long imprisonment.

"Be resigned to all," the answer came. "So it must be."

"Had I known the hour," she said afterwards, with her direct simplicity, which could accept the inevitable but courted no unnecessary martyrdom, "I would not have gone out that day. I had sought many times to learn the time of my capture from my Voices, but they told me not."

Now with capture certain, she kept serenely on her way, and Melun secure for France, set out for Lagny, which had made its submission when Charles was at St. Denis. Foucault, a lieutenant of Ambroise de Loré, commanded the town ; and Baretta, a Lombard soldier of fortune, with his company of thirty-two men-at-arms, forty-three crossbowmen, and twenty archers, was there, and also Kennedy, a Scotch captain. News had come to Lagny that a band of three or four hundred Anglo-Burgundians, commanded by one Franquet d'Arras, who had once served under Perrinet Gressart, was burning and pillaging a path across the Ile de France ; and the forces at Lagny, with some neighboring garrisons, marched out to intercept them. They came up with the freebooters when they were laden with the spoils of a recently sacked village and church, and were laying siege to a castle. Franquet wheeled and formed his men in good order, archers in front with their palisade of pikes, and the first attack of the loyalists was repulsed ; but he was

hemmed in between the hostile castle in the rear and an active enemy which returned again and again to the attack ; and after a bloody fight, where many were killed and wounded on both sides, he and the men who remained to him surrendered. By the common usage of the time, he should have been held for ransom, but the Maid wished to exchange him for one of the conspirators who had been imprisoned after the discovery of the Armagnac plot in Paris. This man, innkeeper at the Bear, had, however, died in his prison, and the French claimed Franquet to be tried as a murderer, thief and traitor, by the civil law. Jeanne gave up her right to him, saying to the Bailly of Senlis, who sat as judge in the case :

“As my man is dead, do with the other what you should do, for justice.”

The trial lasted fifteen days, and Franquet, having confessed himself guilty of the charges, was put to death. Just why the man was not held for ransom is not known. It would have been hard to pick from the soldiers of fortune on either side one who had not been guilty of murder and theft, and they all changed sides often enough to merit the name of traitor ; but for some reason, the people of Lagny had a spasm of virtue or revenge, and Franquet d'Arras paid the just penalty of his crimes. The Maid's enemies charged her with being guilty of his death, and an Englishman wrote that she cut off his head with

her own hand because he would not kneel to her. But she herself said simply, as one who would not arrogate the judging of any man:

“I consented that he should die if he merited it.”

Up to this time, she had used the sword of St. Catherine of Fierbois, but now she took one of the Burgundian swords, “a good sword to give good buffets and good blows,” she said carelessly. What became of the sword of Fierbois, she never told. Perhaps she hung it as a votive offering in the old church of St. Pierre at Lagny, lest, when she should be captured, it fall into English hands as had her armor.

While she was at Lagny, a child who was believed to have died at birth, unbaptized, had been taken to the church and laid at the feet of the Virgin, and young girls of the town gathered about the inanimate little form to pray that life might be restored to it. The Maid was asked to come and pray with them. “At last,” says Jeanne, “it seemed to live and gasped three times, and then it was baptized and died at once and was buried in holy ground. The child had showed no signs of life for three days, it was said, and was as black as my coat; but when he gasped, his color began to come back.” And this story, also, became ammunition for her enemies.

“At her coming,” wrote Cagny, “there was a great cry and commotion at Paris and other places;” while other and more friendly folk were not unmindful of

her. The record is preserved of a certain priest of Angers, who, on April 18, had such a bad headache that he thought "rather to die of such pain than ever to get well." At four in the morning, however, he bethought him of blessed St. Catherine, to whom it was his custom to appeal when in trouble; nor did she now forsake him, for the pain soon vanished; and in a few days, when he made grateful pilgrimage to her shrine at Fierbois, he said a mass for the king and for the Maid, "honored of God," and for the prosperity and peace of the kingdom.

On April 22, Charles was still deluding himself with the *ignis fatuus* of peace, although the next day Henry and a large army were to land at Calais. Ten months before, the Maid had informed Reims that she was "ill content with these truces;" but it was not until May that Charles came to his senses, and announced the surprising discovery that Burgundy "has never had, and now has not, any intention of coming to terms of peace, but always has favored and does favor our enemies." The Maid and Reims and Compiègne had seen the truth plainly enough, — Reims which feared treachery within her walls and without, and Compiègne which had flatly refused to be hostage for such foolish truce. And that winter Burgundy had tried to buy Compiègne from her captain, Guillaume de Flavy, at the price of a thousand crowns and the hand of a rich heiress; but for re-

sponse Flavy had said simply that the city was not his, but the king's. By their purblind vanity, and also, no doubt, by reason of Burgundian gold in the pockets of La Trémouille, the royal council wasted five good years. By another such "strooke" at Paris as had been dealt at Orléans, they could have dictated their own terms to Philip, and the Treaty of Arras would have been signed in 1430 instead of 1435.

From Lagny, Jeanne rode on to Senlis, and with her was a company of about one thousand horse, among them Baretta and his men, whom she probably paid from the war chest given her by the king. The people of Senlis, burgherwise, pleaded poverty for not receiving the troops, but allowed thirty or forty of the chiefs to enter their gates ; and on May 13, the Maid and her little army went on to Compiègne, where she was lodged in a house in the Rue de l'Étoile. Next day the burghers, who had done no more for the chancellor and Vendôme, presented her with four measures of wine.

Compiègne was the objective of Philip's spring campaign. That once in his hands, all the Ile de France would be open to him, but that he must have to keep open his line of communication with Picardy and Flanders ; and toward the end of the truce, he had been concentrating his forces at Montdidier, thirty miles to the northwest. Compiègne had a position

not unlike that of Orléans, except that it was on the south instead of the north side of a river. Behind it, to the south, was the great forest of Compiègne, at its feet was the river Oise, and its bridge was protected by a fortification corresponding to the Tourelles and an outpost or boulevard. Beyond the river, to the north, marshy meadows stretched to the low hills of Picardy ; and from the bridgehead a causeway crossed the meadows to the village of Margny, nestling under the bluffs of the hills. Compiègne was near the confluence of the Oise, the Aisne, and the Aronde rivers. On the north bank of the Oise, to the northeast of Compiègne, the town of Pont l'Évêque and its bridge were held by a strong English garrison ; on the north bank of the Aisne, directly east of the city, Choisy and its bridge were held by the French, and twenty miles farther upstream was Soissons, also French. Fifteen miles to the westward, on the south bank of the Oise, was Pont Ste. Maxence, which had been given to Philip as hostage instead of Compiègne ; and northwest, on the Aronde, was Gurnay. This little town Philip summoned to surrender, and its captain made the best terms he could : he would give over the place on August 1, unless relieved, and meantime keep strict neutrality. Philip's object was to hold all the bridges near Compiègne, in order to safeguard his line of communication ; and on May 8 he had crossed

the Oise at Pont l'Évêque, and camped near Choisy, on the north bank of the Aisne.

Now the French at Compiègne began to bestir themselves. Regnault de Chartres, Vendôme, and Poton de Saintrailles, who had been jousting in the tournaments at Arras, were there, and on May 13 the Maid arrived. It was decided to cut Philip off from his base of supplies by marching directly against Pont l'Évêque ; and on May 16, the Maid, Poton, three other captains and about two thousand men, crossed the Oise, and riding up the river at dawn, fell upon the garrison. Taken by surprise, the English were getting the worst of the fight, when men from Noyon, two miles to the north, came to their rescue, and the French, attacked in the rear, were obliged to withdraw. On this same day, Choisy surrendered to Philip, and its captain, a brother of Flavy, with his garrison and his gun, retired to Compiègne.

The French made a second attempt to reach the Burgundians, this time from the east, and their whole force rode up the south bank of the Oise to Soissons, which was held for France by a Picard captain, Guichard Bournel, appointed to the post by Clermont. He refused to let the army enter on the usual plea that the soldiers could not be fed, and then promptly sold the town to Burgundy for four thousand crowns. Jeanne was accused by her enemies of swearing when she heard of his treachery, and of

saying that if she had Bournel, he should be cut in quarters.

“I have never blasphemed any of the saints,” was her answer to the accusation. “Those who say so have misunderstood.” But Guichard Bournel had richly earned the punishment which the custom of the day meted out to such as he.

At Soissons, the army melted away, as the country could not support it; and here Jeanne parted forever from her false friend, Regnault de Chartres, who, however, had not said his last of her. Most of the leaders returned to Senlis; Jeanne and her little company went to Crépy.

Philip razed the castle at Choisy, and then crossing the Oise, occupied four villages opposite Compiègne, and settled down in earnest for the siege. Margny, the village at the end of the meadow causeway, was held by Picards; Venette, two miles to the west, was held by the English under Montgomery, who had commanded at Pont l’Évêque; Jean de Luxembourg, Comte de Ligny, with the Burgundians and Flemings, held Clairoix, two miles from Margny at the confluence of the Aronde and Oise; and Philip himself was at Coudun, just beyond the Aronde and four miles north of Compiègne, where he could command the line of communication with his Low Countries.

The Maid heard that the siege was begun and was eager to be at the front. She was told that she had

but few men to pass through the hosts of the enemy; but such warning no more withheld her now than it had on the road to Chinon.

“By my staff, we are enough,” she cried. “I will go to see my good friends of Compiègne.”

And today, in front of the Hôtel de Ville at Compiègne, there stands a fine bronze statue of the Maid, with the inscription:

“Je yray voir mes bons amys de Compiengne.
1430-1880.”

Compiègne, like Orléans, does not forget.

She left Crépy, with two hundred men, at midnight, and by quick riding through the forest paths, entered Compiègne at dawn, May 23. There is only legend to tell us of her day in the city. Nearly seventy years later, two old men said that they were at mass in the Church of St. Jacques on that morning, and the Maid was there, and many other people of the city, and more than a hundred little children. In the early days of her triumph, Jeanne had bidden Pasquerel remind her of the day when the children of the poor received the Sacrament, that she might receive it with them; and now surrounded for the last time by loving hearts, she knelt before the altar. Her good friends and the children, rapt in wonder of the glorious Maid who had been poor as they, pressed about her as she leaned against a pillar of the church,

and turning to them, she said: "My children and dear friends, I tell you that I am sold and betrayed and will soon be delivered over to death. I beg you to pray God for me; for nevermore shall I have power to serve the king or the realm of France."

Yet Jeanne has said that had she known the hour of her capture, she would not have gone out that day, and that she never told anyone that she had foreknowledge of her doom; but the legend holds its tender truth of the love that was borne her, and of her winning gentleness. We can picture her standing that morning in the shadow of the great pillar, and looking back at the altar of the Crucified One. "Take all things well, for thus it must be," whispered her Voice. "God will aid thee," and turning to the faithful hearts around her, she would have said:

"My children and dear friends, pray for me."

About five o'clock that evening, the Maid and her household, with Poton le Bourguignon, a brother of d'Aulon, and four or five hundred men, rode out of the town with the idea of surprising the small camp at Margny at an hour when the men should be unprepared for attack. To secure their retreat, Guillaume de Flavy set his bowmen and artillery on the walls, and ranged below a number of small boats filled with archers. The event fell in with their expectation; the Picards had laid aside their armor, and taken by surprise, were scattered through the village. But

Jean de Luxembourg and eight or ten other gentlemen had started from Clairoix in the cool of the evening to visit their friends at Margny, and drew rein on the cliff above the town to discuss the defences of Compiègne, when below them rose a great hubbub of clashing steel and cries of triumph and dismay; and as they looked over the bluff, one figure, the Maid herself, in steel and scarlet and cloth-of-gold, loomed above the scrimmage on her big gray horse. In a flash they had wheeled and made for Clairoix, were back again with their Flemings and Burgundians, and were attacking the French on the right flank. Twice the Maid drove them back to the end of the causeway, but her men began to waver and make for the boulevard of the bridgehead and the boats.

“Make for the city,” they shouted, “or you and we are lost!”

But when had she heeded such words?

“Be silent,” she cried. “Only stand, and they will be discomfited. Think only of striking upon them.”

And a third time she rallied her men, and the enemy were beaten back to the middle of the causeway. But the English had come up from Venette and fell upon their rear; the retreat became a rout; English, French, Picards, were in a struggling mass on the causeway, and Flavy’s archers on the ramparts could not tell friend from foe. The fleeing men streamed

into the boulevard, and last of all came the Maid, covering the rout, disputing every inch of the way, "doing deeds beyond the nature of woman ; there, as fortune granted it, for the end of her glory and for the last time, as never again should she bear arms." Her men had fled, and Flavy ordered the drawbridge raised and the gate closed against the oncoming tide of English and Burgundians. The Maid and her faithful bodyguard — her brothers, d'Aulon and his brother, a few more — had been forced from the causeway and into the marshy meadows ; but Compiègne lay beyond the river, and on this side was only the boulevard with its moat and the raised drawbridge. She was separated from her people and surrounded. "Give yourself up to me," "Give me your faith," they cried, one seizing her bridle, another her wrists, while a Picard archer dragged her from the saddle by her scarlet *huque*.

"I have given my faith to another than you," her voice rang out, "and that oath will I keep."

Her "year and little more" were ended.

XXI

CAPTIVITY

J EAN D'AULON and his brother Poton, Pierre du Lys, and a few others, were taken with the Maid. She was claimed as prisoner by the Bastard of Wandonne, whose archer had dragged her from the saddle; but she fell to his superior in command, Jean de Luxembourg, who was himself in the pay of England. The soldiers, "as joyous as if they had taken five hundred prisoners, for they had feared her more than all the French captains put together," led her back to Margny, where only an hour before, she had been making havoc among the unarmed Picards. Duke Philip and his people came up from Coudun, and among them was the soldier-chronicler, Monstrelet, who wrote that Philip exchanged with the Maid a few words, which he did not "well remember." A convenient lapse, no doubt, for the Maid's greeting to this great traitor whom she had tried to win back to France would not have been a soft one, and it is not unlikely that the noble duke forgot his chivalry.

At nightfall Philip returned to Coudun, and spent the evening writing a letter of pious rejoicing to his

city of St. Quentin. "By the pleasure of our Blessed Creator, such grace has come to pass that she whom they called the Maid has been taken, . . . whereby will be seen the error and foolish belief of all those who have been inclined and favorable to the deeds of this woman." He also sent heralds with the news to the Duke of Brittany, to the Duke of Savoy, who had been arbiter of those truces with Charles, and to the town of Gand.

At the same time, Jean de Luxembourg despatched a letter to his brother Louis, Bishop of Thérouenne and chancellor of France for Henry, whom Bedford had left in command at Paris. Bedford himself was at Rouen. But the bishop, waiting for no orders from England, laid the matter at once before the University of Paris, and on May 26, the University posted off a letter to Philip demanding that he send forthwith "this Jeanne, violently suspected of many crimes touching heresy, to appear before the Council of the Holy Inquisition aided by the good doctors and masters of the University of Paris and other councillors." A second letter followed hard on the heels of the first: "We fear much that by the falseness and seduction of the Enemy of Hell, and by the malice and subtlety of evil persons who, it is said, are taking great pains to deliver this said woman by exquisite ways, she will be put out of our jurisdiction in some manner. . . . For such great damage to holy faith,

such enormous peril and loss for the whole state of the kingdom have not happened in the memory of man as would happen if she escaped by such accursed ways without due reparation."

In this letter, and one of like tenor sent to Jean de Luxembourg, Pierre Cauchon, Count-Bishop of Beauvais, is commended as the agent empowered by the University to negotiate the Maid's transfer. He, it will be remembered, had fled from Beauvais in the preceding summer, when the town had made its submission to Charles, and his hatred of Armagnac plunderers had deepened since they had lost him his profitable see; in especial hatred did he hold that "lyme of the Feende called the Maid," who had stirred up trouble when all was going well for those who loved Burgundy and England. From Beauvais he had gone to London, where he had persuaded the Privy Council to recommend him for the vacant archbishopric of Rouen; and he had returned with loyalty to his patrons fresh kindled to a consuming flame for any obstacle that should block their path or his own. He was now between fifty and sixty years old, a man of tireless energy and furtive mind, with an obstinacy and pride which misfortune had imbued with venom. In 1403, he had been rector of the fiercely Anglo-Burgundian University of Paris; he was now conservator of its privileges, and, a suppliant for English favor, no tool more apt for the vengeance of

England and Burgundy could have been devised by fate.

On July 14, he appeared at the camp before Compiègne, duly commissioned by Bedford, also, to negotiate for the Maid; for when the English heard of her capture, they were eager to have her at any price. "And although the capture of that woman is not like that of a king or prince or other person of great estate, whom the king would be entitled to have from any vassal for the price of ten thousand crowns, according to the custom of France, yet our lord the king offers that sum," was Cauchon's message to Jean de Luxembourg. Some English hot-heads were for having her sewn up in a sack and thrown into the river, as later they served the wretched shepherd whom Regnault de Chartres would have set in her place; but cooler judgment saw the advantage for old England in having her duly tried and burned as a heretic and sorceress by an ecclesiastical court. At this time, no doubt, most Englishmen believed that she was a witch, for no man of those days could think that she accomplished her deeds save by supernatural aid, which, to her enemies, must seem to come from the devil. In such condemnation, Charles of Valois should be dishonored with her whom the world credited with the glory of his victories and his crowning, and through her shameful death a fatal blow be dealt his prestige and his consecration turned to sacrilege. So

they meant to buy her at any price, and lend her to be tried as a sorceress ; then, if the church failed to burn her as a witch, she was still their property to be disposed of at will.

The Luxembourg blood had flowed in the veins of kings and emperors, but Jean de Luxembourg sprung from a younger branch of this proud house and eked out his poor appanage in service with England and Burgundy. He saw no reason why he should not sell his valuable captive to the only bidder ; for in all these weeks it is the incredible truth that no effort whatsoever had been made by Charles or his council or any loyal Frenchman to rescue or ransom the Maid. When the University of Paris wrote of those who were at pains to release her, they feared probability and not fact ; no trouble had been taken, or was ever taken, to redeem the girl who, friend and foe agreed, had saved the day for France. Her old comrades at arms, d'Alençon, La Hire, Poton de Saintailles, Dunois, were too widely scattered up and down the country from Normandy to Champagne for any echo of that old battle cry, "*Amys ! amys ! ayez bon courage ! sus ! sus !*" to rally them for the rescue of her who was the greatest soldier of them all. And even to their eyes, perhaps, her glory had dimmed in that year of wasted hope since Reims. As for the king, with the easy oblivion of one who is both vain and weak, he chose to forget the hand that

would have made a man of him ; and in any case, no royal gold could have escaped La Trémouille's net for the purchase of a girl whose day of usefulness to him was past.

But it remained for Regnault de Chartres to mark the sum of their infamy. In a letter to Reims, which had been so loyal and friendly to the Maid, he told of her capture. "She would not take counsel, but did everything according to her own will," he wrote ; and in the same breath he announces that there had lately come to the king a young shepherd, "who said neither more nor less than Jeanne the Maid." Then he lets his own mean spirit speak through the boy, who said : "God had suffered her to be taken because she was puffed up with pride and had worn fine clothes, and had not done what God bade her, but had followed her own will." This wretched boy, riding sidewise like a girl, was actually allowed to go with the army ; but when the English caught him a year later, no one valued him at a groat, and without talk or ceremony he was sewn up in a sack and flung into the Seine.

Perhaps for very shame French chivalry has held its peace about the Maid's captivity, and but one friendly voice speaks to us from that past. The Archbishop of Embrun, who had given his testimony for her after Orléans, wrote the king such words as might have lashed even that craven spirit to action :

"I beg you for the recovery of this girl and for the ransom of her life, spare neither effort nor gold, no matter at what price, unless you would incur the indelible shame of a most disgraceful ingratitude." And so he sets forth the world's judgment of Charles of Valois.

But the common people, the good townsmen, were loyal to their Maid. We know Orléans never forgot, and unwaveringly celebrated the Fête of the Eighth of May. At Tours the council ordered public prayers for her deliverance, and all the clergy, walking barefoot, made a great procession. Her judges were to give her comforting hint of those prayers for succor when they asked her if people had ever offered masses and prayers for her ; she replied that she knew nothing of it, nor if they did so was it by her order. "Yet," she said, "if they prayed for me, my opinion is they did not do ill." And a prayer, which was offered in the churches of far-off Dauphiny, has come down to us :

"Almighty and Everlasting God, Who of Thine unspeakable mercy and marvellous goodness hast caused a virgin to arise for the uplifting and preservation of France and for the confusion of its enemies, and hast permitted her by their hands to be cast into prison, as she labored to obey Thy holy commandments ; Grant unto us, we beseech Thee, through the intercession of the ever Blessed Virgin and all the Saints, that she may be delivered from

their power unhurt, and finally may accomplish the same work which Thou hast commanded her. Give ear, Almighty God, to the prayers of Thy people, and through the Sacrament of which we have partaken, and by the intercession of the ever Blessed Virgin and all the Saints, break in pieces the fetters of the Maid, who labored to perform the work which Thou hadst appointed her, and now by our enemies is held in prison. Grant that she by Thy goodness and mercy may go forth to finish unhurt that which remains for her to accomplish, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

From Margny, Jeanne had been hurried to the camp at Clairoix; thence, for greater safety, some twenty miles northward to the Luxembourg castle at Beaulieu, of which the Bastard of Wandonne was captain. She was treated honorably as an important prisoner of war, and Jean d'Aulon was allowed to accompany her and wait upon her. Jean de Luxembourg needed money, but he did not snap too eagerly at the golden bait dangled before his eyes by Cauchon. Ten thousand crowns were not quickly come by, and until he had the cash, he meant to keep his prize. Meantime, he may have reflected, the Armagnacs might offer a larger ransom; but Charles of Valois never offered a sou for the girl who had made him king.

At Beaulieu news came to the prisoners that things

were going ill at Compiègne, and their guards, no doubt, made out a dark tale of the besieged town.

"That poor town of Compiègne which you have loved so much," said d'Aulon one day, "will now be given up to the enemies of France." Whereupon the Maid broke out into accurate prophecy of future events, as she not infrequently did, to the manifest disconcerting of her enemies, in the months that followed.

"It shall not be," she cried, "for all the places which the King of Heaven has restored to the gentle King Charles by my aid will never be retaken by his enemies, if he be diligent to guard them."

Here she struck the old note again: "God will work, if men will work."

And men did work at Compiègne. Flavy and the brave townsmen held out until late October, when Vendôme and Boussac came to their aid, the Burgundians were routed, and abandoned their artillery and supplies. Many of the neighboring towns returned to the king's allegiance, and by the stubborn loyalty and courage of Compiègne, the key of northern France, Burgundy's whole carefully constructed campaign for 1430 was quashed.

Yet in spite of that confident prophecy to d'Aulon, the fate of the town hung heavy on the Maid's spirit, and she watched every chance to elude her jailers that she might again "go to her good friends of

Compiègne." "Never was I prisoner in such a place that I would not willingly have escaped," she said in a later month; and at Beaulieu one day she locked her guards in a tower and was about to slip out into the wooded country, when the porter saw and stopped her. "It did not please God that I should escape this time," she said.

But Jean de Luxembourg could no longer trust the walls of Beaulieu, and after a few weeks there, he took the Maid northward again to his castle of Beau-revoir, beyond St. Quentin in the plain of Picardy, where his wife and stepdaughter and aunt were living. Twelve years before he had married the widow of Robert de Bar, an overlord of Domremy, who had been slain at Agincourt. She and her daughter must have been more French than Burgundian at heart, and one can imagine them having many a talk with this girl from their old home in the benignant country of the Vosges, who had been making the whole world ring with her exploits, and had struck the first blow to wipe out the shame of Agincourt and Verneuil. Jean de Luxembourg's aunt, Comtesse de Pol et Ligny, Demoiselle de Luxembourg she was called, was now old and sick and had elected Jean to be her heir; and she too, like all women, was won by the Maid, and more than once begged her nephew not to sell the girl to her certain doom. These good women tried to make Jeanne give up her man's dress, which

she had worn since she rode out of Vaucouleurs, eighteen months before ; but although she had taken it for greater ease in travelling and fighting, and for the protection it gave since she must be with men, she had come to look upon it as a symbol of her mission which was to be worn until her work was done.

“It is not yet time,” she told the ladies of Beaurevoir, when they offered her woman’s dress or cloth for the making. “I have not leave from our Lord.”

One day two men from Tournai chanced to come to Beaurevoir, and visited Jeanne in her prison. They had witnessed her triumph at Reims, where they had represented their town at the coronation in answer to her letter to the “gentle, loyal Frenchmen of Tournai,” who so well maintained “the good quarrel of the realm of France,” that Charles granted them the royal blazon for the city’s arms. Through her visitors, Jeanne made an appeal to Tournai for twenty or thirty crowns, which perhaps she hoped to use in some scheme of escape, and a few months later the townsmen sent her the gold. She often had another visitor of a different cast, one Haimond de Macy, a young squire of the Luxembourg retinue then living at Beaurevoir, who amused himself by talking with the Maid and even attempting some rough familiarity. But she took his jests in ill part, and promptly repelled his rudeness. “She was indeed of modest bear-

ing, both in word and deed," reflected Haimond many years later, and he piously added: "I believe her to be in paradise."

Always the Maid was chafing to be gone where good blows should be struck for France; although she had known her time was to be short, her sane strong youth could not easily accept the decree that its day of usefulness was done. By this time, also, she must have known of Jean de Luxembourg's bargaining with England, and perhaps it was one of Haimond de Macy's jests to tell her that when Compiègne was taken all beyond the age of seven years were to be put to the sword.

"I would rather die than live after the destruction of such good people," she said; and then, with a thought to Pierre Cauchon and his blood money, she added: "Also would I rather die than be in the hands of my enemies of England."

She had parted from Jean d'Aulon at Beaulieu, no word had come to her of help or succor from the old friends or the old life, she knew she was sold to England, and day after day she brooded on her escape. The castle was surrounded by high walls and a moat, and she was lodged in a great tower overlooking the flat dim northern country which was so different from the hills and bright valley of the Meuse.

"How can God leave these good people of Compiègne, who have been and are so loyal to their lord,

to die?" they heard her say as she paced her tower. Freedom seemed to be waiting for her down there sixty feet below, and the thought came to her again and again to throw herself down the sheer height; she might live and escape by secret forest paths to Compiègne. Her Voices plainly forbade the venture, and almost every day she heard St. Catherine say:

"Do not leap. God will help you and those at Compiègne."

"Since God will help those at Compiègne, I wish to be there," she pleaded; and perhaps with a pang the thought came again that her "year and little more" were over. Could it be that she had saved France, and yet France needed her no more?

"Be resigned," whispered the Voice. "Do not falter. You will not be delivered before seeing the King of England."

"In truth, I do not wish to see him," the girl protested. "I would rather die than fall into English hands," and again came the temptation to dare her desperate chance of escape.

"In the end," she said, "for fear of the English, I leaped, and commended myself to God and our Lady."

She was picked up for dead, and for several days she could neither drink nor eat.

Probably the Luxembourg ladies visited her, and reproached her with wishing to kill herself.

“I would rather give up my soul to God than be in the hands of the English,” she answered; yet, in fact, she had hoped only for escape and to avoid being given over to her enemies. She knew that in disobeying her Voices, she had committed a sin; but each day St. Catherine consoled her, bidding her confess her fault and ask God’s pardon.

“They of Compiègne will have help before St. Martin’s Day,” the Voice told her, as, indeed, the event proved.

“Then,” said she, having made her peace with God and renewed her hope, “I recovered and began to eat.”

XXII

ROUEN

PIERRE CAUCHON had been travelling back and forth, to Duke Philip and Jean de Luxembourg, to the camps at Compiègne, to Beau-revoir, to Normandy, to Flanders ; and England's fee of seven hundred and sixty-five livres he richly earned. The Maid's price was settled, finally, at ten thousand pounds in gold, and not a bond for the amount according to Cauchon's first offer ; while an annuity satisfied the Bastard of Wandonne's claim upon the prisoner. But England meant to take the money out of French pockets ; and in August the Estates of Normandy were convoked to raise a war chest of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, of which ten thousand were to be converted to the "payment of the price of Jeanne the Maid, said to be a sorceress, a person of war, leading the hosts of the dauphin." There was no doubt in English minds that she had captained the king's armies. Normandy was at some trouble to raise the levy ; but in late October or November Jean de Luxembourg received his ten thousand pounds, and although Jeanne was named a "person of war," she was sold and bought

to be burned as a witch for the justification of England and the shaming of France. The old Demoiselle de Luxembourg had pleaded in vain : her nephew preferred gold to sentiment, and he sold his prisoner to the only bidder, who valued her at a royal ransom.

In late October, probably, Jeanne was taken to Arras, where Philip held his court, and let us hope that she heard that Compiègne had been relieved on the twenty-fourth, three good weeks before the Martinmas set by her Voices as the limit of the siege. At Arras, Sire Jean de Pressy, the duke's chamberlain, who had been present at her capture, tried to induce her to take woman's clothes, and had the usual answer, "It is not yet time." Here, also, she saw the only picture of herself she had ever seen, nor had she ever caused one to be made, she said. It was in the hands of a Scotch archer, and represented her in full armor, kneeling and presenting a letter to the king. Neither now nor later did she give up her hope of escape, and when her judges asked whether she had files at Beaurevoir and Arras, she only said, "If they were found on me, I have no need to answer." Perhaps they were smuggled in with the gold pieces from Tournai, which somehow were put into her hands at Arras.

Now the English had bought and paid for her, she was taken to their strong old fortress at Crotoy, looking out over the gray waters of the Channel, where

her "fair duke," d'Alençon, had been imprisoned after Verneuil; and when they had her there, according to the chronicle, they "rejoiced as greatly as if they had received all the wealth of Lombardy."

On the way, she and her escort passed one night at the Castle of Drugy, near the town and splendid old Abbey of St. Riquier, and two monks from the abbey and some of the principal townsmen of St. Riquier visited her, "and all had compassion to see her persecuted, being very innocent." They must also have passed near Crécy, where England won the first great battle of the Hundred Years' War; and perhaps, also, they had halted at Rue, in whose old Chapelle du St. Esprit was the miraculous Crucifix which was said to have floated in from Jerusalem on the first Sunday of August, 1109. Four miles farther, by a white winding road, is Crotoy, standing at the broad estuary of the Somme. The castle was a mournful place in late November, with the sea lapping its walls and autumn winds swirling about battlement and turret; and here, in gray days which matched the melancholy year, the Maid had time to gather strength for the last terrible conflict of her life. She often received consolation from her Voices, and St. Michael, who had summoned her to her "sacred charge" in the garden at Domremy, visited her, and then came no more.

At Crotoy, the English treated her honorably, like

any prisoner of war, — she was not yet in Pierre Cauchon's hands, — and here she knew human kindness and love for the last time. Nicolas de Queuville, chancellor of the church of Amiens, was her fellow prisoner in the castle, and he often heard her in confession and gave her the Sacrament. Later he had "many good things to say of this virtuous and very pure young girl." There is a pretty story, also, of a visit from some ladies of quality of Abbeville, who came down the river in a boat, "to see her as a marvel of their sex and as a generous soul inspired by God for the well-being of France. They congratulated her on having had the good fortune to have been so constant and so resigned to the will of our Lord, wishing her all kinds of favors from heaven. The Maid thanked them cordially for their kind visit, commanding herself to their prayers, and kissing them affectionately, as she said: *A Dieu*. These worthy people shed tears of tenderness as they took leave of her, and returned in company by boat on the river Somme, as they had come, for it is five leagues from Abbeville to Crotoy."

Down near the wharves of Crotoy there stands a bronze statue of the Maid in peasant dress, gazing out across the river, and in the inscription are the words: "To this daughter of the people, who, full of faith in the destinies of France when all despaired, delivered our country. . . . Let us remember always, Frenchmen, that our country was born from the heart .

of a woman, from her tenderness and her tears, from the blood she shed for us."

The University of Paris was becoming impatient for its prey. Six months had passed since it had demanded the sorceress for trial, and now a sharp rebuke was sent to Cauchon: "Perchance if your Grace had shown keener diligence in this matter, the cause of the said woman would already have been brought before the ecclesiastical court," and he was asked to arrange for her trial at Paris. The same day a letter was posted off to Henry, reminding him of his duty to put down heresy, and beseeching him to hand over the woman called the Maid to the Bishop of Beauvais and the Inquisitor General for her due trial and punishment, signed "Your very humble and devoted daughter, the University of Paris." The University wronged its agent; no bloodhound of them all was as eager on the Maid's track as Pierre Cauchon,—the delay had been none of his making. Jean de Luxembourg would not give up his prisoner until he saw the color of that Norman gold; and then the English had hesitated about the best course to pursue, for they had no notion of sending the Maid to Paris to risk her capture in the unquiet Ile de France, nor did they wish to take her to England. All her enemies were agreed that the Maid should be tried as a sorceress and heretic, and with pomp and precision sufficient to impress the world which had held her as

the messenger of God sent to save France; and a happy compromise for University and England seemed to be a trial held in Normandy by the zealous Pierre Cauchon and an officer of the Holy Inquisition sent from Paris to sit with him as co-judge. Rouen, the great capital of Normandy, where Bedford had his headquarters, was the natural point of choice for the trial: here the prisoner could be safely held by English guards, and if by any chance she should escape her French judges, there was still the sack and the river, and England could have the worth of that ten thousand pounds.

Early in December the Maid was taken from Crotoy, and for the last time rode in the open, with a good horse under her and men-at-arms, even if enemies, about her. At floodtide they would have crossed to St. Valery on the hill beyond the Somme, and followed the bleak shore road for sixteen miles to Eu, on the little river Bresle, which marks the bound of Normandy. From Eu, the old Roman road zigzags to Dieppe, by the village of Criel,—where, perhaps, Jeanne had a chance to say a prayer in the old church while men drank and horses fed,—then out through the fields and back to the sea, and down to the port. Thence the road lay due south through gentle Norman orchard and meadow, and there the patient flood of the Seine walked among its wooded islands, and then Rouen and its spires,—Rouen, and

nevermore free foot on the highway, free glance to heaven.

The cavalcade stopped at the ancient Castle of Philip Augustus close to the northern wall, where Warwick was commander and Bedford held his court, and little Henry of England was to be received before Christmas Day ; but Jeanne was to know nothing of regent's court or royal guest, and was immediately locked in a cell eight steps up from the postern gate of a great tower that looked toward the fields, where air and light struggled feebly through a narrow slit in the twelve-foot wall. For the first time, the girl was heavily fettered ; even at night her ankles were ironed and fastened to a chain which passed under her bed and was locked to a heavy beam at the foot ; and the English ordered a great iron cage or *huche* for their prisoner, where she could be held chained by neck, hands and feet. No one admits having seen her in this cage, but it stood there a continual menace of misery which her jailers probably were not slow to use in their pleasantries. For greatest infamy of all, the Maid, whose exquisite modesty had been remarked and reverenced by the roughest of French soldiery, and whose purity had slain evil before it could be born to thought, was watched day and night by five varlets from the lowest class of common soldiers. John Gray and William Talbot, of Warwick's household, were captains of

the guard ; three of the men never left her cell, two stood at the door without. Whether the cage was used or not, she was never unchained except to appear in court, where she was not summoned until mid-February ; and for two months the girl, fettered, lay in her cell, tended only by her boorish guards. If she was to be tried by the church, she should have been placed in an ecclesiastical prison, where women would have guarded her ; but the English preferred to watch their prize, and the only point for either party was that she should burn as a witch, self-confessed, perhaps, if unendurable imprisonment might break her spirit. Yet the doors of heaven, which had answered to her touch since the summer noon at Domremy, were open still ; and daily and many times a day she saw St. Catherine and St. Margaret, who whispered their words of comfort and counsel.

“But sometimes I fail to understand,” said Jeanne, “because of the great disturbance in the prison and the noise made by my guards.”

Without doubt Cauchon had visited her, and then, and many times later, she begged that she might hear mass ; but then and later, “by the advice of notable doctors,” he refused the Sacraments of the church, because of the “crimes of which the said woman was accused and the impropriety of the dress which she persists in wearing.”

And the Duchess of Bedford, with some of her

women, once came to the cell, and thereafter testified that Jeanne was an honest woman and should be treated as such by her guards ; and later when the Maid complained to her judges of the violence of her keepers, Warwick threatened them mightily and appointed others in their place. But those were not quiet days in the company of John Gray's men.

People, inquisitive or malicious, came to look at the Armagnac Witch in her cell. One Pierre Cusquel, who was employed by Johnson, master mason of the castle, had access to the tower and saw her in chains, and he saw the great *huche* where it was said she was to be caged. Lawrence Guesdon, burgher and deputy bailly, was so anxious to see her that he, too, went to the castle ; and Pierre Darron, deputy, also moved by curiosity, with Pierre Manuel, advocate of the King of England, visited her.

“ You would not have come here if you had not been brought,” said Manuel in sorry jest as he looked about him. “ Did you know, before you were captured, that you would be taken ? ”

“ I feared it.”

“ Why, then, did you not guard yourself that day ? ”

“ I knew neither the day nor the hour,” replied the Maid.

And once Jean de Luxembourg had the face to visit her in the prison to which he had sold her. His brother Louis, Bishop of Thérouenne, and the Eng-

lish Earls of Stafford and Warwick came with him, and Haimond de Macy, also, was of the company.

“Jeanne, I have come to ransom you, if you will promise never again to bear arms against us,” was the easy greeting of the Sire de Luxembourg.

“In God’s name, you mock me, for I know you have neither the will nor the power,” answered the girl as she sat there in her chains; and his pleasantry fell flat, although he weakly proffered it again. Then the tables were turned, and the Maid spoke out with all her old free spirit: “I know well that these English will do me to death, thinking when I am dead to gain the kingdom of France; but if they were a hundred thousand Godons more than they are now, they shall not have the kingdom.”

Whereupon Lord Stafford was so goaded to rage that he half drew his dagger to slay her, but Warwick stayed his hand. And the Maid faced him down as steadily as ever she had wolf of the *Bois Chesnu*.

XXIII

THE PUBLIC HEARINGS

PIERRE CAUCHON did not get his court into full working order until January 9, and it was more than a month later when the Maid was summoned to appear. To gather material for a preliminary indictment, he had cast his dragnet wide for any information he might color to his purpose. At Domremy his commissioners were too honest for their work ; and Cauchon had called one officer a traitor for his pains and said he had not done as he had been told, nor was he, Cauchon, the man to pay for information that could be of no use to him. Whereupon the man told broadcast that he had learned nothing that he would not willingly know of his own sister, although he had made inquiries in five or six parishes. Yet stories of the fairies' tree, and the mandrake, and the Little People, and the magic properties of the Fountain of the Thornbush were skilfully woven into the fabric of the trial.

Cauchon claimed jurisdiction in the case by argument that the prisoner had been taken in his see of Beauvais, although the better opinion seems to have been that his diocese ended with the bridgehead at

Compiègne; and he had to obtain canonical permission to hold his court at Rouen. Backed as he was by Bedford, whom they had recently made a canon, the cathedral chapter dared refuse him nothing, although they had little love for the outsider who was angling for their archbishopric, and had been so zealous in collecting the English levy of thirty thousand pounds upon Norman clergy that an appeal had been made to the Pope.

On January 3, King Henry, "having been so requested by the Bishop of Beauvais and our dear and well-beloved daughter, the University of Paris," had commanded the guard to conduct their prisoner to the bishop. "It is our intention, however," the letter rehearsed, "to retake into our custody the aforesaid Jeanne, in case she should not be convicted of the aforesaid crimes." But meanwhile England gave Cauchon a free hand for his trial. It was her policy to have the Maid convicted by French churchmen, and it is only at the weakening of any tissue that one sees the whole fabric backed by English strength. It is noteworthy that no Englishman appeared in the trial. Henry and his retinue were at the castle for six weeks, and might have been at Windsor for any mention that is made of them, although Jeanne, no doubt, at some time "saw the King of England," as her Voices had promised; Bedford is alluded to but once; Warwick and Stafford appear as we have seen,

Warwick using his office as commander chiefly to play the bully; only Cardinal Beaufort, the churchman, plays any part in the drama, and then as the curtain falls.

On Tuesday, January 9, Cauchon opened his court in the royal council chamber of the castle: two abbots, a prior, the cathedral treasurer and four canons were present. Jean d'Estivet, a canon of Beauvais, who had been driven out with his bishop and was a tool worthy of his master's hand, was made promoter or prosecuting attorney of the case. Jean de La Fontaine was appointed bishop's commissary, a kind of vice-president of the court; but later he was threatened by Cauchon for trying to advise the prisoner, and fled the city. Guillaume Manchon, of the cathedral chapter, was made clerk. "It is necessary to serve the king well," Cauchon told him. "We mean to bring a fine case against this Jeanne." That Manchon was weak enough to serve the court, and yet honest enough to insist that his records should be clean, is our lasting gain. He sinned occasionally in omission; but what he wrote was borne out by fact, and most often he painstakingly transcribed the very words spoken by the Maid. Manchon made Guillaume Boisguillaume his assistant, and Jean Massieu was appointed sergeant or usher of the court; both these men were priests of Rouen. Cauchon offered to the court as evidence of his authority his

own letters and those of the University and the king, and the licence of the cathedral chapter giving him permission to act. At a second sitting, on January 13, in his own house, he appointed a committee to draw up articles upon which to base his trial, and these must be eked out from the meagre reports from the valley of the Meuse, and whatever legend or hearsay he had been able to glean in France.

But this was to be no ordinary trial ; and the Holy Inquisition must have its part in this case of heresy and witchcraft. The Inquisitor General was trying a man at St. Lô, and Cauchon summoned his vicar for Rouen, the prior, Jean le Maître, to be co-judge. But Le Maître excused himself on the ground that the case belonged to the jurisdiction of Beauvais ; as a matter of conscience he, being sub-inquisitor of Rouen, preferred not to "meddle in the matter without due authority." Messire Jean le Maître did not fancy this particular witchcraft trial ; but Cauchon saw to it that his scruples were overborne by a direct command from the Holy Office at Paris, and on March 13, he took his place on the bench. The other doctors of law and theology, whose learning gave weight to the trial, appeared as assessors, sometimes zealous, often reluctant, usually timid, whose advice and votes Cauchon, as judge, might, and frequently did, override. But Maître Nicolas de Houppeville of the Diocese of Rouen was honored by imprisonment for

speaking his mind. In the preliminary consultation, he said he did not see how they could proceed, for those opposed to the prisoner were acting as judges, and she had already been examined by the clergy of Poitiers under the Archbishop of Reims, who was the metropolitan of the Bishop of Beauvais. When Cauchon brought him to book, he retorted that he was not his subject nor in his jurisdiction but that of Rouen, and so left him. But when he presented himself to sit in the trial, Cauchon had him thrown into the castle prison, whence he would have been exiled to England but for powerful friends ; and Cauchon himself perhaps recognized the unwisdom of further antagonizing, at this stage of the game, the already lukewarm majority of the Rouen clergy. Nicolas de Houppeville had stated the case with clearness : the church, which had clean acquitted her at Poitiers, seemed now to try her again for the same offence ; but the University of Paris and Cauchon cared not a whit if by some great pretence of law, they could please their English masters and burn their witch.

The first public hearing was held on February 21, in the royal chapel of the castle ; forty-two assessors were present, Pierre Cauchon presided alone. Jeanne, who still had faith in her faithless friends, had asked in vain that some of her judges might be taken from the French party. After nine months of captivity

and two months of imprisonment cunningly calculated to break her strength of body and mind, "this woman" accused of many crimes appeared before her judges. They saw a slender girl just turned nineteen, her short dark hair intensifying the prison pallor of her small face, and, a crime in itself to their eyes, dressed in a page's suit of black. Calm, cool, ready to turn subtle question with the skill of a lawyer, or disarm venom with the touching simplicity of a child, she faced the men who meant, she knew, to do her to death. On the Counsel that had never failed she based her strength, and never did her Brothers of Paradise serve her so well as in this last great battle of her life.

Required to take an oath to answer truly, she said : "I do not know upon what you wish to question me ; perhaps you will ask me about things which I ought not to tell you." And again : "Of my father and my mother and of what I did after taking the road to France, willingly will I swear ; but of the revelations which have come to me from God, to no one will I speak save to Charles my king. To you I will not reveal them, though you cut off my head, because I have received them in visions and by secret counsel and am forbidden." Then, on reflection that she might consult her Voices, she added : "Before eight days are gone, I shall know if I may reveal them to you." And, finally, she agreed to speak the

truth in matters of the faith, keeping silence in regard to her revelations. Kneeling, with her two hands on the missal, she took the oath.

The next day, she was again required to take the oath.

"I swore yesterday; that should be enough for you. You burden me overmuch. If you were well informed, you would wish to have me out of your hands. I have done nothing save by revelation."

Again, on February 24, she turned on Cauchon :

"I tell you, take good heed of what you say, you who are my judge. You take great responsibility in thus charging me." And she added, "I should say that it is enough that I have sworn twice."

"Will you swear, simply and absolutely ?"

"You may surely do without this. All the clergy of Rouen and Paris cannot condemn me, if it be not law," and she looked around at the ranks of her priestly judges, many of whom were already wishing themselves out of a sorcery trial such as had never been seen.

Again they required her to swear.

"I will say willingly what I know, and yet not all. I am come in God's name. I have nothing to do here. Let me be sent back to God whence I came."

"A last time we require you to swear," persisted her judge. "You expose yourself to great peril by such refusal."

"I am ready to speak truth on what I know touching the trial." And so she took the oath, nor could they ever make her take it in any other form.

She told them the simple story of Domremy and Greux. "From my mother I learned my *Pater*, my *Ave Maria*, and my *Credo*." Then, conscientiously, "I believe I learned all this from my mother."

Cauchon, bethinking himself that a witch could say the Lord's Prayer only backwards, applied this test of the Inquisition.

"Repeat your *Pater*."

"Hear me in confession, and I will say it willingly," was the adroit and touching answer, whereby she appealed to her judge to become her spiritual confidant.

Cauchon ignored the reply, and forbade her to leave the prison without permission on pain of the crime of heresy.

"I do not accept such prohibition," said the girl. "If ever I do escape, no one shall reproach me with having broken my faith, not having given my word to anyone, whosoever it may be." Then she complained of her fetters, and they reminded her that she had before sought to escape and must be secured.

"It is true I wished to escape, and so I wish still. Is not this lawful for all prisoners?"

There was such confusion at the first session in the royal chapel, that on February 22 the court sat

in the small ornament room at the end of the castle hall, and two Englishmen guarded the door. Maître Jean Beaupère, a former rector of the University, took up the examination. She told them more of Domremy.

“I learned to spin and sew ; in sewing and spinning I fear no woman in Rouen.”

Her judges were to have new light on that “lyme of the Feende” who had routed the armies of England.

She told them, also, of the coming of her Voices, and the journey to Vaucouleurs and Chinon. “It was necessary for me to change my woman’s garments for a man’s dress. My Counsel thereon said well.” And again, of her Voices : “There is not a day when I do not hear this Voice, and I have much need of it. But never have I asked of it any recompense but the salvation of my soul.”

When she had spoken of St. Denis and the assault on Paris, came a critical question, by which they meant to trap her into an admission of impiety.

“Was it a festival that day ?”

“I think it was certainly a festival.”

“Is it a good thing to make an assault on a festival ?”

“*Passez outre,*” “Pass on,” her usual response when she would give no direct answer to a difficult and unfair question, and often the assessors near her said : “Jeanne, you say well.”

On the twenty-fourth, Beaupère was again the examiner.

“How long is it since you have had food or drink?”

“Since yesterday afternoon.” She was keeping her Lenten fast with the most rigorous of churchmen.

The questions went back to her Voices.

“Yesterday I heard them three times, in the morning, at vespers, and when the *Ave Maria* rang. In the morning I was asleep, the Voice woke me.”

“Did you thank it? Did you go on your knees?” Beaupère forgot that she was chained in her bed.

“I did thank it. I was sitting on the bed. I joined my hands. I implored its help. I asked advice as to how I should answer, begging it to entreat for this the counsel of our Lord. The Voice said to me: ‘Answer boldly. God will help thee.’” Then turning to Cauchon, she cried: “You say you are my judge. Take care what you are doing, for in truth I am sent by God, and you place yourself in great danger.” Like the captains at Orléans and Jargeau, he had his warning. “You say you are my judge. I do not know if you are, but take heed not to judge wrongly, because you would put yourself in great danger; and I warn you of it, so that if our Lord should punish you, I shall have done my duty in telling you.”

They pressed her about the “king’s secret,” and she said that in fifteen days she might have permission to say something of her revelation to the king.

“Today I will not answer. I do not know if I ought or not.”

Then came her splendid avowal of faith : “But as firmly as I believe in the Christian faith and that God hath redeemed us from the pains of hell, that Voice hath come to me from God and by His command.”

When asked if the Voice came directly from God or from an angel or one of the saints, she answered :

“The Voice comes to me from God, and I do not tell you all I know about it. I have far greater fear of doing wrong by displeasing it than I have of answering you.”

“Is it displeasing to God to speak the truth ?”

“My Voices have entrusted to me certain things to tell to the king, not to you. This very night they told me many things for the welfare of my king which I would he might know at once, even though I drank no wine until Easter,— the king would be the more joyful at his dinner !”

No thought of her was making the craven Charles less joyful at his dinner in his pleasure houses of the Loire.

“Has your Counsel revealed to you that you will escape from prison ?”

“I have nothing to tell you about that.”

“This Voice from whom you have counsel, has it face and eyes ?”

She had said she might tell them more in eight days.

“ You shall not know yet. There is a saying among children that sometimes one is hanged for telling the truth,” and she asked that the points which she did not now answer might be given her in writing. And at a later time she asked also, as a good lawyer might have done, that in case she were taken to Paris, she might have a copy of the Rouen testimony for reference.

Beaupère then caught up a previous allusion.

“ Do you know if you are in the grace of God?”

“ That is not a suitable question for such a girl,” interrupted Maître Jean Lefèvre.

“ It will be better for you if you hold your peace,” remarked Pierre Cauchon, and Maître Jean was silent.

“ If I am not, may God place me there; if I am, may God so keep me. I should be the saddest in all the world, if I knew that I were not in the grace of God.” And then she continued in a kind of lovely reverie: “ But if I were in a state of sin, do you think the Voice would come to me? I would that everyone could hear the Voice as I hear it. I think I was about thirteen when it came to me for the first time.”

“ Would you like to have a woman’s dress?” they asked her.

“ Give me one, and I will take it and be gone. Otherwise, no. I am content with what I have, since it is God’s pleasure that I wear it.”

On Tuesday, the twenty-seventh, Beaupère's first question was for her health since Saturday.

"You can see for yourself how I am," Jeanne answered. "I am as well as I can be."

The girl's magnificent endurance was being stretched to the utmost. She had been both peasant and warrior, and was inured to hardship of climate or action; but the suffering of ignominy and deferred hope were ills she was least fitted to bear, and with every instinct of healthy young life thwarted and the reticence of her woman's modesty continually outraged, it is no wonder that her strength was beginning to bend. Yet she met her judges day after day with unflagging courage and wit, and Maître Jean Sauvage, who was one of the assessors, said he had never seen a woman of such years give so much trouble to her examiners.

The judges tried to confuse her, swinging quickly from point to point, flooding her with questions, interrupting one another.

"Fair sirs, one after another," chided the girl, in her gentle courtesy; and in entire dependence upon her Voices, she found calmness and wisdom.

"I take counsel with my Voices about what you ask me," she told them again and again. "If I answered without leave, I should no longer have my Voices as warrant. When I have permission from our Saviour, I shall not fear to respond."

Strange words these for a sorceress and heretic. As Massieu had led her from prison to courtroom, they passed the castle chapel, with the Host on its altar, and Jeanne begged leave to "kneel and adore her Lord." D'Estivet, who outran his master in venomous zeal, saw this and attacked Massieu for his leniency.

"Traitor! how dare you let that excommunicate approach without permission! I will have you put in a tower where you shall see neither sun nor moon for a month, if you go on in this way," and he stood in the chapel doorway, to cheat her of her moment of prayer. Yet, as she passed, she would ask in her sweet voice :

"Is not the Body of our Lord in that chapel?" as if to draw comfort from that sure knowledge.

Beauvais had found a tool especially fitted for his use in one Nicolas Loiselleur, a canon of Rouen, who in the guise of a fellowcountryman from Lorraine visited Jeanne in her cell, and by sympathy and kind words drew from her information on which questions for the following day were often based. As he could, he also advised her for her hurt, but Jeanne looked elsewhere for her counsel. At the first hearings, he had stationed two English clerks behind a curtain to take down a garbled form of the testimony, and when the notes of the morning session were read over that afternoon at the bishop's lodgings in the presence of

the assessors, their minutes clashed with those of Manchon and Boisguillaume, who, however, stuck to their version and were found to be correct when a disputed point was referred to the prisoner. These men, also, to their lasting credit, had flatly refused to hide in a room, with a so-called "Judas-ear," adjoining Jeanne's cell, to take notes for Cauchon of her conversations with Loiselleur, who, from first to last, was a traitor and a spy, a worthy friend of my Lord of Beauvais.

Among these renegade churchmen were a few who bear a clean record. One Jean Lohier, "a grave Norman clerk," had come to Rouen, and the scheme of the trial was laid before him for his opinion, which was, flatly, that it was of no value, and for four reasons: it had not the form of an ordinary process; it was carried on in a place where those concerned were not at liberty to say their full will; the matter dealt with the honor of the King of France, yet neither he nor a representative had been summoned; and no articles had been drawn for a guide to the prisoner, "a simple girl, answering the masters and doctors on great matters." Next day Lohier said to Manchon:

"You see the way they are proceeding. They will take her, if they can, in her words—as in assertion where she says, 'I know for certain' regarding her apparitions. If she said, 'I think,' it is my opinion that no man could condemn her. It seems they act

rather from hate than otherwise, and for that reason I will not stay here, for I have no desire to be in it."

"This Lohier wants to put fine questions into our process," said Cauchon to his confederates. "He would find fault with everything and say it is of no value. It is clear enough on which foot he limps. By St. John! we will do nothing in the matter, but will go on as we have begun." Yet he invited Lohier to remain for the trial; but the clerk, with a thought to Nicolas de Houppeville, deemed it wise to leave the city, and died dean of appeals at Rome.

When the eight days had expired, Jeanne told her judges of St. Michael and St. Catherine and St. Margaret. "I saw them with my bodily eyes as well as I see you. I believe it was they as firmly as I believe there is a God. If you do not believe me, go to Poitiers." She often referred to the "Book of Poitiers," but if there had ever been a record of her testimony, no doubt Regnault de Chartres took care that it should be destroyed. Of the persons of her saints she would say little, and to foolish questions she gave fitting answer.

"Does St. Margaret speak English?"

"Why should she speak English when she is not on the English side?"

"What promise have they made you?" brought forth the disconcerting statement: "They told me my king would be reestablished in his kingdom,

whether his enemies willed it or no." She added: "They told me, also, that they would lead me to paradise. I begged it of them, indeed."

"Had you another promise from them?" they asked, seeking to learn of possible escape.

"In three months you shall know the other promise," and in three months she was burned.

"Do you think it is well to take a man's dress?"

"All that I have done by the order of our Lord, I think has been well done. I look for good surety and good hope in it."

She would say nothing of her sign to the king, but gave them the story of the sword of Fierbois, and ended: "I cared very much for this sword, because it had been found in the church of St. Catherine, whom I love so much."

"Have you sometimes prayed that it might be more fortunate?"

"It is good to know that I wished my armor might have good fortune."

At the next sitting she was asked suddenly:

"What have you to say of our Lord the Pope? and whom do you believe to be the true Pope?"

"Are there two?" was the adroit return.

Then they read aloud the Comte d'Armagnac's letter about the Popes and her reply. For herself, she now said frankly: "I believe in our lord the Pope who is at Rome."

“Are you in the habit of putting the names *Jesus*, *Maria*, with a cross, at the top of your letters?”

“On some I put it, on others not. Sometimes I put a cross as a sign for those of my party to whom I wrote that they should not do as the letter said.”

Her letter to the English at Orléans she acknowledged save a few words, which probably had been interpolated by her clerk, and again she broke out into disquieting prophecy :

“Before seven years are passed, the English will lose a greater gage than Orléans, and they will have in France a greater loss than they have ever had, and that by a great victory which God will send the French. They will lose everything in France.” She said that she knew this by revelation, and that it would happen within seven years. In 1436, Charles entered Paris, “a dearer gage than Orléans ;” and in 1439, England lost Normandy,—as to Normandy, she erred by one year. “I am sore vexed that it should be delayed so long,” she added. “I wish it might happen before St. John’s Day.”

“Did you not say it would happen before St. Martin’s Day?”

“I said that before Martinmas the English might perhaps be overthrown,” as, indeed, had befallen in their rout before Compiègne.

Again she flung her defiance in the face of the court.

"Do you want me to tell you what concerns the King of France? . . . I know well that my king will regain the kingdom of France. I know it as well as I know that you are before me, seated in judgment. I should die if this revelation did not comfort me every day."

"Have you ever been in a place where the English were overcome?" asked Maître Jean Beaupère.

"*En nom Dieu*, surely," she cried. "How mildly you put it! Have not many fled from France, and gone back to their own country?"

Whereupon a great English lord who was present, exclaimed: "Truly this is a brave woman! Would she were English!" and but confirmed the opinion of Maître Thomas Marie, who had said: "I can well believe that if the English had had such a woman, they would have honored her much and not treated her in this manner." But her crime had been that she dared shame the pride of England.

"Have you any rings?" asked the examiner, and turning quickly to Cauchon, she said:

"You have one of mine; give it back to me. The Burgundians have another. I pray you if you have my ring, show it to me. My father and mother gave me the one which the Burgundians have. My brother gave me the other,—the one you have. I charge you, give it to the church," and she denied having cured anyone with her rings.

When they turned again to her saints and her soul's estate, she said of St. Michael :

"It was a great joy to see him. It seemed when I saw him that I was not in mortal sin. St. Catherine and St. Margaret were pleased from time to time to receive my confession, each in turn. If I am in mortal sin, it is without my knowing it."

"When you confessed, did you think you were in mortal sin?"

"I do not know if I am in mortal sin, and I do not believe I have done its works ; and if it please God I will never so be. Nor, please God, have I ever done, or ever will do, deeds which burden my soul."

"Do you think you would have done wrong or committed mortal sin by taking woman's dress?"

"I did better to obey and serve my sovereign Lord, Who is God."

"Have you sometimes said that the pennons which were like yours would be fortunate?"

"I sometimes said to my followers : 'Go in boldly among the English !' and I myself did likewise." There was all the secret of her magic.

"When you were before Jargeau, what did you bear at the back of your helmet? Was it not something round?" Evidently there had been some story of a halo.

"By my faith ! there was nothing," settled that matter.

They charged her with taking the Bishop of Senlis's hackney, with permitting people to believe that her prayers had restored the child at Lagny, and with allowing them to worship herself, and with committing sacrilege in attacking Paris on a holy day ; they also hinted at witch's spells about the fairies' tree and incantations to invoke her saints ; but no fog of misrepresentation could withstand the clear rays of her lucid truth.

“Did those of your party firmly believe that you were sent by God ?”

“I do not know if they believed it, and I refer to their own feeling in the matter,” was the grave answer. “But even though they do not believe it, yet am I sent by God.”

“Do you not think they have a good belief, if they believe this ?”

“If they believe that I am sent from God, they will not be deceived,” was the reply.

And with direct, frank answers concerning many events in her stirring years, ending with the story of her leap from the tower of Beaurevoir, the six public examinations in the ornament room of the castle closed on the third of March.

XXIV

THE PRIVATE HEARINGS

MATTERS had not been going well for the “*beau procès*” of Messire Pierre Cauchon. His prisoner had freely avowed her dependence upon superhuman counsel; but her testimony and bearing had gone far to show that it was more likely to be from God than from the devil. In her two weeks’ examination, the girl’s courage and courtesy, her “wise simplicity” and quick wit had been doing their work, and there was danger that she might win the judges of Rouen as she had won those of Poitiers. It must be remembered again that the Maid was a great person, that her presence made its immediate impression in village or court, on the battle-field, before a tribunal whether of friends or foes; and the power of that compelling personality, unimpaired by fetters and contumely, was a force that Pierre Cauchon must now take into account. He wisely determined to adopt a plan whereby he could regulate the size of his court at will, and retain its show of authority without the inconvenience of hostile criticism. To that end he appointed a committee to abstract from the testimony any points that might

call for further hearing, when, he told them, "we will make a choice of certain doctors, and thus we shall not fatigue all and each of the masters who at this moment assist us in such great numbers." He invited them to study the testimony at home, and expressly forbade his assessors, more than one of whom, no doubt, would have liked to shirk responsibility in the preordained verdict, to leave Rouen before the end of the trial.

Many of the doctors had not hesitated to commend the prisoner and express dissatisfaction with his conduct of the case. Maître Jean Châtillon had said the court should not put such difficult questions, and had been told to let them alone. "I must acquit my conscience," he had answered, and was requested to attend no more hearings unless summoned. One said the girl answered with great prudence, except as to her revelations. Massieu declared that no man of letters could reply better, and wondered that she could so answer the subtle and captious questions. Pierre Darron, who had visited her cell with Pierre Manuel, heard several say that she was quite wonderful in her answers and had a remarkable memory. Maître Jean Monnet, who sometimes assisted Jean Beaupère, said Jeanne corrected the notaries, and often when she was questioned on something that he could see she ought not to answer, would say to the examiner: "I put it to your conscience whether I ought to an-

sver that or not." Once she had objected that she had covered a point eight days before, and thus and so was her answer. Boisguillaume, the assistant notary, differed, others said she spoke the truth, and the answer was found in the minutes of the day, as she had indicated. Then she had turned, laughing, to Boisguillaume : "If you make mistakes again," she told him, "I'll pull your ears!" Which incident the notaries did not record in their register.

"What do you think of her answers? will she be burned? what will happen?" a priest asked Massieu.

"Up to this time I have seen in her only good and honor," he answered. "But I do not know. What will happen in the end, God knows!"

And that afternoon Cauchon, who had spies at every turn, gave Massieu his warning :

"Be careful; make no mistake, or you shall be made to drink more than is good for you!"

In the streets, men were saying that the judges were "persecuting her out of perverse vengeance of which they gave every sign; that Beauvais was doing everything at the instigation of the King of England and his council who were at Rouen, and that he kept her in a secular prison against the opinion of the court for fear of displeasing the English; while the English believed they could have neither glory nor success in arms while she lived." Indeed, they had

not even dared begin the siege of Louviers, for which they had levied the cost at the same time as her purchase money, until she should be dead ; and there, twenty miles from Rouen, La Hire, whom she had disciplined for his good and permitted only to swear by his staff, commanded the garrison, and was powerless to give succor.

Pierre Cauchon had good cause to fear that public opinion might break down the flimsy fabric of his trial ; and on March 10, when his committee had made their report, the sittings of the court were resumed in Jeanne's cell, which gave a double advantage : the prisoner was deprived of even such brief respite as the change from cell to court, and the judge could confine his associates to a few trusted henchmen.

Jean de la Fontaine conducted the examination, and there was the usual wrangle about the form of oath.

“I promise to speak truth on what touches your case ; but the more you constrain me to swear, the later will I answer,” was the sum of her argument.

She told them of her foreknowledge of capture, when she had prayed that she might die soon without the suffering of long captivity, and the answer : “Be resigned to all ; thus it must be.”

The hearing ended in further question about the sign she had given the king, and she first hinted at the allegory which later she was to elaborate.

“An angel from God sent the sign to my king.

No man in the world could devise so rich a thing as this sign ; but the sign you need is that God may deliver me from your hands. That is the most sure sign He could send you."

At the next hearing, they asked her if this angel was the same that had appeared to her, and she answered :

"It is all one ; and he has never failed me."

"Has not the angel, then, failed you with regard to the good things of life, in that you have been taken prisoner ?"

"I think, as it has pleased our Lord, that it is for my wellbeing that I was taken prisoner," was her disarming reply.

"Has your angel never failed you in the good things of grace ?"

"How can he fail me, when he comforts me every day ? My comfort comes from St. Catherine and St. Margaret."

"Do you call them, or do they come without being called ?"

"They often come without being called ; at other times, if they do not come soon, I pray our Lord to send them."

"Have you sometimes called them without their coming ?"

"I have never had need of them without having them."

“Did not your Voices call you ‘Daughter of God, daughter of the church, great-hearted daughter’?”

“Before the raising of the siege of Orléans, and every day since when they speak to me they call me often ‘Daughter of God.’”

“Since you call yourself a daughter of God, why do you not willingly say ‘Our Father’?”

“I do say it willingly. Last time, when I refused, it was because I meant that my Lord of Beauvais should hear me in confession.”

The examinations now lasted for three or four hours in the morning, when she must testify fasting since her one Lenten meal of the preceding day, and were again taken up for two or three hours in the afternoon. On the first day after the recess, La Fontaine had asked her if her Voices commanded her to take man’s dress.

“All I have done of good, I have done by the command of my Voices.”

“In taking man’s dress, did you think you were doing wrong?”

“No,” was the shrewd answer, “and even now if I were with those of my own side in this man’s dress, it seems to me it would be a great good for France to do as I did before I was captured.”

On March 13, Jean le Maître, the timid Vice-Inquisitor of Rouen, constrained by direct order of the Holy Office, took his seat as co-judge, and at the ses-

sions he was usually accompanied by Brother Isambard de la Pierre, a Dominican monk, who was to prove a good friend to the prisoner.

The examiners returned to her secret sign to the king, and as the delay of fifteen days for which she had asked was ended, Jeanne proceeded to weave them a pretty and perfectly transparent allegory of an angel bringing a crown to the king ; later she confessed that the angel was no other than herself, as might have been easily guessed by any save men credulous of marvels.

On the fourteenth, she said that she had asked of her Voices three things : " My deliverance ; that God would come to the help of the French ; and the salvation of my soul."

" My Voices have told me that I shall be delivered by a great victory, and they add : ' Be resigned ; have no care for thy martyrdom ; thou wilt come in the end to the kingdom of paradise.' They have told me this simply, absolutely, and without fail. What is meant by my martyrdom is the pain and adversity that I suffer in prison." Did she seek to deceive herself or only her judges ? " I do not know if I shall have still greater suffering to bear ; for that I refer me to God."

" Since your Voices told you that you would come in the end to the kingdom of paradise, have you felt assured of being saved and of not being damned in hell ? "

“I believe firmly what my Voices have told me,—that I shall be saved. I believe it as firmly as if I were already there.”

“After this revelation do you believe that you cannot commit mortal sin?”

“I do not know; and in all things I wait on our Lord.”

“That is an answer of great weight.”

“Yes, and one which I hold for a great treasure,” and so she closed her declaration of faith.

But her humility rebuked her inspiration, and in the afternoon she added: “On the subject of the answer that I made to you this morning on the certainty of my salvation, I mean the answer thus: provided I keep the promise made to our Lord to keep safe the purity of my body and soul.”

“To take a man at ransom, and put him to death, while a prisoner, is not that mortal sin?”

“I never did it.”

“What did you do to Franquet d'Arras, who was put to death at Lagny?” and she answered with the simple story of that capture and execution.

“Did you give, or cause to be given, money to him who took Franquet?”

“I am not master of the mint or treasurer of France to pay out money so,” was the retort.

“We recall to you: 1. That you attacked Paris on a feast day. 2. That you had the horse of my lord the

Bishop of Senlis. 3. That you threw yourself down from the tower of Beaurevoir. 4. That you wear a man's dress. 5. That you consented to the death of Franquet d'Arras. Do you not think you have committed mortal sin in these?"

As to Paris and that old story of the bishop's horse, she answered shortly; the death of d'Arras she had but now explained. "As to my fall from the tower of Beaurevoir, I did not do it in despair, but thinking to save myself and to go to the help of all those brave folk who were in danger. After my fall, I confessed myself and asked pardon. God has forgiven me, not for any good in me: I did wrong, but I know by revelation from St. Catherine that, after the confession I made, I was forgiven."

"Did you do penance for it?"

"Yes, and my penance came to me in great part from the harm I did myself in falling." She had done wrong and suffered for it, she had asked and received forgiveness, and her healthy mind held no morbid fear of further punishment. "As to my dress," she went on, "since I bear it by command of God and for His service, I do not think I have done wrong at all. So soon as it shall please God to prescribe it, I will take it off."

On Thursday, the fifteenth, Cauchon brought forward his great weapon of requiring her to make submission to the church. He would have preferred to

condemn her by a fair process for all the world to see, but the gold soon flaked off his fine trial, leaving bare the iron of his purpose to burn her on any pretext; yet it could not be difficult to prove her insubordinate to the church as thrust before her in the persons of Cauchon and d'Estivet..

“What is the church?” she asked Cauchon. “So far as it is you, I will not submit to your judgment, because you are my deadly enemy.”

“Would you submit to the judgment of the Pope?”

“Take me to him, and I will be content.”

Brother Isambard de la Pierre, who said “that such difficult, subtle, crafty questions were put to poor Jeanne that the great clerks and learned doctors present would have found it hard to answer,” seems to have given her some advice about submitting to the General Council of Basle, and when she heard that men of all parties gathered there, she exclaimed:

“Oh! if in that place there are any of our side, I am quite willing to submit to the Council of Basle.”

“Hold your tongue, in the devil's name!” shouted Cauchon, and he told the clerk to make no note of her answer; whereupon Jeanne said that they wrote what was against her, not what was in her favor. But Manchon had set upon his page, “and she appeals”—he dared write no more. Then she listened to their explanation of the difference between the church militant and the church triumphant, and asked for time

to consider her answer that she might evade the trap they set for her. It was perhaps that afternoon that Brother Guillaume Duval accompanied Brother Isambard and Jean de la Fontaine to the prison to give her some further advice, when Warwick, who had observed that Brother Isambard had tried to help the prisoner by nudging her or making signs to her, waylaid them.

“Why did you touch that wicked person this morning, making many signs?” he cried. “*Mort bleu*, villain! if I see you again taking trouble to deliver her and to advise her for her good, I will have you thrown into the Seine.”

And Brother Isambard thereafter kept silence in fear of his life, while timid Brother Guillaume fled to his convent of St. Jacques, and appeared no more. Every assessor knew that behind Cauchon and his trial stood the power of England and her implacable resolution to put the Maid to death, by their means or another.

The examination proceeded with a question as to whether she had permission from God or her Voices to leave prison.

“I have asked it many times, but I have not yet had it.”

“Would you go now, if you saw your starting point?”

“If I saw the door open, I should go. That would

be leave from our Lord. But without this leave, I shall not go, unless I make a forcible attempt to go, and so learn if our Lord would be pleased ; this on the strength of the proverb, 'Help thyself, and God will help thee.' I say this in order that if I do escape, no one may say I did so without God's leave."

They offered to let her hear mass if she would give up man's dress ; a refusal could only mean that she held her own will dearer than the offices of the church.

"Have made for me a long dress down to the ground, like a daughter of your citizens ; give it to me to go to mass, and then on my return I will put on again the dress I have ; but I beseech you as earnestly as I can, permit me to hear it in the dress I wear at this moment and without changing anything!"

They tried to entangle her in some admission that her Voices might be evil spirits, and then asked :

"Have you never done anything against their command and will?"

"All that I could and knew how to do, I have done and accomplished to the best of my power. Whatever I did in my greatest undertakings, they always helped me ; and that is a sign that they are good spirits."

"If the devil were to put himself in the form of an angel, how would you know if it were a good or an evil angel?"

“I should know quite well whether it were St. Michael or a counterfeit,” and she went on with her touching story of the teaching of St. Michael, that he had told her to be a good child and that God would help her,—“to come to the help of the King of France among other things,” she had the pleasure of telling them.

“You have asserted that for speaking the truth, men were sometimes hanged: do you, then, know any crime or fault in yourself for which you should die, if you confessed it?”

“I know of none,” she answered simply.

On March 17, they again demanded that she submit herself to the church.

“The church! I love it, and would wish to maintain it with all my power, for our Christian faith. It is not I who should be prevented from going to church and hearing mass!”

“I will not take it yet,” she again answered as to her dress. “And if it should happen that I should be brought to judgment, I beseech the lords of the church to do me the grace to allow me a woman’s smock and a hood for my head. I would rather die than revoke what God has made me do; and I believe firmly that God will not allow it to come to pass that I should be brought so low that I may not soon have succor from Him, and by miracle.” Yet, as she felt the toils tightening round her, did that

dauntless heart in its exhausted body, fail for a moment, as she looked at the implacable face of her judge?

“As you say that you wear a man’s dress by the command of God, why do you ask for a woman’s smock at the point of death?”

“It will be enough for me if it be long.”

When they threw in a question about the godmother who had told her of the fairies, she was quick to catch their drift:

“She was held as a good and honest woman, neither divineress nor sorceress,” she told them.

“You said you would take a woman’s dress that you might be let go. Would this please God?”

“If I had leave to go in woman’s dress, I should soon put myself back in man’s dress, and do what God has commanded me. I have already told you so. For nothing in the world will I swear not to arm myself and put on man’s dress. I must obey the orders of our Lord.”

“Do you know if St. Catherine and St. Margaret hate the English?” they asked her.

“They love what God loves; they hate what God hates.”

“Does God hate the English?”

“Of the love or hate God may have for the English or of what He will do for their souls, I know nothing; but I know quite well that they will be

put out of France, except those who shall die there, and that God will send victory to the French against the English," was the disconcerting reply.

"Was God for the English when they were prospering in France?"

"I do not know if God hated the French; but I believe He wished them to be defeated for their sins, if they were in sin." No churchman could be more adroit.

On the afternoon of March 17, in the presence of the two judges, seven assessors, and two witnesses, the nine private hearings closed. Cauchon took up the examination himself, and returned to the matter of her standard, her ring, the reverence she did her saints; but not one of her answers could by any imagination show tinge of witchcraft or enchantment.

"The standard was commanded by our Lord, by the Voices of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, which said to me: 'Take the standard in the name of the King of Heaven,' and because of that I had this figure of God and the two angels done. I did all by their command."

"Did you ask them if by virtue of this standard, you would gain all the battles wherever you might find yourself, and if you would be victorious?"

"They told me to take it boldly, and that God would help me."

"Which gave most help: you to your standard, or your standard to you?"

"The victory either to my standard or myself, it was all from our Lord."

Then he reverted to that old cry of the "blood of Montereau."

"Do you think, and do you firmly believe, that your king did right in killing, or causing to be killed, my lord the Duke of Burgundy?"

"It was a great disaster for the kingdom of France. But whatever there may have been between them, God sent me to the help of the King of France," was the extraordinary reply.

"Why was it that you generally looked at your ring when you were going into battle?"

"For pleasure, and in honor of my father and mother."

And when Cauchon harked back to the fairies' tree, and asked if she hung flowers there in honor of those who appeared to her, she answered wearily, "No."

"Why was your standard taken to the church of Reims, for the consecration, more than those of the other captains?"

"It had shared the strife, it was only right that it should share the honor," and with these words the preliminary inquiry closed.

The next day was Passion Sunday, and Cauchon called a meeting of the assessors at his lodgings to

consider the evidence and decide upon further action. D'Estivet was instructed to make a digest of the proceedings, which should form an act of accusation to be submitted to the assessors.

On the following Saturday, Cauchon, and eight others, all tried men and true, visited Jeanne in her cell, and Manchon was instructed to read to her the register of the previous hearings. Jeanne made oath that she would add or change nothing that was not the truth, and bade them read without stopping: "If I do not contradict at all, I hold it true and acknowledged."

At one time she said:

"I have as surname d'Arc or Romée; in my country the girls take the name of their mother." And when they came to her dress, she cried out, with a homesick throb for the life that was gone: "Give me a woman's dress to go to my mother." Then the thought of her "sacred charge" swept back. "I will take it that I may get out of prison; once outside, I will consider what I will do."

On Palm Sunday, Cauchon, Beaupère, Midi, Maurice and Courcelles again visited her, and devoted their whole argument to the question of her dress, only to alarm her into obduracy by the stress which this special visit carried. It was their intention, for the present, to deal with a stubborn heretic, who, however, had more than once in these solemn days

of late Lent begged to hear mass on Palm Sunday and to receive the Eucharist on Easter Day.

They exhorted her "to take the only garment suitable to her sex."

"Speak of the matter to your Voices," they urged, "in order that at Easter you may receive the Viaticum."

"I cannot change my dress ; I cannot, therefore, receive the Viaticum. I beg of you, my lords, permit me to hear mass in this dress. It does not burden my conscience, and is not contrary to the laws of the church."

XXV

THE ARTICLES

ON Monday in Holy Week, d'Estivet had finished his brief, made up of seventy articles, to the satisfaction of the court, as represented by Cauchon, Le Maître and twelve assessors, and Cauchon sent out a general summons to his men.

On Tuesday, her fetters were removed, and for the first time in nearly a month, Jeanne was led from her cell. The court was held, as before, in the ornament room near the great hall of the castle; Cauchon and Le Maître presided, thirty-eight assessors were present, d'Estivet opened the case. Cauchon offered her the privilege of having as counsel one or more of the learned doctors present.

She thanked him courteously for his pains; "but I have no intention of desisting from the counsel of our Lord. As to the oath, I am ready to swear to speak truth on all that touches the case."

Thomas de Courcelles, a brilliant young doctor of the University, began to read the seventy articles, after each of which he asked: "What have you to say to this article?" This process ran through that

day and the next. The questions were garbled reports of matter brought up in the previous hearings, often citing as truth things which she had denied, again accusing her of absurd practices of witchcraft, or harping on her man's dress, and charging her with insubordination to the church. She met each point with extraordinary judgment and care. Sometimes she referred to a previous answer, or denied the accusation pointblank; again she said: "I refer for a part to my previous answer; the rest I deny." Sometimes she asked for delay; and when answer seemed useless, she said: "I rely on our Lord." One answer gives the gist of her defence: "The misdeeds brought forward against me by the promoter, I have not done. For the rest, I refer me to God. Of all the misdeeds brought against me, I do not think I have committed any against the Christian faith. For the conclusions drawn by the promoter, I refer to our Lord."

Again she stated clearly her confession of faith, and the facts of her mission. "In the name of God I brought the news to my king that our Lord would restore the kingdom to him, would cause him to be crowned at Reims, and would drive out all his enemies. I was a messenger from God, when I told the king boldly to set me to work and I would raise the siege of Orléans. And if my Lord of Burgundy and the other subjects of the king do not return to their

obedience, the king will know how to make them by force. . . . As to my Lord of Burgundy, I requested him by my ambassadors and my letters that he would make peace between my king and himself ; but as to the English, the peace they need is that they may go away to their own country. . . . If the English had believed my letters, they would only have been wise ; and before seven years are gone, they will perceive it well enough."

She denied having used "witchcraft, superstitious works, or divinations." She swore on her oath that she did not wish that the devil should get her out of prison. "As to fairies, I do not know what they are. . . . As for the good luck of my banner, I refer to the fortune sent through it by our Lord."

In regard to her dress, and her work, and her companionship with men, she said : "I recollect being admonished to take woman's dress. . . . At Arras and Beaurevoir I was invited to take woman's dress. I refused it then, and I refuse it still. As to the woman's work of which you speak, there are plenty of women to do it." As for violent and bloody deeds, she said that she had first begged her enemies to make peace ; "and it was only in case they would not make peace that I was ready to fight." And of the letters at Orléans : "I did not send the letters of which you speak in pride or presumption, but by command of our Lord," "It is true that my com-

mand was over men ; but as to my quarters and lodgings, most often I had a woman with me. And when I was engaged in the war, I slept fully dressed and armed, not being able always to find a woman."

As to her visions and revelations : "It is in our Lord's power to give revelations to whom He pleases ; that which I said of the sword of Fierbois and of things to come, I knew by revelation. As for the signs, if those who asked for them were not worthy, I could not help it. Many a time did I pray that it might please God to reveal it to some of this party. . . . It is true that to believe in my revelations I asked leave of neither bishop, priest, nor any one else. . . . As firmly as I believe our Saviour Jesus Christ suffered death to redeem us from the pains of hell, so firmly do I believe that it was St. Michael and St. Gabriel, St. Catherine and St. Margaret whom our Saviour sent to comfort and to console me. . . . I shall call them to my aid as long as I live."

And when she repeated her touching prayer for help, even that court must have been hushed to reverence.

"I say, 'Most sweet Lord, in honor of Thy Holy Passion I beseech Thee, if Thou lovest me, that Thou wilt reveal to me how I should answer these clergy. I know it well, as regards this dress, the command by which I have taken it, but I do not know in what way I should leave it off ; for this, may it please

Thee to teach me.' And soon they come to me. . . . It is not without need that I beseech God. I would He might send me yet more, so that it might be discerned that I am come from God, and that it is He Who hath sent me." Turning to Cauchon, she said: "I often by my Voices have news of my Lord of Beauvais."

"What do your Voices say of us?"

"I will tell you apart."

To the charge of heresy, she answered that she had always, so far as lay in her power, upheld the church. In regard to her submission: "Send me the clerk on Saturday next, and I will answer."

On Saturday, when Cauchon and a few trusted friends visited the prison, she declared she could never repudiate the authority of her Voices. "What God hath made me do, hath commanded or shall command, I will not fail to do for any man alive. . . ." She would obey the church militant, she said, "God being first served," and that they had to take for her final answer.

She spent Easter Day in the company of John Gray's varlets. Chained, in that house of hate, she heard the bells, whose voice she had been so eager to obey, calling on all the world to rejoice in the Resurrection of her Lord.

For the first three days in Easter week, Cauchon and a few picked men busied themselves in reducing

d'Estivet's seventy articles and the substance of her replies to twelve articles, which were to be submitted to the judgment of sundry learned doctors. The statement was truth, literally, but so presented as to convey the least favorable impression. Cauchon had found it wiser to bend a little to his court, which, weak as it was, would not swear to manifest absurdity; and even these twelve articles were never approved by a majority of the assessors. On April 12, he had his men whipped into line; absentees were to be deprived of their rations for a week. Many would have slipped away; Richard Grouchet, Pierre Minier and Jean Pigache had thought of flight, but stayed perforce, and gave their opinion only under terror. "All was violence in this affair," said Grouchet. But the best vote Cauchon could get meant further delay: the articles should be explained to the prisoner, who should be admonished to submit, and then the documents sent for judgment to the University of Paris, where, in fact, on April 19, they were carried by a few chosen messengers.

On the eighteenth, Cauchon, with seven of his men, visited the prisoner, to "exhort her charitably, to admonish her gently, and to cause her to be gently admonished . . . in order to lead her back into the way of truth and to a sincere profession of our faith. . . . We, the bishop, did begin to speak to Jeanne, who declared herself ill."

And, in truth, her splendid young strength had at length broken under its burden. She had been ill with nausea and fever, and Warwick and Beaufort had sent for several of the medical men who were among the assessors.

“Do your best for her,” Warwick told them, “for my king would on no account have her die a natural death. He bought her dear, and holds her dear, and she shall die by the law and be burned.”

D’Estivet took the doctors to the prison, where, weak and in chains, she lay on her bed.

“I have eaten some carp sent me by the Bishop of Beauvais,” she told them, “and doubt not that this is the cause of my illness.”

“Worthless creature!” shouted d’Estivet. “Thou hast been eating sprats and other unwholesomeness.”

“I have not,” cried Jeanne, and then and there summoned strength to have it out with her adversary.

The doctors felt her pulse and found some fever— carp and sprats were not needed to account for that—and reported to Warwick that she should be bled.

“Away with your bleeding!” said he. “She is artful, and might kill herself.”

They did, however, bleed her, and she grew better; but another altercation with d’Estivet brought a return of the fever, whereupon Warwick forbade the promoter to molest her. Henry of England should not lose his prey for the spite of Cauchon’s underling.

Nor were the exhortations of the bishop and his companions likely to renew her strength ; but Cauchon prosed on with his charitable admonition. "We have come to bring you consolation and comfort in your suffering," he assured her. "Wise and learned men have scrutinized your answers concerning the faith, which have seemed to them perilous. But you are only a poor and illiterate woman, and we come to offer you learned and wise men, watchful and honest, who will give you, as is their duty, the knowledge which you have not. Take heed to our words, for if you be obstinate, consulting only your own unschooled brain, we must abandon you. You see to what peril you expose yourself, and it is this we would avoid for you with all the power of our affection."

"I thank you for what you say to me for my salvation," the sick girl wearily answered. "It seems to me, seeing how ill I am, that I am in great danger of death. If it be that God do His pleasure on me, I ask of you that I may have confession and my Saviour also, and that I may be put in holy ground."

She set the weapon in their hand.

"If you will have the Sacraments of the church, you must submit to the church ; otherwise you can have only the Sacrament of penance, which we are always ready to give to you."

"I have for the moment nothing else to say to you," was her only answer.

They again plied her with questions as to her revelations, and asked suddenly :

“ Do you believe that the Holy Scriptures have been revealed by God ? ”

“ You know it well ; I know it well.”

From the depth of their affection, they admonished her long, heavily citing chapter and verse in her weary ears. If she would not submit to the church, they must abandon her as a “ Saracen.”

“ I am a good Christian ; I have been baptized ; I shall die a good Christian. I love God ; I serve Him. I wish to help and maintain the church with all my power.”

And that being all they could get from their heretic, they left her to the tender care of her jailers.

On May 2, Cauchon gave the fine spectacle of a public admonition. His assessors were now well in hand, and sixty-three of them attended him in the ornament room of the castle. He summed up his trial ; he informed the court that in spite of the diligence and gentleness of many wise doctors, “ the cunning of the devil has continued to prevail, and their efforts have produced nothing.” It seemed good, therefore, that the woman should be admonished before them all ; and Maître Jean de Châtillon, the lord Archdeacon of Evreux, was invited to “ persuade her to leave the criminal path where she now is and return again to that of truth.”

Jeanne was produced in court, and in answer to his wordy preamble, bade her admonisher come to the point.

“Read your book, then I will answer. I rely upon God, my Creator, for everything. I love Him with all my heart.”

“Have you anything more to say to the general monition?”

“I rely on my Judge: He is the King of Heaven.”

To Maître Jean’s specific exhortations, couched in six articles, touching upon her submission to the church, her dress, her visions, and revelations, she gave her old answers.

“I will say no more to you,” she flashed out, when they urged her further, and threatened her with the sentence of a heretic. “And if I saw the fire, I should say all that I am saying to you, and naught else.”

“*Superba responsio*,” wrote Manchon on the margin of his register.

Cauchon had gained his point of presenting the prisoner as an obstinate heretic to the men of his court, who could not now fail to condemn her. It remained for him to show her as a self-confessed sorceress or impostor, and his next “charitable admonition” was to be held in the torture chamber. But with rack and screws under her eyes and the executioner ready for his work, she cried:

“Truly, if you were to tear me limb from limb, and separate soul from body, I will tell you nothing more; and if I were to say anything else, I should always declare that you dragged it from me by force.”

A few days before, she told them, she had asked her Voices if, hard pressed as she was, she should submit to the church.

“If you would have God come to your aid, wait on Him for all your doings,” was their answer.

“Shall I burn?” she had asked.

“Wait on our Lord. He will help you.”

“I know that our Lord has always been Master of all my doings,” was her last word, “and that the devil has never had power over them.”

Torture was spared that day, as being likely to profit her little, “considering the hardness of her heart,” and with its anticipation before her, she was returned to her cell. The executioner testified that she answered with such discretion that all marvelled.

On May 12, Cauchon put the question of torture to a chosen company of fourteen assessors. Courcelles and one Aubert Morel voted yes; the spy Loiselleur held it “a salutary medicine for her soul,” but deferred to the majority, who were in favor of mercy.

A week later Cauchon convoked his court to hear the result of the wise men’s deliberations on the

twelve articles, and the judgment of the University of Paris. He had taken good care to ignore any gentle opinions ; and the University, "ardently inflamed with zeal," spoke with no uncertain voice : "Jeanne's visions were either her own invention or manifestations of Satan, Belial and Behemoth. She was, moreover, boastful, foolish, treacherous, deceitful, cruel, bloodthirsty, seditious, blasphemous, undutiful, rash, a fatalist, uncharitable, idolatrous, schismatical, apostate, a heretic. She lies when she says she was sent by God, for she shows no miracle or testimony of Scripture." And at the end Cauchon received his due : "May the great Shepherd, when He shall appear, deign to reward your shepherdlike care with an immortal crown of glory."

The majority of the assessors had, with growing reluctance, given their timid assent to condemnation ; now the court advised that again she be "charitably admonished and warned" before sentence was pronounced,—advice that fitted in with Cauchon's scheme to obtain her recantation. They had not yet broken that indomitable spirit with their charity, which for more than a week had left the girl in her chains, at the mercy of her brutal guards, and in hourly expectation of torture or death.

The twenty-third of May saw the final session of the court, and a few assessors gathered in a room near the cell, to hear Maître Pierre Maurice, canon

of Rouen, deliver their admonition to the prisoner. In words well calculated to appeal to her chivalrous spirit, he besought her to prefer before all worldly glory, "the honor of God," the salvation of her body and soul, and to submit her will to the authority of the church. "If your king had given you a town to guard, would you not refuse to receive anyone without letter or sign from your lord?" So the church had forbidden her and them to receive those who came without authority, having "for the support of their mission only their own sayings." "If when you were in your king's realm, a soldier or any other under his dominion had suddenly risen and said, 'I will not obey the king. I will not submit either to him or his officers,' would not you yourself have said that such a one should be condemned? . . . In the name of your devotion to the Passion of your Creator, I beseech you, return into the way of truth, obey the church, submit to her judgment and decision."

The girl listened dutifully; Pierre Maurice had used challenging words, which perhaps were to meet some response in the heart which had never failed in service and obedience to the highest it knew. But now her answer rang out clear and undaunted:

"What I have always said in the trial, and held, I wish still to say and maintain. If I were condemned, if I saw the torch lighted, the faggots prepared, and the executioner ready to kindle the fire, and if I myself

were in the fire, I would not say otherwise, and would maintain to the death all I have said."

And again Manchon wrote on his margin: "*Responsio Johannae superba.*"

"Have you anything further to say?" Cauchon asked promoter and prisoner.

"No," was the reply, and he declared the trial concluded.

"We summon you both tomorrow to hear the law which will be laid down by us, and the sentence which shall be pronounced by us, to be afterward carried out and proceeded with according to law and right."

XXVI

RECANTATION

ON Thursday, May 24, Cauchon made a final effort to bring his heretic back to the fold. Early that morning, Maître Jean Beaupère, who thought then and held later that her apparitions rose more from "natural causes and human intent than from anything supernatural," repaired to her cell.

" You will soon be led to the scaffold to be preached to," he told her. " If you are a good Christian, you will say there that you place all your deeds and words in the ordering of our Holy Mother Church, and especially of the ecclesiastical judges." She seemed to him in a tractable frame of mind; that she said she would submit, as he understood, is extremely doubtful.

Yet, as she lay in her chains that night, the memory of Pierre Maurice's words may have come back to weaken her resistance. Though she might show the wisdom of forty lawyers, she was but a girl of nineteen, sensitive, high-strung, responsive to the beauty of human kindness and celestial vision, whose countenance was wont "to breathe out gladness,"

whose tears were now, indeed, "abundant." Worn with illness and imprisonment, shaken, perhaps, in her confidence of rightly understanding her heavenly messengers, the thought may have come that, after all, she would do wrong, as a faithful Christian, not to submit to the church, even in the persons of such men as Cauchon and Beaupère, "God being first served."

At the moment when she was to set out for the place of her sentence and execution, Nicolas Loiselleur appeared, with his false persuasion: "Jeanne, believe me, if you will you may be saved. Take the dress of your sex, and do all that you are told: otherwise you are in peril of death. But if you do what I tell you, you will be saved, and have much good and little ill, and you will be given over to the church."

To be saved from peril of death, to have much good and little ill, to be given over to the church,—these words were ringing in her ears as she mounted the tumbril of the condemned. To be given over to the church meant woman's tendance in the church's prison, and no return to the boorish guardianship she loathed.

Sentence was to be pronounced in the open space by the cemetery of St. Ouen, where the abbey church lifts its great tower whose galleried height is called the "crown of Normandy." As she passed through the crowded streets, her weakened body must have

been overborne by the unaccustomed flooding light, by the clamor, by the throngs whose curiosity seemed all unfriendly. But two years had passed since she rode with Dunois through Orléans, where she was welcomed as "if God Himself had descended there," and had told the people that "they were good Christians, and God would save them."

"Grant that she may go forth to finish unhurt that which remains for her to accomplish," prayed the people of Dauphiny.

By the beautiful south façade of the church, near the sculptured "portal of the marmosets," two scaffolds had been erected. One was crowded with churchmen,—the lord Cardinal of England, my lord Bishop of Thérouenne, whose brother Jean de Luxembourg counted his blood money, the Maid's royal ransom; bishops, English and French, were there, abbots of the great Norman monasteries, Warwick and Stafford and other lords and captains. English soldiers, burghers, priests, wayfarers, crowded the place, where on the festival of the abbey patron a great fair was held. Jeanne, in her boy's suit of black, mounted the second scaffold, where Maître Guillaume Erard, a valued friend of Machet, confessor of King Charles, waited to preach his sermon.

"I wish I were in Flanders! This business is little to my liking," he had confided to a young priest; but such reluctance was no stay to his zeal, and with the

text, "The branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine," he admonished her well for her sins, and then turned his attention to her master, Charles of Valois. "Ah, France! thou art much abused; thou hast always been the most Christian country, and Charles, who calls himself thy king and governor, hath joined himself, as a heretic and schismatic, which he is, to the words and deeds of a worthless woman, defamed and full of dishonor; and not only he, but all the clergy within his jurisdiction and lordship by whom she hath been examined and not reproved, as she hath said." Now, at last, all the culprits were summoned to the bar: Charles and his court of appeal at Poitiers were to take their judgment with her. In the full tide of eloquence, Erard, pointing at the prisoner, cried: "It is to thee, Jeanne, that I speak. I tell thee that thy king is a heretic and schismatic."

"By my faith, sir," came the answer straight, "saving your reverence, I dare say and swear, on pain of death, that he is the most noble of all Christians, and the one who most loves the faith of the church, and he is not what you say."

"Silence her!" cried Erard. But she had spoken.

Here was her last word on Charles of Valois; and many years after he was to hear that message on the lips of Massieu, in the tribunal which the church should call to wipe out the shame of Cauchon's trial.

At the end of the exhortation, Jeanne said :

“ I will answer you. As to my submission to the church, I have answered the clergy on this point.” And again she appealed to the Pope, “ to whom, after God, I refer me as to my words and deeds. I did them by God’s order. I charge no one with them, neither my king, nor any one else. If there be any fault in them, the blame is on me, and no one else.”

Her loyalty had taken alarm at Erard’s attack ; and Charles and his craven crew must have felt their hearts turn to water, when, in that later year, they heard this declaration from the grave their cowardice had dug.

“ Will you revoke all your words and deeds which are disapproved by the clergy ? ” the priests asked her.

“ I refer me to God and to our Holy Father the Pope,” she said again. Twenty-five years later Isabeau Romée and her sons bore that appeal to the Pope ; and in the cathedral at Paris, weeping, in the presence of a great multitude clamorous with sympathy, she recited her daughter’s wrongs ; and the testimony of nearly one hundred and fifty of those who had known the Maid in life — old neighbors of Domremy, comrades at arms, women who had loved her, priests who had shrived her, even some of the judges who had condemned her — made tardy reparation, and vindicated her honor and her faith. And

today, in the ruin where her prison was, the cities of France have hung their banners bearing the words "Honor," "Honor and Reparation."

But on the scaffold at St. Ouen she was told that the Pope was too far off ; she must submit to Cauchon ; and she would say no more.

Two sentences had been prepared, — one in case she was obdurate, the other if she should recant ; and Cauchon now began to read the condemnation :

"In the name of the Lord, Amen. All the pastors of the church, who have it in their hearts to watch faithfully — "

As he read slowly on, the clerks and priests about Jeanne were making their last appeal. Loiselleur was at her elbow with his "Submit ! Submit !" Erard bade Massieu read her the schedule of recantation and urge her to sign.

"Jeanne, do as you are told. Do you want to make us kill you ?" they besought her. "You may be saved if you will. Change your dress, and do as you are bidden ; otherwise you will be put to death."

"Let the churchmen see the paper," said the girl. "If they tell me to sign it, I will." But this was no time for delay. The tumult in the square increased ; stones were thrown. Down there below the executioner waited.

"Sign it now: otherwise you will end in the fire to-day," urged Erard.

“I would rather sign than burn,” she said.

“. . . having before our eyes Christ and the honor of the orthodox faith,” the unctuous voice of Cauchon droned on, “so that our judgment may emanate even from the face of our Lord, we, the judges, say and decree: that thou, Jeanne, hast deeply sinned —”

“I submit to the judgment of the church,” she cried; and clasping her hands, she called on St. Michael for counsel.

Massieu thrust the abjuration before her.

“You take great pains to persuade me,” said she with a smile, and put her mark to the writing.

Bystanders said that the paper bore only five or six lines, no more than the length of a *Pater Noster*; yet the abjuration which appears in the documents is an exhaustive revocation of all the truth that she had sworn to in her trial. Some say the paper was folded, and only a part read to her, others that Cauchon forged a longer one; in either case she probably thought she was making a general submission to the church, a promise, perhaps, to resume her woman's dress in the church prison where it was her right to go.

Cauchon turned to the sentence held in reserve for the repentant sinner. Matters were going to his taste: his court had judged her guilty, she had publicly forsworn herself; it remained only to produce the third act of his drama, the burning of a heretic

relapsed. He had his plan for that; but the good man was misjudged by his English masters, who thought they saw their prey slipping from them.

“The king is ill served, since Jeanne escapes,” growled Warwick.

“Take no heed to it, my lord,” was Cauchon’s assurance. “We shall soon have her again.”

But many were calling out that it was a trick. Englishmen had never trusted these French judges too well, and there were cries of “Traitors,” “Armagnacs,” and stones were hurled.

“You shall pay me for this,” Cauchon was heard shouting in answer to some taunt, and throwing down his papers, he declared he would do no more, he had been acting only with his conscience.

“This recantation is a farce,” Cardinal Beaufort’s chaplain said. “You favor her over much.”

“You lie,” returned my Lord of Beauvais, all in arms for his fair honor. “In such case I would show favor to no one; but as a judge I must seek the salvation rather than the death of this Jeanne,” and he turned to Beaufort for confirmation.

“You must receive her to penitence,” agreed his most reverend lordship, and bade the chaplain be silent.

In the midst of the hubbub, Cauchon read his sentence: in view of the revocation of errors, because “having publicly cast them from thee, thou hast ab-

jured them by the words of thy mouth, together with the heresy with which thou wast charged . . . we declare thee set free from the bonds of excommunication which held thee enchainèd. . . . But because thou hast sinned rashly against God and Holy Church, we condemn thee . . . for salutary penance, saving our grace and moderation, to perpetual imprisonment, with the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction."

"Jeanne, you have done a good day's work, if it please God, and have saved your soul," came the wheedling tone of Loiselleur in her ear.

"Bread of sorrow and water of affliction!" What matter, so she need eat and drink no more in company with Warwick's varlets?

"Now, you churchmen," cried she, with the old confident note of Poitiers, "take me to your prisons that I may no longer be in the hands of the English."

"Lead her back whence she was brought," shouted Cauchon; and hustled and insulted by the soldiers, she climbed the cart and was returned to her cell, and her chains, and the tender care of John Gray's men.

That afternoon, Jean le Maître, and others, visited the prison, to set forth to her how God and his clergy had on this day shown her mercy and grace. Yet, should she return to her errors and inventions, they gave

warning that the church must abandon her altogether. They bade her take off her man's dress, and put on woman's garments. Heavily she agreed to all, and when the Duchess of Bedford sent a tailor with the dress, she donned it without question and allowed her head to be shaved and coiffed ; but when the man touched her rudely, she struck him in the face.

Chained as before, abandoned by the priests, for all she knew, to worse than death, she drained the dregs of suffering. She had looked for the protection of the church and had hoped for the ministration of its beloved offices ; she found herself in the hell her enemies had lighted for her, and, keenest pang of all, she knew she had sinned. Wittingly or not, she now saw that she had denied the highest, and earth and heaven were as brass to her misery.

On Sunday, the rumor spread through the city that she had resumed her man's dress, and Cauchon directed Beaupère, Nicolas Midi, and a few others, to visit the prison. But they had neglected to provide themselves with a key, and while they waited for the guard, they were beset by some soldiers in the courtyard.

“ What do they say ? ” asked Beaupère, who understood no English.

“ That he would do well who threw us into the Seine,” rejoined Midi.

The fun grew, and with cries of “ Armagnacs,”

“traitors,” “false counsellors,” the English ended their game of baiting the priests by putting them to flight with battle-axe and drawn sword.

On Monday, the twenty-eighth, judges and assessors visited the prison in force. They found Jeanne in her boy’s dress again, so overborne with grief, her face so disfigured and tear-stained, that the heart of Brother Isambard de la Pierre, at least, was moved to compassion.

“If you, my lords of the church, had placed me and kept me in your prisons, perchance I should not have been in this way,” was her greeting.

Asked why she had resumed her man’s dress, she answered :

“It is more lawful and suitable for me to wear it, being with men, than to have a woman’s dress. I have resumed it because the promise to me has not been kept; that is to say, that I should go to mass, and should receive my Saviour, and that I should be taken out of irons.”

“Did you not abjure, and promise not to resume this dress?”

“I would rather die than be in irons. But if I am allowed to go to mass and am taken out of irons and put in a gracious prison, where I shall have a woman for companion, I will be good, and do as the church wills.”

“Since last Thursday, have you heard your Voices?”

"Yes."

"What did they say to you?"

Then came the whole story, and Manchon set in his margin : "*Responsio mortifera.*"

"They said to me that God had sent me word by St. Catherine and St. Margaret of the great pity it is, this treason to which I have consented, to abjure and recant in order to save my life. I have damned myself to save my life. Before last Thursday, my Voices did indeed tell me what I should do and what I did on that day. When I was on the scaffold on Thursday, my Voices said to me, while the preacher was speaking : 'Answer him boldly, this preacher.' And in truth he is a false preacher; he reproached me with many things I never did. If I said that God had not sent me, I should damn myself, for it is true that God has sent me. My Voices have said to me since Thursday : 'Thou hast done a great evil in declaring that what thou hast done was wrong.' All I said and revoked, I said for fear of the fire."

"Do you believe that your Voices are St. Catherine and St. Margaret?"

"Yes, I believe it, and that they come from God." And again she cried : "I would rather do penance once for all — that is, die — than endure any longer the suffering of a prison. I have done nothing against God or the faith, in spite of all they have made me revoke. What was in the schedule of abjuration I

did not understand. I did not intend to revoke anything except according to God's good pleasure. If the judges wish, I will resume a woman's dress; for the rest, I can do no more."

Stories about the man's dress vary; it must have been left where she could get it; her guards could have prevented her taking it if they wished. Massieu said they took away the woman's garments, and emptied her old page's suit from a sack, bidding her get up and put it on. She demurred: "Sirs, you know it is forbidden me," yet no doubt was glad of its protection, and took it "willingly," as she told the assessors. All of which fell out as Cauchon had planned.

As the priests came out of the prison that day, they met Warwick and a company of English.

"Farewell! farewell!" cried Cauchon, who was proud of his English, and added in his mother tongue: "It is done! Be of good cheer."

On Tuesday, Cauchon assembled his assessors in the archbishop's palace to tell them that the heretic was relapsed, and to ask their opinion. For the men who had condemned her before, but one answer was possible: to "declare her a heretic and abandon her to the secular authority, praying this authority to deal gently with her." The church did not shed blood; but the secular arm knew its business in such case, and its gentle dealing meant death by fire. Then

a mandate was drawn, citing "the said Jeanne to appear before us in person tomorrow, at the hour of eight in the morning at Rouen at the place called the Old Market, in order that she may be declared by us relapsed, excommunicate and heretic, with the intimation that it should be done to her as is customary in such cases."

XXVII

VICTORY

ON Wednesday, May 30, Cauchon sent Maître Pierre Maurice, with the spy Loiselleur, very early in the morning, to exhort the heretic to save her soul by repudiating the reality and holiness of her visions. This was a nice point for the perfect ending of his case. She had been judged witch and heretic on her testimony, she had recanted, she had relapsed; death by fire was certain. That she should die denying the sacred spring of all her deeds would be the final justification of his wisdom.

“Ah, Maître Pierre, where shall I be this evening?” was her greeting to Maurice.

“Have you not good hope in God?”

“I have, and God willing, I shall be in paradise.”

Maurice began his exhortation.

“Now, Jeanne, tell me, what is this angel, who, you say, brought a crown to the king?”

“I myself was that angel. It is I who promised that if he would set me to work, he should be crowned at Reims.”

“And these angels that you saw?”

“They did really appear to me in the form of very

minute things — be they good or be they evil spirits — they did appear to me. And my Voices I hear especially at matins, when the bells ring, or at compline."

"Often when the bells ring, one seems to catch the sound of human voices," said Maurice.

"I do really hear my Voices."

"They must be evil spirits, for they promised you deliverance, and have deceived you."

"It is true; I have been deceived," she said. She had indeed misunderstood, and the priests twisted her answers into acknowledgment that the Voices were evil.

Two Dominicans, Ladvenu and Toutmouillé, came in, and added their eloquence to the flood of exhortation. They pictured the stake, the flames, the death she should meet that day. She had known, and yet, perhaps, had seen her "great victory" with steel clashing in Rouen streets, and the old battle cry: "*Ayez bon courage ! Ils song tous nostres ! ils song nostres !*" and spurs and whip for the twenty miles to Louviers, with Dunois and her *beau duc* and La Hire.

"By a great victory shalt thou be delivered. Have no care for thy martyrdom; thou wilt come in the end to the kingdom of paradise." So had her Voices spoken, "simply, absolutely, without fail."

"By a great victory !" But now she could see only

the flames of her martyrdom, and every fibre of her sane body quivered at this outrage of its youth.

“Alas!” she cried. “Am I to be so horribly and cruelly treated? Alas! that my body, whole and entire, which has never been corrupted, should today be consumed and burned to ashes! I would rather far that my head were cut off, seven times over, than to be thus burned.” Then she turned on the churchmen, with her terrible indictment: “Had I been in the prisons of the church to which I submitted myself, and guarded by the clergy instead of by my enemies, it would not have fallen out so unhappily for me. I appeal to God, the great Judge, for the evil and injustice done to me!”

At the moment, Cauchon, with Courcelles and others of his hirelings, entered the cell, and she faced her executioner.

“Bishop, I die through you.”

“Ah, Jeanne, have patience,”—patience, with the fires kindling! “You die because you have not kept to what you promised us, and for having returned to your first evil doing.”

“If you had put me in the prisons of the church, this would not have happened,” she repeated. “For this I summon you before God.”

And then each tried his hand at breaking her resolution.

“Now, then, Jeanne,” said Cauchon, “you always

told me that your Voices assured you of deliverance. You can certainly see they are only evil spirits and not from God. If they had been, they would not thus have lied."

Loiselleur declared she ought to confess publicly that she had been deceived and had deceived others, and to ask pardon of the people.

"I fear I shall not be able to remember that when the proper moment comes," she said. And the spy testified that she begged her confessor to remind her of this and of all else which might tend to her salvation, wherefrom he concluded that she was then of sound mind. "Then, and after her sentence," he said, "with much contrition of heart, she asked pardon of the English and Burgundians for having caused to be slain, beaten and damned a great number of them." Back there at Patay, she had wept that Englishmen should go unshriven to their account, and had eased the passing of one dying man with her compassion and tears.

The priests reported her answers to suit their scheme: she saw visions, but they deceived her, and whether they were good or evil she left to the judgment of the church. Manchon, who was not present, refused to sign their testimony. She said, no doubt, that she saw her visions, that she had misunderstood their message, and at another moment, perhaps, that she relied on the church.

It was in the plan that she should be permitted to receive the Sacraments, her dearest hope for so many months, so that all the world might infer that she had again renounced her error, and Brother Martin Ladvenu was appointed to hear her confession.

After the Sacraments of confession and penance, Ladvenu sent Massieu to Cauchon, to ask if the Eucharist might be given her; and the Host was borne to the prison with due solemnity and many candles, and chanting of litany and intercession, "*Orate pro ea, orate pro ea,*" that Rouen might know that Jeanne, self-styled the Maid, had again repudiated her inventions. But the sacred vessels were delivered to the priest in such slovenly manner that he indignantly demanded stole and candles before performing his office. She received the Sacrament "with such devotion and tears as I cannot describe," said Ladvenu.

At about nine o'clock, she mounted the tumbril which should bear her to the Old Market, a square not far from the river. She wore a long black robe and a woman's coif; Massieu and Ladvenu rode with her, and several scores of English soldiers, armed with battle-axes and swords, formed the guard.

The story goes that Loiselleur jumped on the cart as it was moving, and begged her forgiveness, weeping bitterly, and that the guards drove him off and would have slain him later if Warwick had not inter-

fered. That may have been part of the legend which grew up at Rouen after her death, when those who had part in it were pointed out with hatred, and men said that all who were so guilty came to some shameful end. And an Englishman who had sworn to give a faggot to her burning was stricken down as he saw a dove ascending from the flames and the name *Jesus* written there, and was borne off by his companions to a neighboring tavern. Another Englishman had declared her soul was in the hands of God; and Canon Alépée, an assessor, was heard to say: "God grant that my soul may be where the soul of that woman is." Manchon was so disturbed that he was terrified for a month, and bought a missal with his clerk's pay that he might pray for her soul. And that same afternoon the executioner had come to the Dominican convent, and told Brother Martin Ladvenu that he feared much he should be damned for he had burned a saint; never had he been so afraid at any burning. He had cast her ashes into the Seine, but her heart—that great heart that had held all France—would not burn. And forthwith he made his confession; he had erred and repented of what he had done, for he held her to be a good woman.

Three scaffolds had been erected in the Old Market Place: one for the lords, lay and clerical; one for the accused and her preacher—for she must hear yet another exhortation; one built high that all might

see, with the stake for her burning. The executioner said this was cruelly done, and placed her beyond his reach so that he could not shorten her suffering, as was the custom. Upon the pyre was a great placard, bearing the inscription: "Jeanne, self-styled the Maid, liar, mischief-maker, deceiver of the people, diviner, superstitious, blasphemer of God, presumptuous, false to the faith of Christ, boaster, idolater, cruel, dissolute, invoker of devils, apostate, schismatic, heretic."

Nicolas Midi preached the sermon that day from the text: "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it."

The square was filled to suffocation, windows, balconies, roofs, were crowded, the great lords in steel and scarlet, the prelates in rich robes, pushed and jostled on their scaffold. Jeanne sat quietly through the sermon, gazing out over the throng to the pure and lovely line of low hill in the street's vista, looking her last on the France for which she died. Cauchon read his sentence, and recommended her to the counsel of Martin Ladvenu and Isambard de la Pierre, who attended her. Then, weeping, the Maid knelt in her last supplication. She invoked her saints and all the company of heaven to aid her, "with devotion, lamentation, and true confession of faith. Very humbly, she begged forgiveness of all men, whether of her party or the other, asking their

prayers and pardoning the evil they had done her." She begged the priests each to say a mass for her soul, and again she declared that for what she had done, good or bad, she alone was to answer.

Many wept with her, Beaufort and Louis de Luxembourg were greatly moved, Cauchon shed tears,—he had good cause to weep. English soldiers, here and there, laughed, others shouted that time was passing. "How now, priests, would you have us dine here?" The crowd surged back and forth, hustling the guards about the scaffold. Without formal sentence, the bailiff hurriedly waved his hand to the executioner, with the words, "Do thy duty." A paper mitre with the words, "Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater," was set on her head, and two sergeants of the king gave her over to the executioner. Ladvenu and La Pierre never left her; to the end Massieu stood at the foot of the scaffold.

She climbed the height to her last battleground, with no more thought of fear than in the warfare of other days. "*Ayez bon courage ! sus ! sus !*" But this foe she met alone. As she faced the city, she sighed :

"Ah, Rouen ! I have great fear that you shall suffer for my death."

She asked for a Cross, and an Englishman broke a stick and fashioned one which she kissed devoutly and slipped into her bosom next her heart. They

fetched a Crucifix from the neighboring church, and she embraced it "close and long" until she was fastened to the stake.

"Hold it on high before me until the moment of death, that the Cross on which God is hanging may be continually before my eyes."

Cauchon and one of his men came to the foot of the scaffold, and once more the terrible indictment rang out :

"Bishop, I die by you!"

If he had hoped, in her extremity, to hear an arraignment of king, or lord, or priest, he got his dessert; she had for him only the just sentence of his own damnation.

As the executioner set the faggots alight, she cried once for "Water, holy water!" and as the flames ascended, she bade Brother Isambard, who always bore aloft the Cross before her eyes, to leave her lest he come to harm. She called on St. Michael and her saints. "My Voices, my Voices, they have never deceived me." Through the gate of fire she saw the paradise they had never ceased to promise. As the flames wrapped her from the world, she cried upon the Holy Name of Jesus, and again as her head drooped to her breast, and once more, with a loud voice: "Jesus." "By a great victory" had she been delivered.

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